

DRUMBER DAIDINS In Search of Obder Sugar

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover and Opposite Page: Daddy Ken trains another boy, from Robert Payne's Care & Training of the Male Slave. Photos by Joe Altman.

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BIHLING OFF

We are at the beginning of our busiest time of year. Here comes our birthday month, which always includes Gay Pride Week and the Mr. Drummer Contest, among other things. Already, Mr. Drummer regional winners are being announced, the photos of shows all around the country are arriving, and planning is being finalized for the finals to be held at Trocadero Transfer in San Francisco. Orders are already arriving for tickets that haven't been printed yet and it looks like our eleventh anniversary will be our biggest one to date.

It was decided in our infinite wisdom that this issue of DRUMMER would be devoted to Daddies and their boys. After all, Drummer Daddies practically invented the phenomenon of The Search for Older Men. There are within a couple of the hottest stories we can remember about Daddies and several for-real Daddy/boy relationships are immortalized on film and on these pages. We are talking now about grown-ups for 'boys' and mature men for their daddies. It is not a new idea, but it is one that has come into its own again to stay.

It won't be too long before our issue 100, for which we have great plans. Who would have thought all those years ago that DRUMMER would be around for a hundred issues. When we think of the blood, sweat and tears and other body fluids that went into those issues, it is enough to make even this computerized typewriter steam up. One doesn't exchange body fluids these days, other than those from these pages, we hope.

By the time you read this, Patrick Toner, Mr. International Leather '85, will have handed his mantle over to his successor. He will have one more major duty that we know of, to be the co-chairman of the Gay Pride Parade in San Francisco at the end of June. We are proud of Patrick, whom we were the first to photograph, and who worked for us at the Studstore on Folsom. His year as titleholder has been an excellent one as was the reign of former Mr. Drummer, Luke Daniel, during his year as International Mr. Leather. Both men have given of themselves and their time generously and unselfishly for the good of the leather community. We are proud of them and of our connection with them and are also looking forward to the crowning of the next Mr. International eather this month.

John H. Embry



by Tom Hardy

He pulled away from her, the skin of his upper arm sticking wetly to the sweaty curve of her breast. She nuzzled closer, running the tip of her tongue over the ridge of his clavicle.

"Don't go, Dave," she whispered, her exhalation a cool sigh

of pleading.

"Have to," he grunted, kicking at the sheet caught around his ankle. "I've got a couple more calls this afternoon and a meet-

ing back at the hotel tonight."

As he shifted his feet over the edge of the bed down to the floor, he felt the tips of her fingers slide down the ridge of his spine, racing a trickle of sweat, catching it at the beginning of the crack of his ass. The sensation was ticklishly unwelcome. He moved off the bed as he grabbed his slacks from the floor where they had dropped in a heap over his socks and still-tied shoes. Change spilled from the pockets before he got the slacks, belt side up.

"Son of a bitch," he mumbled as he hopped on one foot and then the other, getting the pants started up his legs. He glanced at the closet mirror and saw the disappointed look on her face making her look older and more tired. "I'll be back this way in a

month or so. I'll give you a call then. Okay?"

She brightened. "You be sure?" "Why would I lie?" he grinned.

"How would I know?" she murmured.

Her dark eyes held his in the mirror, something in them confusing him momentarily. Thudding footsteps distracted him, coming up the stairs and down the hallway. The bedroom door burst open and before Dave could move, a lean-faced young hoodlum, wearing faded jeans and scuffed, black boots and sullen eyes darker than hers, was standing there staring at him, with his dick still hanging out of his open slacks.

Dave could practically feel the dark eyes moving over him like the touch of a cold hand, and then she was out of the bed, behind him, screaming like a banshee, yanking the sheet with her as she charged at the door and slammed it shut with a hard bang that sounded like a gun going off, and all the time yelling.

"I told you never to come in here without knocking, damn it, Wolf! I've got to have some goddamned privacy, you bastard!"

She broke off, coughing a few times. Outside in the hallway, there was a shuffling sound of footsteps moving away. She coughed again, clearing her throat. Turning with a shrug of her shoulders, she tightened the corners of her mouth in something like a wry smile.

"I had him when I was very, very young."

Dave nodded, keeping his mouth shaped like a grin as his mind raced ahead to other unpleasant possibilities. As if reading his mind, she gave a short laugh.

"His daddy was long gone...a long time ago."

"That so," Dave nodded again, now fumbling at the jammedtight knots of his shoes. "Must be hard raising a kid all by yourself," he added, trying to disguise his eagnerness to be out of there.

"Wolf's a good boy, I don't care what some of them around here say. Here, let me get that," she said, reaching down and picking up his shirt for him, trading it for the shoes. "I've got better nails."

By the time he had his shirt on and his tie loosely knotted, she had the laces undone and he finished dressing. She watched him in silence, then walked him down the stairs to the front door. She was in front of him at the door, still holding the sheet around her. She turned, leaning back against the door, looking up at him almost to his eyes.

"A month or so?"

"Something like that."

"I see," she said. Still looking below his eyes, she leaned at him and kissed him quickly, stepping forward and pulling open the door behind her at the same time. Dave felt her lips brush his and then he was out on the front porch with the door shutting at his back.

He took a deep breath and let it out. Then he walked quickly across the porch and down the steps along the walkway, past the lilac bushes. He rounded the corner and stopped. The kid was leaning against the fender of Dave's car. He looked up. Dave felt the stare of those dark eyes on him again, making him feel uncomfortable again. But why? There wasn't any reason. He was just a punk kid.

Unhurriedly the kid straightened up from the car. "Sorry about busting in up there before." His sullen expression was eased by a slight grin parting his lips, showing the whites of his teeth with a space at the front.

Dave shrugged and walked around the car, jerking the driver's door open.

"You going back into town?" the kid asked. "Give me a lift?" he continued without waiting for an answer to the first question.

"Where are you going?" Dave asked, holding his door open

before he got in to release some of the heat.

"Just by the lake. It's right on the way," the kid answered, pulling open the door on his side and sliding into the seat, again without waiting for an answer.

Dave frowned, then decided to make an attempt at a friendlier manner as he got in and started the car. "Having a good summer, kid?" he asked, making a U-turn in the driveway.

"Most folks call me Wolf." "Why do they call you that?"
"Because I like it."

Dave tried again.

"Well, having a good summer, Wolf?"

"It's all summer to me now. Just turned eighteen. Done with school."

"Sounds good. What are you going to do now?"

"Anything I want."

Dave glanced over and saw that Wolf was staring at him over that same white-teeth-baring grin, with his dark eyes catching his, so intense that it took the crunching of the right tires on the gravel border to pull his attention back to the road. He thought he heard Wolf snicker but he didn't glance over to see. They drove for a few minutes in silence. Then Wolf spoke.

"You like my mom?"

"Sure," Dave said heartily. "Why else would I spend time with her?" This time he was sure Wolf snickered.

"You going to see her again when you're back in town?"

"You ask a lot of questions."

"She's my mom."

"And you don't like to see her get hurt."

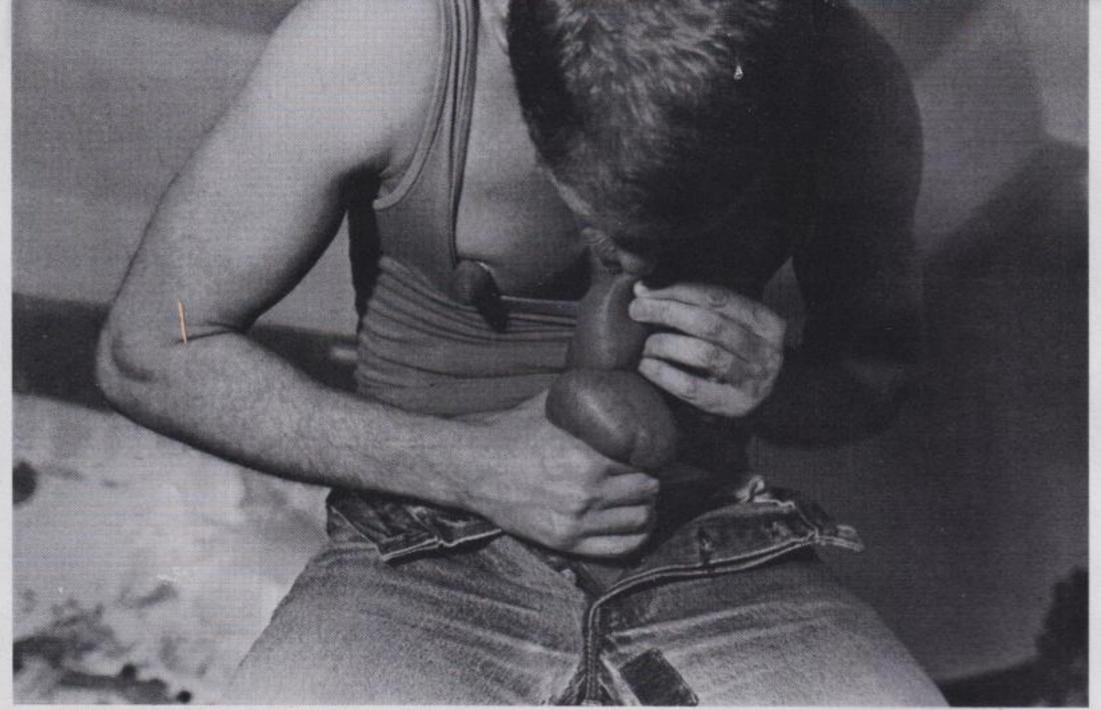
"I don't like it. That don't stop it. Right in there. Take the turn to the left. It's just a little ways on."

Dave did as Wolf said. The road was narrow and rough. The continued on page 41

DRUMMER 5

DADDY'S ARE BIGGER THAN MOTHER'S This is a picture of my daddy. When I first met him, his tits were about the same size as anybody else's. And he was very proud of his hairy chest. He keeps his hands behind his back like a good daddy. Wait a minute. I'll have him drop his pants for you.

Daddy has been trained to shave every day all over, and in return he is allowed to keep his moustache. (Actually, I like his moustache, but he doesn't know that). I also like his big daddy cock sticking out big and fat. That way I can show him off. So he keeps it bound which makes it bigger and fat, along with his balls.



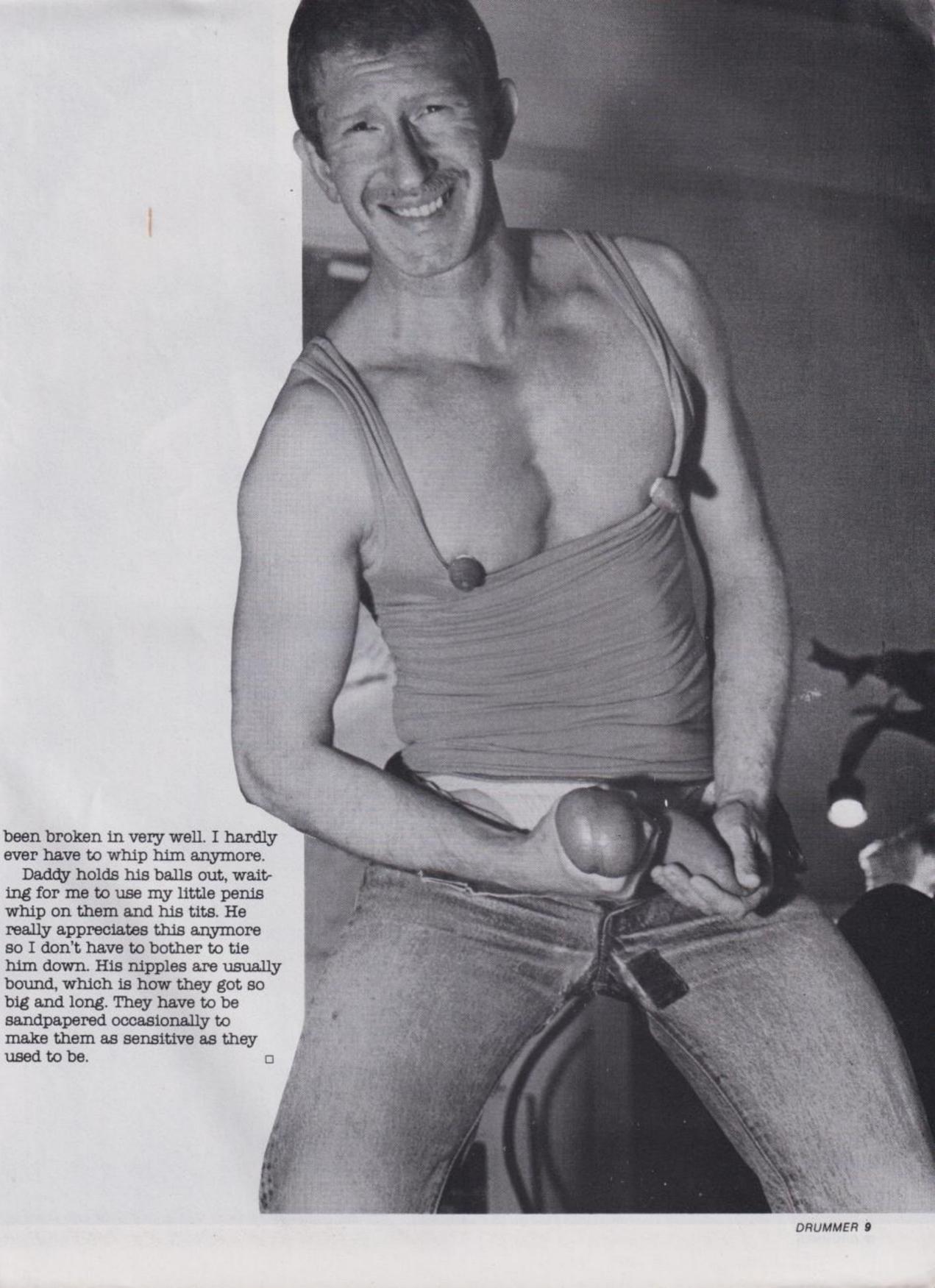


Daddy has learned to suck himself, which is good, because he is not allowed to use his big, fat prick any other way. One exception is when his right nipple is placed inside his foreskin and bound tight. I like to have him do this trick for our friends at home.

I like to check my daddy's tits before he finishes dressing for work. I bind them tight with nylon string before he puts on his shirt. He doesn't wear T-shirts anymore because his tits have gotten too big and show through. So has his dick and balls, but we

strap them to his leg.

I love my daddy, but I have decided that I want to find someone older. I thought of putting him on the block, but maybe some of you guys would be interested in taking him over. He works hard, brings in a good salary and has



used to be.







by Robert Payne

I am standing at the bench of my workshop typing this for you for one reason and one reason alone. I was told to. And I am not just standing, I am standing buckass naked on my toes with my crotch resting on a vise which is bolted to a 4×4 that comes up to the height of my crotch without a fraction of an inch to spare. I know becuase I made the goddamn thing myself, although that certainly wasn't my idea either.

My balls are fastened in the vise so tight that if I passed out or fell over, I'd leave them right where they were. There is a round wooden peg that I had to turn on the lathe, next to the vise, and that is just where you know it is. Up my fucking ass. The rings through my tits each have a wrench hanging from them and the one through the center of my nose is connected to this dog collar which I have lived in for the last six months.

Not a very comfortable position, would you say? Especially for a man who just got home from a hard day's work and, after eating my fucking dinner out of a fucking dog dish off the floor, got chained up here to write this story for the amusement of my boy, who is out at the bars for the evening. Me? I'm his daddy, or at least that is what he calls me.

Why don't I unfasten myself and go upstairs for a nice, hot shower, a beer, some television, then go to bed? Good question. I don't dare, that's why. My boy would beat the shit out of me, take off what little hair I still have left on my

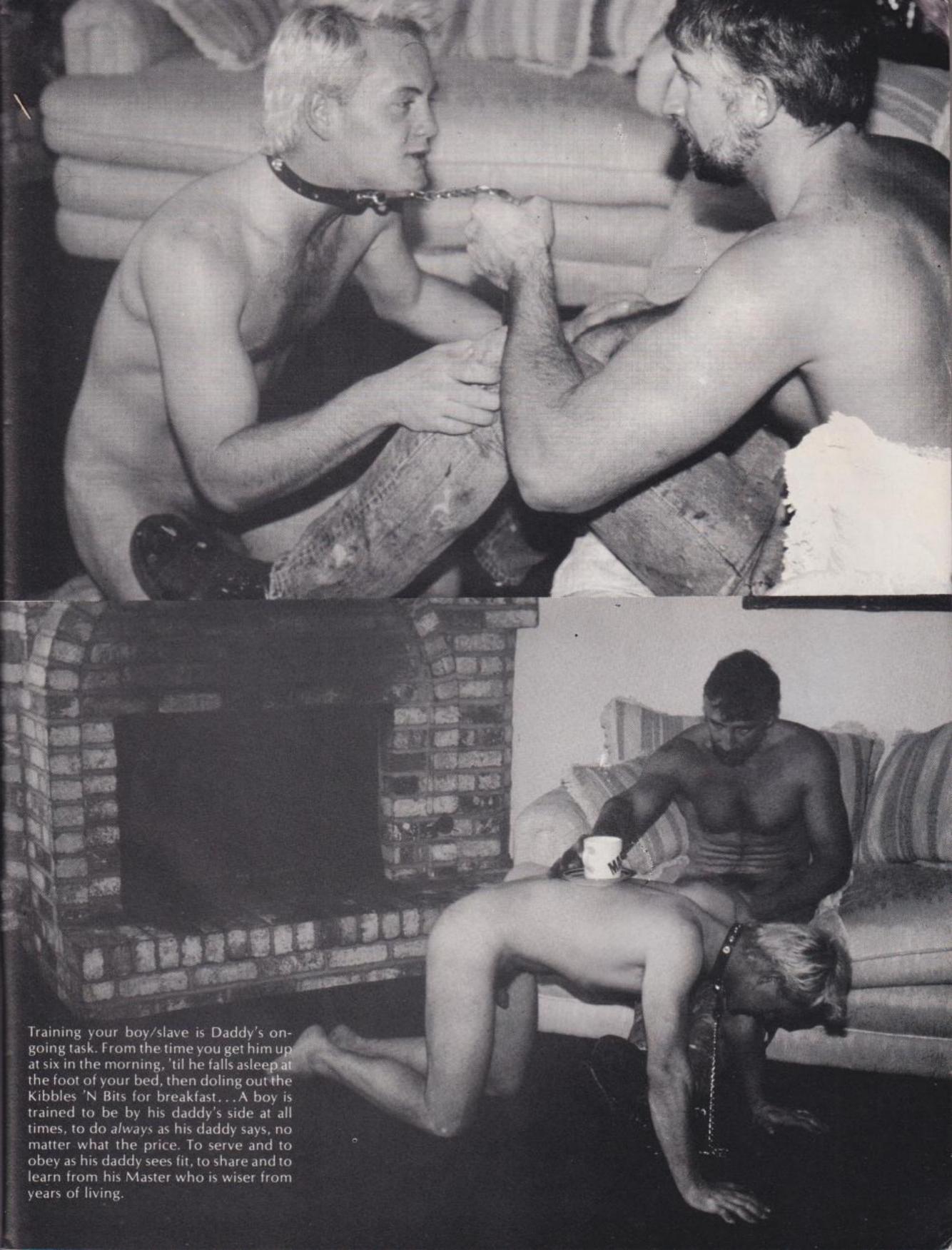
body and come up with some humiliation like even I haven't dreamed of yet. There is a bucket in front of me to piss in, which I am avoiding at all costs. One light bulb is burning over the bench so I can see the keyboard and the stack of typing paper.

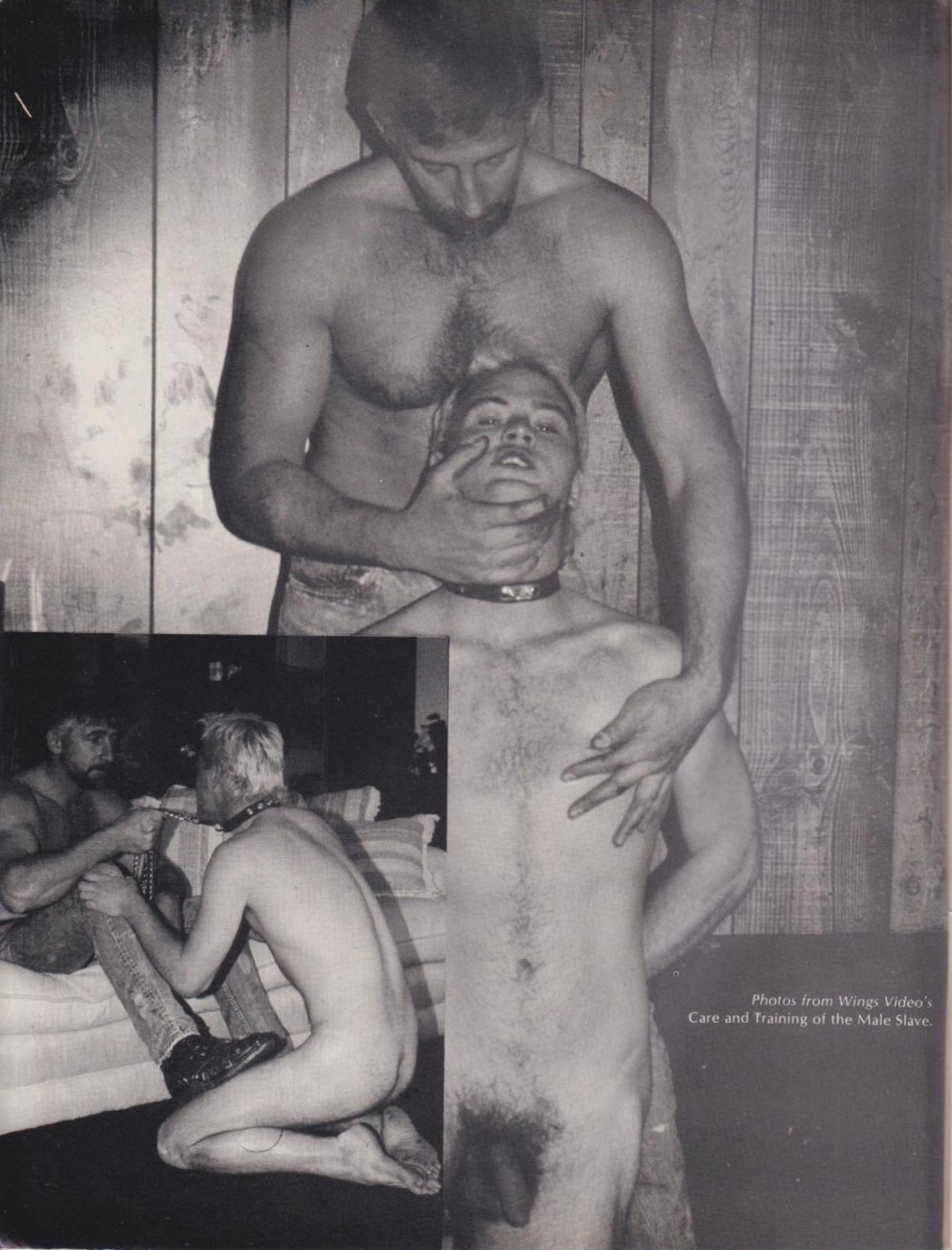
My big, bare feet are getting cold on the concrete floor as is my bare ass, which will undoubtedly get warmed up when my boy comes home. For some strange reason, all this discomfort makes my dick as hard as a rock and, among the other things I am not allowed to do, is to touch it. Back when I had hair on my balls and crotch, he would staple the hair to the door, then take my razor strop to my ass until I finally yanked free from the whipping. We don't have a woodshed for ass whipping, so he said this basement would have to do. But eventually he shaved my belly and ass and underarms and even threatened to take all the hair off my heavy legs and arms. That's one of the things I am afraid of if I don't get this finished by the time he gets home. Damn, but my balls hurt, squeezed like they are in this fucking

How did I end up in this particular existence, you ask? It is my own doing. I have no one to blame but myself. I ended up with a boy half my age, but then I have always liked younger fellows. Here I am, the other side of forty, a hard-working, hard-drinking guy who drives a truck for

continued on page 20







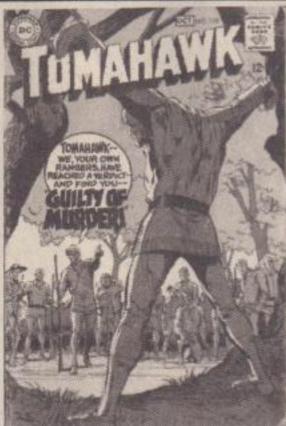
Send your entries for this national leath-er -µpdaté to DRUMMER Report, PO Bôx 42009; San Francisco, CA 94142-2009. "ALL THE SHIT: THAT'S FIT TO PRINT."

Send your entries for this national leath-



FUN IN THE FUNNIES

Comics. The covers are excit- ways done by a different artist



discipline? Ya want humilia- hunk and his peers certainly tion? We came across these know what to do with him. old (they have to be collector's Unfortunately the inside stoitems, they have a 12¢ price on ries do not follow through. the covers) TOMAHAWK Lots of action but little flesh. comic books, published by DC Comic covers are almost al-



Ya want bondage? Ya want ing as hell. Mr. Tomahawk is a than the comics inside. The early Conan comic books are classics in SM. Ah, bring back the good old days. Bring back Tomahawk too, for that mat-



MARINE CAMP

In a move that would make the ancient Greeks proud, the Marine Corps announced their Devil Pups program, a free summer camp for nondelinguent, healthy boys between the ages of 14 and 17 (sorry, men, if you're reading this, you're too old to apply). They offer these young men "the opportunity to experience life as a Marine for ten long, grueling but exciting days." In these Rambo times, what boy wouldn't want to be in the armed forces and be worked over by Marine DIs?

And what is in store for these young men? "Upon arrival, the boys receive Marine haircuts and are issued jeans, T-shirts and bandanas to wear while at camp. They will live in Marine Quonset huts, eat Marine chow and comply with Marine hours and regulations." But that's not all. This is in the Marine Corps own words, "Their 16 waking hours are spent under the darting, observant eyes of Marine instructors and camp supervisors. Should they act discourteous, this is also handled in Marine Corps fashion."

Marine instructors with "darting, observant eyes" and Marine discipline? We wonder how many of these young men will purposely disobey for a taste of Marine discipline? That's a better Daddy/ boy story than Drummer could ever invent.

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

theme song from the "Mr. Ed" music paraphernalia. "Oh How I Love Jesus" in 1960s backwards?

Evangelist Jim Brown told 75 burning record albums, casteenagers at a seminar that the settes and rock and country

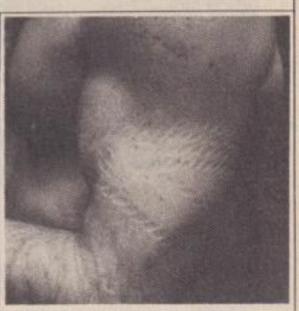
television show ("a horse is a Actually we're surprised horse, of course, of course that Evangelist Brown didn't ...") contains hidden Satanic claim that the song was secretmessages when played back- ly an inducement to heroin wards. He claims that the use, as heroin's street name is words "the source is Satan" horse. But then, what can one and "someone sung this song expect of a religious man who for Satan" can be heard when spends his free time playing the song is reversed. He then the theme songs of television led church members, singing situation comedies from the

AIDS PROFITEERS

U.S.

The cost is overly expensive are planned against ICN. at nearly \$300 per month. This

ICN Pharmaceuticals would doesn't take into consideralike people with AIDS and tion another drug which is ARC to turn the other cheek many times taken in conjuncand receive a healthy kick in tion with Ribavirin and the the ass and the pocketbook. monthly trips to Mexico to get ICN is the maker of an antiviral a new supply. ICN has nearly drug called Ribavirin, which is tripled the price of Ribavirin, thought to be helpful in the making its cost prohibitive to fight against AIDS. Although all but the wealthy. This is a the drug is not licensed in the major example of profiteering U.S., patients are allowed to in the AIDS epidemic: exploitbring a one-month supply ing people already suffering back from Mexico into the from physical, emotional and financial devastation. Protests



MYSTERIOUS BRANDING

Police are trying to find out who branded a 21-year-old man during a wild, Saturdaynight party at a local apartment complex in Chico, California.

Police Chief John Bullerjohn said John Battiest told officers that he drank too much and passed out by the pool during a party attended by 2000 to 3000 people. When he woke up, Battiest said, he had a letter C about three inches high and two inches wide on his upper right arm.

The wound was apparently inflicted with a carefully shaped metal object.



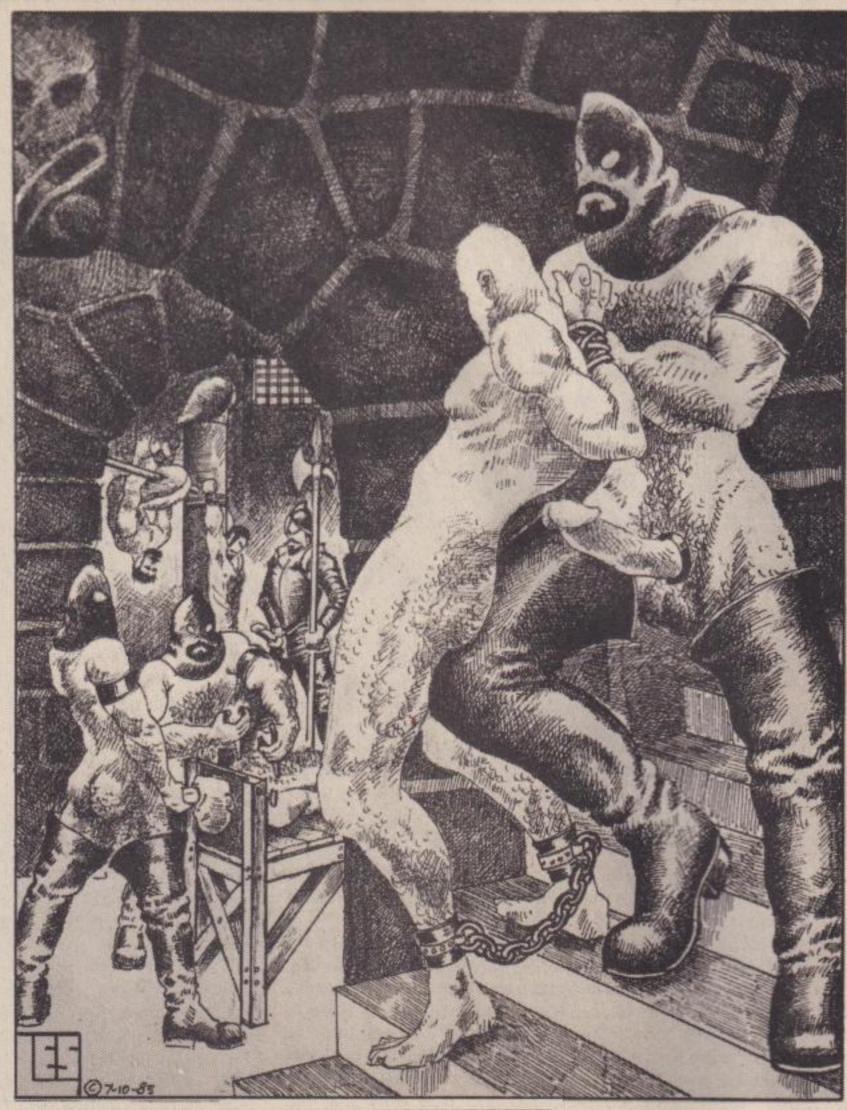
READER'S PAGE

We keep getting letters from our faithful readers about their hot sex scenes, and usually a photo or two falls from the envelope. While we enjoy the photos, a perk of working at *Drummer*, we want to share what you have to show off to your fellow readers. So, we're toying with the idea of starting a reader's page, filled with sexy, hot, kinky, strange, unusual, bizarre, erotic pictures sent in by you.

Remember, black and white photos work best, but if they're color, pick photos that are sharp and clear and have good contrast. We can't print pictures of penetration, or animals, but anything else is up for grabs. If a face is recognizable, we need a signed statement from the person pictured that their photo can be published. Send to: *Drummer*, Reader's Page, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009.

BOOT CAMP TRAINING

The Training Center will be offering a special week-long Boot Camp program in August and September. Training will be limited to 25 recruits divided into two platoons, a slow platoon and a fast platoon. DIs from the Marine Corps and the US Army Special Forces will handle the training, which will include processing, outfitting, physical training and some special programs for those who qualify. For additional information and application contact the Training Center, PO Box 672, Bridgeton, MO 63044.



OR URE IMES. E IMES



ARTWORK BY LES

To those lucky enough to receive THE FIFTEEN's monthly newsletter, the first feature to hit the eye is artwork on the cover by "LES." Here are a couple of examples. Les's work will be featured in the upcoming MACH 10. His covers, which were made into a calendar, are grabbers. THE FIFTEEN is an SM organization founded South of Market which has been reported on in prior issues of DRUMMER. To our knowledge, however, Les's artwork has been published only in Torture Times, the 15 newsletter. We hope this is its national debut. It certainly deserves it.

DEVOTED TO THE DRUMMER PHILOSOPHY, WHATEVER THAT MAY BE...



BRUTAL HAZINGS

been serious injured. And ex- reforms.

outlaw hazing. She came away pelted with raw eggs. said.

ens delivered an impassioned hazed." years earlier, her 20-year-old are currently on probation. son, Chuck, died in a hazing pint of bourbon, a bottle of to a young man's dignity. wine and a six-pack of beer. Last month, Stevens reports, appear less manly. opened, it was too late.

lings.

Conservative currents ternities. Many more have many students clamored for cal stress and alcohol con-

understate the problem be- Austin suspended two frater- sity died of exhaustion after cause many such deaths are nities last fall for branding being roused from his sleep reported as accidents, and in- freshmen with dry ice. Two and subjected to hours of juries are often covered up. months ago, nine students at strenuous, nonstop exercise. Last week, Eileen Stevens the university were hospital- The students, who protested testified before the Judiciary ized with serious infections that they meant no harm, Committee of the Kansas Le- after being locked in a room termed this form of hazing gislature on a proposed bill to for four days and periodically "motivational character-

hazing. Her strong feelings feel macho," she said. Fifty- son is that many old alumni, were understandable. Two five fraternities on the campus like war veterans, tend to glor-

When the trunk was finally a student at Syracuse University was badly burned and oth- ens says, exists in some black When grief turned to anger, ers were less seriously injured fraternities, which claim that Stevens formed the Commit- when ten pledges were branding members is part of a tee to Halt Useless College Kil- doused with automotive en- heritage rather than hazing. gine degreaser fluid.

At Tennessee State Universi-At least 39 Amercan college among students are breathing ty, Stevens said, a fraternity students have died in the past new life into the fraternity tra- pledge died in 1984, after havseven years as a result of brutal dition, which lost is allure in ing his head shaved and being or thoughtless hazing by fra- the 1960s and early 1970s when subjected to extensive physisumption. That same year, a perts say that the statistics may
The University of Texas at student at Texas A&M Univerbuilding."

disappointed. The lawmakers Texas, says Stevens, is the Spokesmen for a number of were not very receptive, she only place in her travels where national fraternities stress that, students "proudly stand up far from condoning hazing, In the fall of 1980 Mrs. Stev- and tell me that they've been their new regulations prohibit it. Why, then, does the pracspeech about the barbarism of "I suppose it makes them tice continue? Part of the reaify their own past suffering. "It The hazing problem is not may have been horrible," says incident. He had been locked new. Theodore Roosevelt, John Ragle, an assistant dean in the trunk of a car, and was hardly one to advocate the of students at the University of told that he would not be re- coddling of youth, spoke out Texas, "but you survived it, so leased until he consumed a strongly against it as an affront it must be okay." New generations of pledges do not want to

A separate problem, Stev-

GAYS AGAINST GAYS

A recent letter I wrote to Drummer Forum asked the question, "Is there prejudice against SM within the gay community?"

A recent issue of the Philadelphia Gay News answers a very big "yes" to that ques-

PGN's May 9-15, 1986 editions (Vol. 10, No. 27) covers a speech made here by diarist Donald Vining, who claims that "...today's leathermen and excessive butch (are) as much a travesty of maleness as nelliness was a travesty of femaleness...No woman walks, talks or behaves like a man in . drag." The photo of Vining which PGN used to illustrate its dispatch bears an uncanny resemblance to the physiognomy of the late Colonel Sanders of the Kentucky Fried Chicken chain.

Mr. Vining affects to being the gay literary heir of the brothers Goncourt. His own interminable diary (pedantically entitled A Gay Diary) suffers from a suffocating mediocrity that has to be experienced first hand to do it complete justice. These days, Vining's also busy huckstering yet another tome, this one entitled How Can You Come Out When You've Never Been In. His is the sort of ghettoite scribbling that gives "gay lit" a bad name.

The message one derives from repeated reading of much of the gay press is that it's okay to defend the interests of transsexuals, transvestites, radical feminists, sissies, obdurate gay ideologues--but if one defends the interests of leathermen and leather sexuality, one is immediately assaulted with cries of "a travesty of maleness." Drummer readers should be alert to these insinuations, and quick to critically assault the purveyors of such nonsense...in other words, the Donald Vinings of this world.

Rich Grzesiak Philadelphia, PA

MALECALL

CUM-PROOFED

Oh, God, your *Drummer* 93 is a really super hard-on for me. It was good seeing trucker B.D.'s photo again in Malecall.

The letter "Foot Lover" on page 21 of that issue was not identified with a name and state, but it sure reads like one I wrote you some time back. Anyway, I liked reading it again, plus the letter Brian from Westfield, New Jersey wrote.

I know B.D. would look good on a poster and they would sell like hotcakes, but in his case I should say hot cocks. And, of course, they should be cum-proofed.

The Hellfire Inferno exclusive was really hot, with its pictures. Always did like reading about that club and their goingson.

Yeah, I too kept looking for the Mineshaft story in *Drummer* 92—sure glad you mentioned it in passing.

Congratulations in showing the portraits of George Dureau. This photographer certainly has the art of capturing the love and strength of the men he has photographed, including the special sensuality of each man.

Thanks for another great issue of Drummer.

Robert Dallas, TX

X-RATED VIDEOS

You do a great service to your reading public by having a video section in your magazine. Unless you live in Los Angeles, someone almost has to buy videos sight unseen. Bad videos cost the same to buy as excellent ones. Keep up the good work and list the videos according to quality by rating them by stars or numbers.

J.C. Florida

DREAM DADDY

I met my dad through Drummer magazine. Long before seeing his photo in Drummer's Tough Customer's section, I had seen my dad in my fantasies. When the dad/Master I had dreamt about actually materialized in Drummer, a new source of excitement was created. I wanted to contact him, but I was timid. I didn't want to bother him and I wasn't sure he

would want or accept me, so I put off writing him for six months.

When I finally wrote and sent him my photo, it was as if a dam of inhibitions was broken. When he first contacted me to ask more about myself, I was relieved that he was interested in a boy as untrained and inexperienced as I. Even though I am 36 years old, my experiences have been confined to the last four years. From the very beginning, I felt that I could trust Dad and resigned myself to pleasing him.

On our first meeting, I nervously rang the door of his New York apartment, not knowing what awaited me. The door opened and I entered the dark apartment. There was Dad, all in leather with hood and holding handcuffs. All he said was, "Take off those fucking clothes." I stripped and he handcuffed my hands behind my back. Then he asked, "Aren't you afraid, asshole?" I said, "Yes, Sir," to which he replied, "You should be."

But the nervousness and fear was overcome by the feel of Dad's hand slapping my ass, working on my tits, until I thought he would rip them off, and then the best feeling of all as Dad fucked my hot boy hole with his hot daddy dick. I'd been accepted by my dream Daddy whom I still love and try to please more each time.

Thank you, Drummer, for helping to make it possible.

Chuck

SEATTLE OR BUST

After reading the Drummer Daddies story in *Drummer 93* I'm ready to sell everything and move to Seattle to find Eric's hot daddy. How you find these hot men I'll never know.

The photo of Eric's daddy had my ten incher dripping like crazy. The article was brought to my attention by a number of dudes here in Southern Florida. I was told that he was one of your Tough Customers over a year ago. Could you please tell me what issue his photo was in? I would fly to Seattle on a moment's notice to let this hot man fill my hot mouth and hairy asshole with his thick spit and uncut rod. To have a daddy like this to come home to and keep his raunchy feet, armpits and

balls licked clean.

Thanks, Drummer, for your continuing high standards in finding what our fantasies are made of.

M.B. Miami, FL

MR. IMPERFECT

"Maimed Beauty" and "Other Bodies" in Drummer 93. All my life I have been tremendously attracted to men with certain disabilities, but it has been an attraction that I kept mainly to myself. While others searched for Mr. Perfect, I, too, searched but for an entirely different physical type of man. And few of these men know how desirable they are to a select minority of us. Some of the vignettes in "Other Bodies" almost exactly parallel my thoughts, a few experiences, and especially my fantasies.

Thank you, Drummer, for these great and very exciting articles! Would like to see more. It almost feels like coming out of the closet for a second time!

> Mike San Francisco

TABOO SUBJECT

Thanks for treading into a taboo subject. Your article, pictures and story on Maimed Beauty was oustanding. It was gratifying to see that somebody realizes that some of us get off on other than blond-haired, blue-eyed weight lifters.

Please run some more on amputees. I'd especially like to hear stories from amputees on how, why it happened and how they felt, feel about it. It would be a special interest to hear from someone who was healthy and got a hand, arm or other appendage amputated as punishment, like they do in some Arab countries to thieves.

Thanks again for reporting on a hot subject.

Paul San Francisco

HOT AND SCARY

I'm straight—at least I think I am—so far, but I came across your mag and decided to check it out.

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The pretty boys didn't do much for me-but the maimed men got my dick hard. I love Dureau's photos; they are hot and scary.

Thanks for opening dry eyes.

Cowboy Mike San Francisco

PREGNANT AND BAREFOOT

Fuck you, Drummer! My lover and I have been together for over a couple years and a few months ago he discovered your magazine. Some asshole named Robert Payne wrote an article about shaving and I got myself tied up and shaved from my neck down. He didn't shave my head because I have to work.

Then he decided I should be naked all the time when I am home and he locked up my clothes. He picks out what I am to

wear every morning to work.

This article said I should be kept pregnant and barefoot. I am always barefoot and my not being pregnant is no fault of

my Master.

I could tell you a lot of other things that have been done to me from stuff he read in Drummer but now he says I am to order these back issues for more ideas. And I am to ask you to pick the dozen issues as long as they are before issue 86. I can hardly wait to see what I am in for next.

C.R. Terre Haute, IN (Editor's note: Enclosed are Drummers 17 Dungeons 24 Bondage 28 SM Gym, 36 Wrestling, 53 greased wrestling, 42 Piercing, 72 Clothespins and 84 Enemas .)

ENDURE OR INDULGE?

I am honored to be a member of the Leather Fraternity with pin, etc., even though it is too late (I was 74 on April 12). I had two Masters, one for 20 years in L.A., and one who was a pilot who dropped paratroopers during WWII. Both Masters are now dead. Why do slaves survive Masters? Is it because we were trained to endure and they to indulge?

I am one of those who put out Super 60, an act of love and charity which we never

dreamed would catch on.

James E. Belton Chicago, IL

(Editor's note: Super 60 is a service to male senior citizens. Those men who participate in the service may be gay, bisexual or straight. It brings older men together to either share the best years of their lives together, or to establish friendships and pen pals. This is not necessarily a group of men who are into SM, although some are. They put out a bimonthly newsletter. Since they are not operating as a business, they are grateful for whatever you can give them [\$5, \$10 or \$15]. When you write them, enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. If you are interested, write for an application at Super 60, Box 506, 7395th Ave., San Diego, CA 92101.)

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ON YOUR BACK

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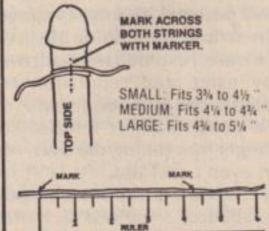
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a living. I'm not afraid of any man and my size backs me up. I've worked hard all my life; just take a look at my biceps, my shoulders and chest. None of that Nautilus weight-lifting shit for me. I can outlift and outwork any younger guy on the docks and drive for twenty-four hours straight through any kind of weather.

I would pick up these young kids on the road, get in their pants and make 'em get down on the floorboard to take my big hard meat. It is boring driving mile after mile, and an occasional boy was a pleasure. None of them ever gave me any trouble. If they didn't want to pull was time to turn over and sleep, I was worn out. He cuddled up to me, lay his head on my chest and put his arms around my neck. This kid was too good to be true!

He was and is a tight-muscled little stud, not much taller than my youngest boy. He looks younger than he is, maybe because he is short. But his shoulders are wide and his chest is deep. There is a hair pattern between his tits, down the middle of him, past his belly button to his crotch. There he is far from small, it is almost incongruous to his size.

He told me the older and bigger guys at school used to make fun of him in the

Show the man how good you are at cleaning boots, Daddy."
I crawled over and began licking the asshole's dusty boots. He put one behind my head and pushed my face into the other. I licked and licked and licked while they went on talking.

down their pants, they ended up standing back on the pavement waiting for the next guy with wheels. But I have had plenty that went the whole way with me, distance and performance. Most of them were kind of lost anyway, some homeless and others rebels that took to a strong powerhouse of an older man. Pressing a young, blond head to my hairy chest at night at some hotel satisfied me like other guys with the waitresses and hookers that are available on the road. To each his own.

Then I met my boy. He said he was headed for the East Coast, just as I obviously was. All you had to look for was the name of the company on the side of the eighteen wheeler or the license plates to catch my home base. I put the make on him in the cab and he did what I wanted him to do. Later that night, in the motel, he cuddled up so willingly that I decided to test him to see just exactly what he would put out for me.

He was great, like he was reading my mind. He went down, then licked and massaged my feet. He made love to my calves and thighs. He licked my balls and, unlike most, was able to get the big sonso'bitches in his mouth, looking up at me for approval.

Excitedly I jammed my cock down his throat and he did the best he could. When that wasn't good enough for my impassioned ego, I turned him over and shoved it up his tight, little ass. He yelled, but I put a pillow over his head and finally he relaxed and began responding to it. Man, how he did respond. When it 20 DRUMMER

locker room because his dong and balls hung down so low when he was changing or showering with guys that were a head taller but a number of inches smaller. They picked on him, made him go down on them in the shower and used him to satisfy some deep-stirring wants in their developing loins. Later on I was to understand that he vowed he would get even. He would be the one who did the demanding, the directing of the big guys. Guys like me.

But I went blissfully on with this young powerhouse, this keg of dynamite with the ten-inch fuse. And he went along with my demands. After all, I had the wheels and the money and the momentum. At the time, he needed to get somewhere other than where he was.

By the time we hit the Carolinas, he had so attached himself to me that I wondered if I could ever cut myself loose from him. It was "Yes, Sir" this and "Yes, Sir," that. He knew what I liked to eat and I would send him in for food instead of eating in the diners along the way. Perhaps to prevent being seen where I was known with a boy who could have been my son and perhaps because I enjoyed making him strip and sit beside me in the cab while we ate. I avoided the waitresses I knew by name and reputation and made no calls to the numbers listed in my little black book, male or female. This young stranger was taking me over-far more than even I realized.

One night as we were approaching the Atlantic seaboard, I picked a betterthan-usual motel and we hauled up a sack of good booze, coldcuts and cheese to celebrate the full week we'd been traveling. We both knew the trip was about over. I'd already unloaded and reloaded for a trip up the seaboard.

I made the kid take off his jeans, which he had to put on to get us into the motel. He showered and then stood by the bed waiting for my instructions. I lay down on the bed and told him to get astride me so I could chew on his balls and watch his prick throb. Try it sometime with your boy, but don't make the same mistake I did.

Just as I opened my mouth to tell him to raise up so I could get my hands free, he pulled his balls away and shoved his hard dick into my mouth, pressing against my arms with his legs. Shit, I hadn't sucked cock for years, particularly not a long one like his. He jammed it down my throat and I thought I wasn't going to be able to breathe. I had no leverage to raise up or to do anything for that matter. Before I almost passed out, he pulled his cock out of my mouth and started rubbing his crotch all over my face.

"Eat it, Daddy," he said. "Lick your boy's meat." I stuck my tongue out as he pressed his balls and dick all over my face.

He reached over to the table and picked up my belt which I had put there to take to his ass later. He fastened it around one of my wrists, then my thigh which it was pressing against. It was easy for him to reach his own belt and do the same to my other wrist which was under his knee. Or maybe I merely let him because the scene was turning me on. At any rate, in a matter of a minute or two, the clever little bastard had me belted tight. Then you know what he did? He moved up, turned around and sat on my face.

"Nice Daddy," he cooed. "Kiss your boy's ass. That's it, eat that ass, Daddy."

And to emphasize what he was saying, he grabbed my nipples and started to twist. I started to twist around myself but the belts were on tight, very tight. He turned around, shoved his dick back into my mouth and layed down on my body, taking my balls in his grip.

He twisted and turned them, pulled them below what I thought they were capable of taking. I tried to get away, but without the use of my arms and lying under his weight, there wasn't much I could do but thrash and kick. He crawled upside down further down on me and grabbed my ankles.

He reached over the end of the bed and pulled up one of my boots. Yanking the laces out of it, he tied my big toes together, then my ankles, with the long piece of leather thong. Back he went to my balls and I was yelling. That he remedied by stuffing a sock from out of his tennis shoe into my mouth.

To make a long story shorter, I had

everything I thought possible done to me that night in that motel room. Or at least everything he could think of, and that was plenty. Obviously, a lot of planning had gone into what he was doing to me. Every minute I had been using him, he had been waiting for his own minute.

All the time he was tying up my feet he had his own in my face and then my mouth, telling Daddy to suck his boy's toes. I sucked and licked—anything to keep him away from my balls and tits. He turned me over and shoved his hard rod right up my hole with no lubrication other than a little of my spit from my having sucked it.

"Daddy likes his boy's prick, doesn't

he, Daddy?"

I hadn't been fucked for a lot longer than I hadn't sucked, let me tell you. After he had done everything to me he could think of and I had done things I had never done before, he made some longer-term plans. He went into the bathroom and got my shaving kit. The sock went back into my mouth to shut up my protesting and he began lathering up my crotch, which he defoliated like a professional. He turned me over and my ass became as smooth as the day I was born.

"Does my daddy want his chest shaved?"

I shook my head violently. "How about his armpits?"

Same reaction, although we both realized he'd have to unbelt me to get my arms in that position. He passed on that.

He ran his hands over my head. "Lots of boys have bald daddies. Shall we give you a haircut, Daddy?"

I decided this was enough and I made one gigantic effort to free myself. It didn't work. He had me secured.

"Careful, I wouldn't want to cut Daddy with this razor." God, was he threatening me at this point? He had given no indication of dishonesty and I left my wallet in plain sight after the first couple of nights.

"Is my daddy going to be good and quiet and suck his boy's cock like a good daddy?" I nodded and he removed the fucking sock.

"The answer is, 'Yes, Sir,' Daddy." I mumbled a "Yes, Sir," and for a reward he shoved that hard prick down my throat again.

After my eating his ass some more and tongue-bathing his feet, he made me sleep on the floor. He did throw the extra blanket over me and even put a pillow under my head. The next morning at dawn, I felt a kick in my groin with his bare foot. I scooted down and started licking it. He had trained me to do that the night before.

"Sit up, Daddy." I got on my knees and he pushed my head between his legs. I opened my mouth and he shoved it in, but this time it was a piss hard-on and he filled my belly with it. I couldn't pull away because he had both his hands at the back of my head. What a way to wake

At this point I had to take him with me up the coast and we came home, here to my place together. It felt strange having to take off my clothes in the front hallway, then showing him through the place. And when we finished with the house, I took him down to the basement and showed him, with some pride, my workshop. His eyes lit up as he looked at the woodworking tools and machinery. Little did I know that I would soon be spending more time in that part of the house than any other.

"Sir,"—I had ceased to call him by his name—"Shall we go upstairs? It's kind of cold down here without the heat on."

"What are these for, Daddy?" he asked, holding up a pair of iron cutters.

"They are for cutting chain, Sir."
"Do you have any chain, Daddy?"

I reached down and pulled some chain I had left over from repairing the porch swing. He took it from me and told me where to cut it off. With stove bolts and nuts, he fashioned wrist and ankle chains, connecting them with the last of the length. The dog's old collar was hanging from a nail on a post. He had been a German shepherd that I had to give away because I spent so much time traveling. The collar was fastened around my neck and then to the leash, hanging from the next nail, to it.

"Come on, daddy. I'm hungry, aren't vou?"

I followed him up the stairs, rattling those damned chains and being led by the leash. He took me into the kitchen and "suggested" that I might want to fix something for my boy to eat. I scrambled some eggs, fried some bacon and hash browns, put them on a couple of plates and set them on the table. The boy, who had been going through the cupboards, sat down at my place at the table, reached over, took my plate and set it on the floor. He did not put the knife and fork alongside. I pushed aside the chair I was about to sit down on and got down on my chained hands and knees.

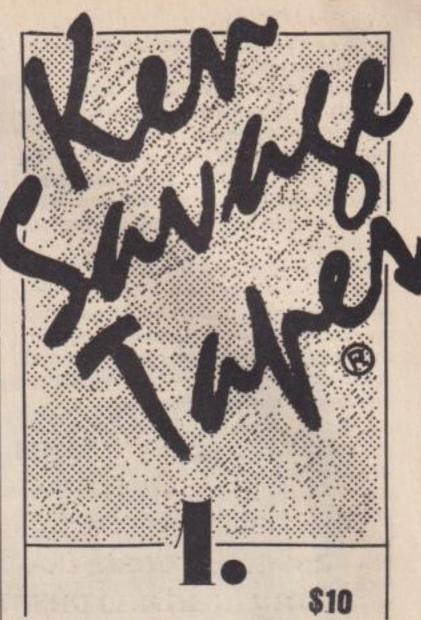
"Take off your boy's shoe, daddy."

I removed his tennis shoe from the proffered foot, along with the sock. He put his foot in the middle of my plate and said simply, "Let's eat, Daddy."

I ate from around his foot as he squished my eggs between his toes. I licked the foot, finally picking it up to lick the sole and toes clean of food. He was drinking a tall glass of milk and I asked him if I could have something to drink as well.

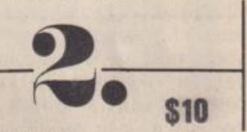
"Sure, Daddy." He unquipped his pants, pulled out his mean-looking prick and shoved it in my face. I knew what to do next and I did it.

After I cleaned up the kitchen, I followed him into my bedroom and stood before him as he lay on the bed, watching something or another on television. I



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wasn't sure what he expected of me next and instinctively I decided to wait.

"You can lie down here beside me, Daddy." He reached over and unfastened the connecting length from the one attached to the pieces around my ankles and raised my wrists above my head. They got fastened to the iron headboard. My ankles got fastened to the foot of the bed.

He went into my bathroom and got a razor and shaving cream. I lost my underarm hair and a couple of circles around my nipples. When I started to complain, then beg, he merely sat on my face and asked me if his "daddy would like to put his tongue up his boy's ass?"

I didn't and wouldn't, and my boy punched me in the belly with more strength than I realized he had. While I was trying to catch my breath, he grabbed my shaved balls and started to work on them. I got my tongue as far into him as I could. He gave my balls a final flick and dropped them. He then amused himself by plucking hairs from the edges of the shaved rings around my nipples. Finally, he got up from my face and turned around to make my mouth accommodate his big, hard cock.

"My daddy likes to suck his boy's cock, doesn't he?" I nodded my head because it was obvious I was going to suck it whether I liked it or not. Finally I took his load, hoping he would get up and off of me. He didn't. He left the big thing in my mouth and got rid of what must have

been a gallon of piss.



He let me sleep at the foot of my bed, licking his feet.

One thing you've got to say for my new boy, he didn't keep me all to himself. When he was out at the bars, he made friends and brought his little friends back to enjoy our relationship with him. The first time, he brought in a leather punk that couldn't have been much older than he was. I couldn't believe that he was interested in this guy and I am sure I was right. He just wanted to put me farther into my place. He had left me chained up down in the basement and I heard them upstairs when he finally came back. They were in the kitchen, then back into the living room, talking and laughing. Finally, he excused himself and came down to unchain me and led me up the stairs by my leash.

"This is my daddy," he proudly announced.

"Shit, I wish I could train my dad like that," said the stranger.

"My daddy does all kinds of nice things for me," said my little Mr. Wonderful. "He is very neat. Would you like him to clean your boots for you?"

"Yeah, they do kinda need it, don't they? Does he do a good job?"

"The best. Show the man how good you are at cleaning boots, Daddy."

I crawled over and began licking the asshole's dusty boots. He put one behind my head and pushed my face into the other. I licked and licked and licked while they went on talking.

Finally the stranger said he had to go to the can. "That beer really goes through me, man."

"No problem. Daddy, get up there and accommodate the gentleman."

I stayed at the fellow's feet. The boy walked over and I heard him pulling out his belt. Then I felt it across my back. Again and again. He meant it and the belt kept coming.

I raised my head to the guy's leatherclad crotch and opened my stupid mouth. He unzipped and out flopped a hose about the size of a beer bottle and just as full. Suddenly I was a public toilet in my own living room. When the "gentleman" was quite satisfied, he pushed my head away and shook his cock in my face. Then he slapped me with it.

"What else can your daddy do?"

"Show the gentleman your ass, Daddy."

I stood up, bent over and spread my cheeks. Take a look, fella. I've got absolutely no dignity left. I thought of all the young guys like this one whom I'd taken and enjoyed over the miles in years past. Maybe I deserved what I was getting. But whether or not I deserved it, I sure as hell was getting it. I fully expected my boy to tell this guy he could fuck me, but when I was turned around, a familiar cock got shoved up my unprepared ass.

"Suck the gentleman's cock, Daddy.

Then we'll show him what else you can do." I sucked as he fucked me. Nobody came because he put a stop to it in a moment or two. I was told to put on my pants, that "we were gonna go out."

"Yes, Sir," I said and found my rippedup Levis in the corner. He had thrown out all my undershorts the first week we were home. Off we went with my boy driving my car, being followed by the leather lout on his bike. We pulled up to a bar I had never been in and I followed my boy in. I didn't know anybody in the place, but I was embarrassed as hell to be there stripped to the waist and barefoot.

As time went by that evening, guys came by to look me over. I stood next to the boy, the leash hanging from my collar and my feet being probably stepped on by booted leathermen. One man came up to speak to the boy and as they were talking, reached over and grabbed my crotch. I started to react and the boy told me to put my hands behind my back. The guy gave my balls a squeeze and went on talking. I felt hands across my ass as I stood there absolutely humiliated.

When we left, the boy made arrangements for two couples about his age to follow us home. I, of course, had nothing to say about it.

We got in the car and I started to complain about his bringing guests. "Shut up, Daddy. And open your fly." I unbuttoned my fly. "Pull out your prick and balls, Daddy.'

"Yes, Sir," I said and put my hands behind me.

The other two cars were right behind us and as we pulled into the driveway, I started to put my cock and balls back into my pants. "Leave 'em alone, Daddy," I was told. I knew I would have to drop my pants the minute we got in the door anyway, so I guessed it wouldn't make that much difference. He unlocked the door and I followed the group in, my dong hanging out of my pants. He pointed to my pants and I dropped them on the hall floor, bent over, picked them up and folded them into a neat pile. I went into the kitchen and got beers for everyone, brought them back, and of course everyone was eyeing my shaved torso. They sat down and I went over to stand beside my favorite chair, which my boy was sitting

"Sit, Daddy," he said, pointing to the floor. I sat at his feet.

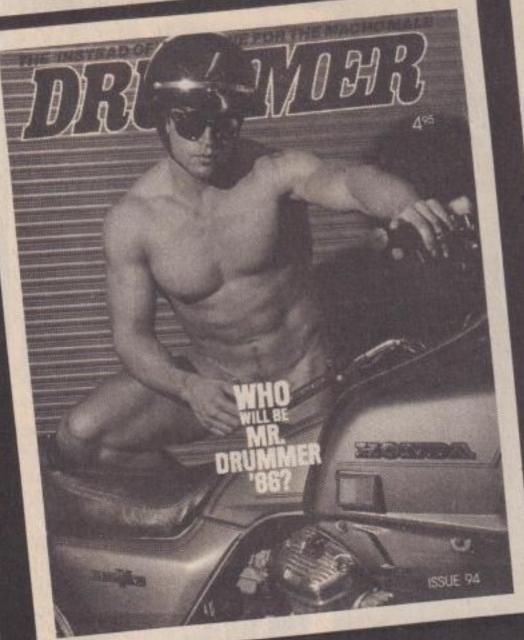
I ended up licking everyone's boots, balls and cocks.

"Your daddy sure is a big man," said one of the young guys as he helped himself to my cock and balls. I was on my hands and knees, licking someone's boots again. His hands ran down my thighs and over my calves.

"I'll bet your daddy is man enough to

really take some punishment."

My boy was getting full of beer at this point in the evening. "My daddy can



DRUMMER TWELVE ISSUES

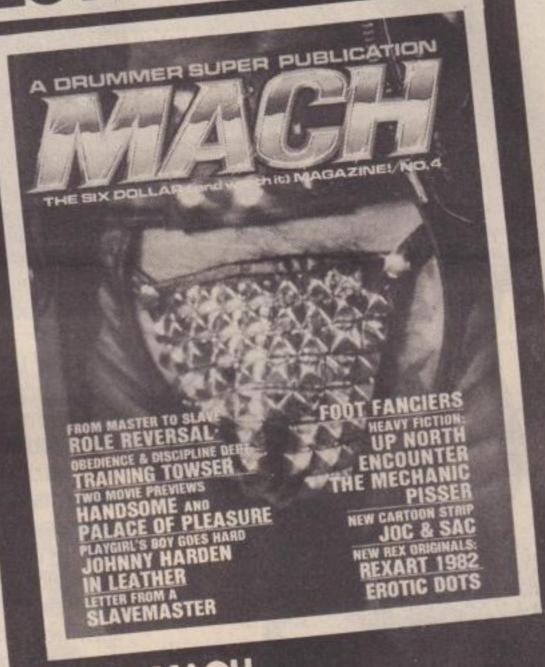
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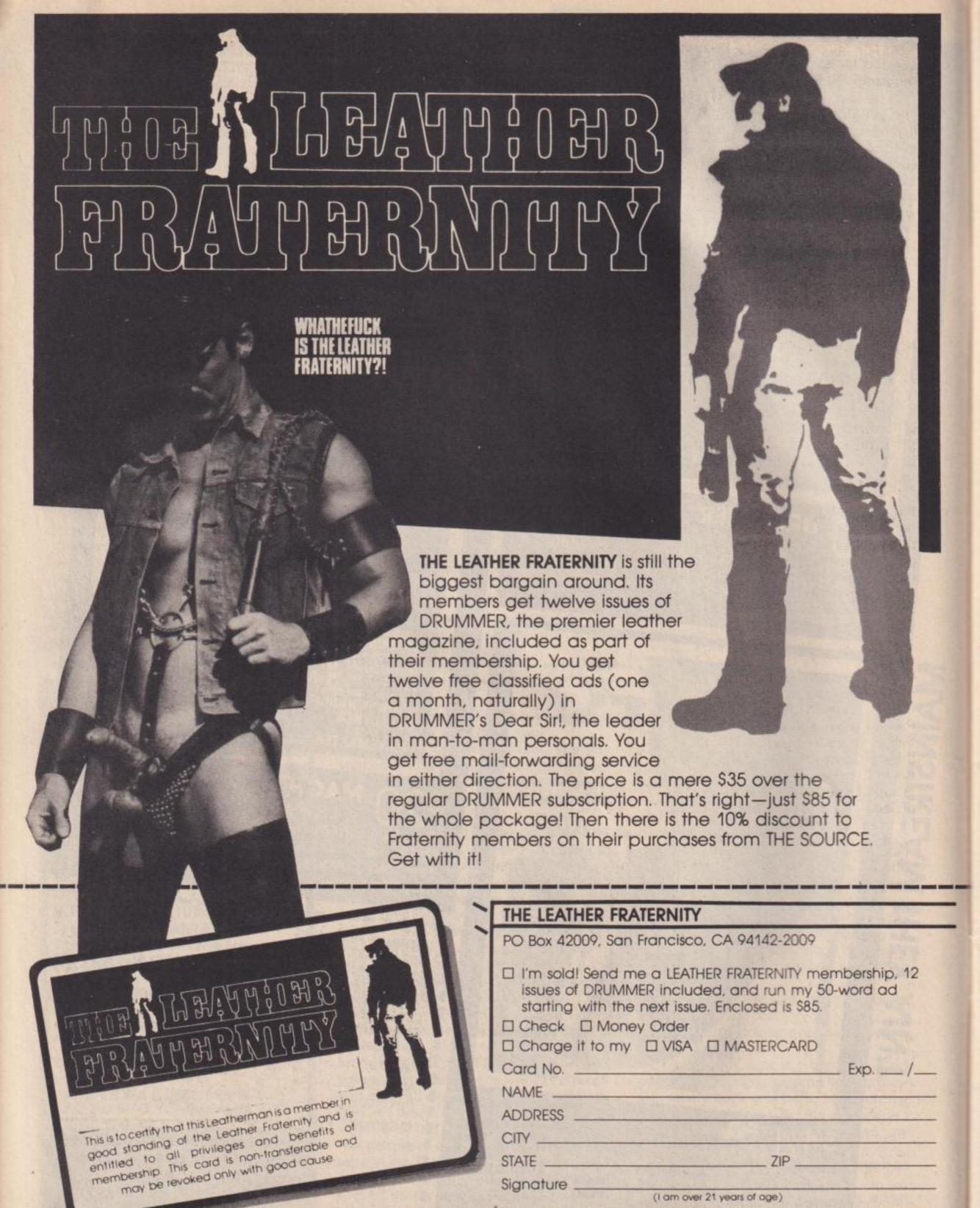
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IF LEATHER IS YOUR LIFESTYLE...JOIN US!

take anything you can give out," he boasted loudly. He slapped me across the rump. "Can't you, Daddy?"

"Yes, Sir," I mumbled between licks. The guy started unlacing the boot I was licking, pulled his foot out of it and pushed his stocking foot in my face. I continued licking. He took all the leather lacings out of the boot and made me lean back on my legs, pushing my crotch forward. He bound my cock and balls tightly, very tightly. "What do you say, Daddy?" he demanded and slapped me hard across my face.

My boy laughed. "Thank you, Sir," I said.

"Pull my sock off, Daddy."

I took the toe of his sock between my teeth and pulled it off his foot, which he then pushed into my face. I licked his bare sole and his toes, just as I had been trained to do to my boy's feet.

"Let's take your cocksucking daddy somewhere and work him over. I don't think he can take it." He grabbed my balls and pulled, twisting, then

squeezing.

I was moaning and pleading all the time he led me into the hallway and down the stairs. The guy was a mean son of a bitch, and while I could have easily put him away, it would have been embarrassing for both my boy and for me. Not that these young assholes meant anything to me. I guess it is part of proving you are a man and can take what anybody gives out. Well, I took it and what really infuriated me was that my boy didn't seem to object to anything these young punks were doing to me.

I was down on the concrete floor while they each peed all over me. I was on my belly with my legs spread. That is the way they told me to be. My fucking balls were down between my legs and one of the group decided to stand on them while he pissed. It was the same one whose boot I had removed. He stuck a big toe in the crack of my ass.

"Would Daddy like my foot up his ass?"

Let me tell you that Daddy could and did take it. I was turned every way but loose that night and whether or not I enjoyed it, my boy certainly did. My humiliation and trial that evening had made him a big man to his new friends. But I noticed that he took charge with them as well, and was showing them what should be done to and with me. I've got to say with a little pride that the kid is pretty imaginative for his age. I groveled far more than I had ever made anybody else do. Why did I do it? You might say I was getting my rocks off.

This experience has been good for me. I have never felt so close to anyone as I

do to this young man.

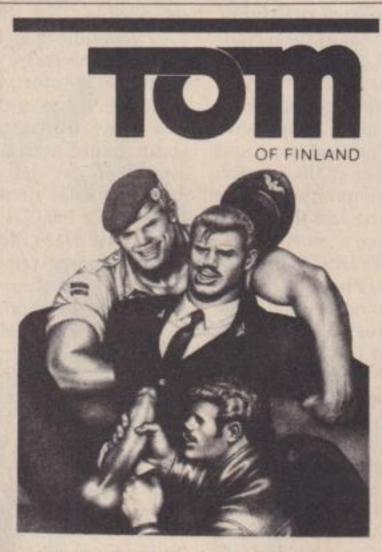
He has made me quit smoking and my new diet is exactly what I need, whether I would ever have admitted it or not. Even if I have to eat it off a plate on the floor.

The first few trips I made after we first got home, the kid went with me. He disciplined me as we drove across the country and also made me show him how to handle the rig. He isn't at all bad and I can probably get him a job for awhile with the company. He thinks we eventually should acquire trucks of our own. That is a big step, an investment that I've never had the nerve to try on my own. But with the two of us working the first rig together, then maybe we can manage a second when we get the first paid for. Who knows?

But now when I am out on the road alone, I can hardly wait to get back. And if he isn't there, I am like a prisoner in a cell, stripped as I am supposed to be, with all the equipment on my body that he leaves out for me. (I am ordered to put it on but only he can take it off-those are the instructions.) Our night punishment sessions I look forward to as much as I dread them.

We have given a lot to each other. He now will have a career as well as a daddy. I have a shaved body, welts that are healing and I have a boy I am very proud of.

I hear him upstairs coming in the door now. Thank God. My legs are getting rubbery from standing like this and my nuts will never be the same. And my boy's cock feels a lot better in my ass than this plug. I hope he likes this account of what I have written. But I sure as hell hope he doesn't show it to anybody.



SEX on the Train

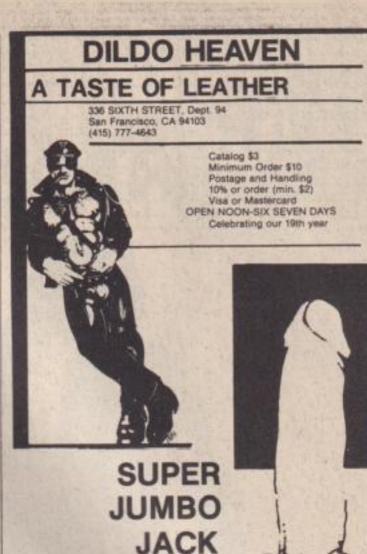
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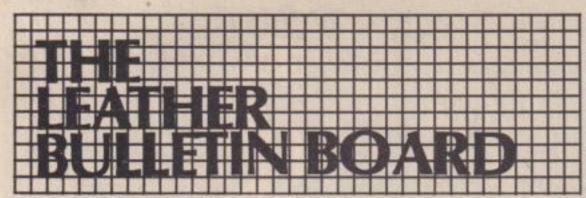
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I was aced out of Drummer 94 because they had so much material that they couldn't find a slot (not hole) for me. This won't happen again.

First, a little news item for those of you who are into those heavy-swinging balls. Got a note from Ken of the **BALL CLUB.** He says, "The Ball Club is a newsletter/correspondence club for men who have 'em and want 'em. The newsletter is quarterly." For information, write them at BC, PO Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769, also enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for their response. If you really are into balls, give them a try.

For visitors to the Big Apple and native New Yorkers, you have to drop in at the SPIKE where the bikers in town have so many damn things going. If you're into movies, they have movies; if you're into hot men, well you just have to wade into the wall-to-wall hunks of hot flesh. They're at 120 Eleventh Avenue, NYC 10011, telephone (212) 243-9688. Contact them and I believe they'll send you their schedule of coming attractions, movies and men.

The HARTFORD COLTS

Motorcycle Club are having
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their first anniversary bash from June 27 through 29 and have called it "Hot to Trot I." If you are interested in trotting, then drop them a line at Hartford Colts M.C., Blue Hills Station, PO Box 12201, Hartford, CT 06112. Having founded a couple of clubs myself, I am a strong believer that new clubs should receive all the support that the community can give them, plus the fact that you'll probably have a great time.

The COPPERSTATE LEA-THERMEN of Phoenix are due an apology. I had a great piece on their trip to L.A. on the SAN ANDREAS M.C.'s 21st anniversary and it would have appeared in the last issue, but as I said, I didn't get the space. Sorry about that guys!

I hope the ROCKY MOUN-TAINEERS Motorcycle Club will not forget us this year. Some years ago I asked them to send me some pix and info on their annual Gold Fleece Run, but nothing came through. From Thursday, July 3 through Sunday, July 6, they will be having their fifteenth run. If you're interested, contact Rocky Mountaineers M.C., PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201.

The big one! My prejudice

comes to the fore. The CHI-CAGO HELLFIRE CLUB will be holding their last annual IN-FERNO in September. Mind you, it's not the last Inferno. They will be holding it biannually. This has got to be the biggest event in the leather/SM community. Members and their guests come from all over the world for this weekend event. Because of the personal integrity of its members and the guidelines which are enforced for safe and sane SM, and safe sex, there has been no diminution of interest. The Infernos are always overbooked. A full or associate member has to sponsor you if you want to attend. It is the highlight event of the year. I told you that I was prejudiced! I'll be looking for you there.

For those of you in the Big D area who are interested in a club that promotes safe sex and safe and sane SM, you might look into the DISCIPLES OF DE SADE. You can contact them at 3920 Cedar Springs, Dallas, TX 75219. I know one of the founders and he is a very responsible person. I am sure that he would not be associated with a club whose members were not equally responsible.

By the time you read this, the fifth anniversary of the SA-TYRICON Motorcycle Club will have come and gone. If you want to contact them about future activities or are interested in becoming a member, write them at Satyricons M.C., PO Box 19058, Las Vegas, NV 89132. You should always send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with inquiries because postage can be a real financial drain on a limited treasury.

Here it is again, guys. I hope that you've been getting your letters, stories, etc. to the NEW YORK BONDAGE CLUB, PO Box 204, New York, NY 10028. Their proposed book, Bound and Gagged, could be the definitive study on bondage, so let them see what you have. I recall a couple of years ago some of the really artistic work which I saw at Inferno during the bondage contest. I was particularly turned on by the naked hunk who was bound in a vast spiderweb of ropes. One young dude had been mummified and suspended with only his cock and balls exposed. He had a humongous cock and a lot of the guys were trying to swallow that dick to the root. Only a few succeeded. Poor guy!

I want to do something on New York's GMSMA and I hope that my friend Ray will get me some dope on the group for the next issue. GMSMA is one of the best groups in the country and I feel that, although a lot of you already know about it, the rest of you should hear about them.

Received a letter from the MS-PANTHER KOLN E.V. They are members of the ECMC, the European Community of Motorcycle Clubs. They are having the International Cologne Leather Meeting of 1986 at the Kolner Jugendparke, Sachsenbergstrasse on the 11th to the 13th of July. If you will be in West Germany this summer and are interested in attending, write MS Panther Koln, E.V., Postfach 5163, D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel, West Germany. Cologne is one of the more beautiful cities in Europe. Devastated by the war, it rebuilt itself into one of the modern jewels of West Germany. The meeting is indeed international since it will bring leathermen from all over Western Europe to the threeday event. If any of you can attend, you might drop me a line and let me know how it went. Also, I would appreciate any black-and-white photos of the event.

The regional MR. DRUM-MER contests are being held around the country, so if you get a chance, support your local show.

Now, some final serious shit. This is your column, so if you don't take advantage of it with stuff that you want to highlight, shame on your asses. You know that if I don't hear from you, you will have to read a lot of my garbage. It's up to you.

Also, if there are fetish clubs that want people to know who they are and where they can be reached, dig deep in your pockets for a 22¢ stamp and send me a letter, telling me something about your group and where you can be reached.

That's it for this time. Keep the faith.

-Frank O'Rourke

Book Section BOURD GEORY



BOUND FORY GEORY

The Road to Rhengfel Part V by MASON POWELL

olukenor was a mountain town, far to the north and east, so they expected the journey to last a fortnight. The third day out Chom decided to bind Fillian's cock and balls, so for the next day and a half Gonar was busy as he rode with carving a little leather harness for the boy's confinement. He was proud of his work when he finished the device and he showed it to his Master with some pleasure.

Chom smiled and called a halt. They dismounted and Chom ordered Fillian to strip. He then put the simple but effective device on the boy: a leather ring wrapped around the cock and balls tightly, then a leather sheath was laced up around the cock. The head stuck out at the end and the flesh was kept, if not at full erection, at least at maximum length. A smaller strap divided Fillian's balls, stretching them to either side until they were shiny. Whether the young prick was going to stay hard for the duration or not, it got hard as Chom put the toy on and the head shone purple with engorgement. Fillian sweated a little and his eyes held silent pleading, but Chom made him dress again, they all remounted and the journey continued.

Gonar looked over at the boy now and then and enjoyed the way he squirmed in the saddle, unable to pleasure himself even had he dared.

After two days of this restraint Fillian was glassy-eyed with desire. Yet Chom had no intention of letting the boy loose. While Gonar stood guard that night, watching casually, Chom fucked the boy for hours, making him cry out, making him beg, but giving him no release. When Fillian shot his load spontaneously Chom whipped his bare young ass with a hazel switch, then tied the boy's hands and feet far apart, left him lying face up so that nothing could touch his prick for the rest of the night.

The next day, in a deep forest, they came to a dividing of the road. There was an old well and they let their horses drink from it as well as filling their water skins. Up the road to the north was a standing stone with a white bird painted on it. Up the road to the east was a stone with a picture of a black hawk, and the hawk's beak was painted with blood.

"We will take the road north," said Chom. "It is the longer way, but it will take us through Throm and Vadkim, then over the Turmnic Pass and down into Molukenor."

"And why not the other road?" asked Fillian.

"That is the road to Rhengfel," Chom answered. "They call it the City of Torturers. They worship Wa-at, the Volcano God, who demands human sacrifice. It is the last place in the world we would want to visit, let me assure you. In their arena there is no little game of Shegri. They devise spectacles of such blood and horror that I doubt even the priests of the Dwork could take pleasure in them. It is said that both the King and Queen of 28 DRUMMER

Rhengfel are mad with blood lust. Another story has it that they have made their whole lives a single rite of sacrifice to Wa-at. Whatever the truth, we shall not travel the road to Rhengfel!"

They remounted and rode north and the road began to climb. The forest changed character. The deciduous oaks and elms were replaced by tall conifers and the ground became rocky. When they came to another split, where a track ran west, they were displeased to find a shrine to Roghgota torn down, the idol beheaded and its genitals broken off.

"Such is the world today," Chom said sadly. "There is no respect between worshipers of different gods. Now, this could not have happened in Tilesia. The Captain of All the Corsairs would have tracked down the perpetrator and made him rebuild the shrine. But there, in the woods, cowardice is easily covered. Come, let us set the head back atop the statue at least. When we come again to a temple of Roghgota we will tell them what has happened, so that an appropriate restoration can be made."

When they had done what they could Gonar gathered some cedar branches, broke them into small pieces, and burned them on the altar stone before the idol They all said a brief prayer, then went on.

rillian was virtually numb with desire when they made camp that night. Chom smiled and ordered Gonar to take the harness off the boy's cock and balls, then watched in amusment as the unbound prick stiffened to shiny hardness. If the bondage had been exciting, the release was overwhelming!

"Kneel before him, Gonar, my Gonar," Chom commanded. Gonar did it, his own dick stiffening to quick attention.

"Suck him off," Chom said, and Gonar fell to it, taking the young cock in his mouth and swallowing it, sucking for all he was worth. He tongued the head, swallowed again, drew the flesh in and out of his mouth. He gave it such a sucking that the boy, whose load had built, was unable to hold back. With a cry, Fillian grabbed Gonar's curly black hair and rammed in, shooting his sweet young cum into Gonar's mouth, thrashing with the rage of it, fucking Gonar's wet mouth hard.

Chom laughed, watching them, but waited until Fillian had finished and was whimpering for Gonar to stop sucking; for Gonar held him now by his buttocks, pulling the spent cock into his mouth and tonguing the sensitive head. He was rewarded as Fillian, unable to supply more cum, shot little spurts of piss into his mouth.

"Put the harness back on him," Chom ordered then, and Gonar did it, fastening the lacings good and tight.

"Now, Gonar, my Gonar, come here, on your knees, and suck me off just as you did him." Gonar hurried across the ground on his knees, reached up and pulled his Master's big dick and balls out of the velvet loincloth, and began to suck. He felt Chom's hands grab his hair, felt his head pulled back and forth, forcing the cock deeper into his mouth. He knew that he could take it easily down his throat, but Chom wanted to control the action, and that was as it should be. Gonar tasted precum as it dripped out of the dick in his mouth, redoubled his efforts to please Chom.

Chom fucked his mouth, long, slow strokes at first, then faster ones. Gonar trembled as the huge rod choked him, pulled back, choked him again. He knew that Chom liked to do that, knew that if he moderated his breathing Chom would change stroke. It was part of the game that Gonar lose control, and he didn't fight it very hard this time. In short order Chom also came in his mouth, shooting a huge load of hot cum that tasted of his Master's body, his Master's sweat mingled with the tingling taste of the semen. Gonar swallowed it, sucked the cock dry, sucked furiously until Chom also pissed in his mouth. But Chom did not give him helpless little squirts of piss, Chom let him have the whole of his bladder, a strong, musky stream that filled his belly and spilled out of his mouth and down his chest.

When Chom was finished with him, Gonar knelt subservient and sweating, wet with piss, his dick like a big rock in his lainedeth

loincloth.

"Now, Fillian, come and serve the man you desire," Chom

laughed.

Fillian scuttled across the ground the same way Gonar had, on his knees, opened the loincloth; and raising himself up on his elbows, belly down, he gobbled Gonar's dick, sucked, licked, tried to take it down his throat and failed. Gonar looked down into blue eyes filled with tears below his big dick and knew the boy was special to him. Fillian could not get enough of his cock.

Gonar held back, made it last as long as he could: hoping that was what his Master wanted. But finally Chom reached out and took the ruby ring that depended from his right tit and twisted it savagely and Gonar could hold back no longer. He felt the charge rush up, out of his belly, coursing through his dick and into Fillian's hot sucking mouth. He groaned with the release, rammed his cock in until Fillian gagged, pulled back so the boy could breath, then rammed it in again, letting all his cum shoot down the tight throat.

When Gonar's orgasm was over Chom tweaked the little posts through Fillian's tits, pinched the head of the boy's cock (it was hard again, sticking out of the leather harness) and told

them it was time for sleep.

Somewhere near dawn Gonar felt Fillian's hand on his bare shoulder, the silent signal for him to awaken. In a moment he was on his feet. Chom was already awake. "My Masters," Fillian said softly, "There is someone here." Swords lept to hands and the two warriors were instantly back-to-back.

"There," Fillian said, his face disturbed but not registering danger. He pointed, and at the edge of the woods they descried

a young girl.

She was dressed shabbily in what looked the remnants of a hunter's garb: browns and greens in a mottled pattern—a tunic, trousers to protect the legs from brush, leather boots that had seen better days, a peaked cap with a long visor to shade the eyes. Her hair was cropped short, brown, and her eyes were hazel. She looked as if she were trying to keep a brave face in spite of terror.

"What is it?" Chom asked her.

She hesitated, then spoke in a voice tight with strain: "Are you warriors?"

"We are," said Chom, guardedly.

"My brother has been taken by the falcon masks. I need help to rescue him."

At that point her self-control broke and she slumped to the ground, silent tears streaming from her eyes.

"Fillian," Chom said, not relaxing his stance, "bring her closer."

Fillian went to the girl, lifted her to her feet and brought her across the clearing to the place where warm ashes marked the previous night's campfire. He put an arm around her protectively and looked up at Gonar and Chom.

"Who are the falcon masks?" Chom asked.

"The Riders of Rhengfel!" the girl sobbed. "They come out of their valley to raid and take slaves. I am sure they mean to use Chebid for their games. Oh, please help me get him back!"

He felt Chom's hands grab his hair, felt his head pulled back and forth, forcing the cock deeper into his mouth.

He knew that he could take it easily down his throat, but Chom wanted to control the action.

Gonar felt just a tremor in Chom's shoulders where they touched his.

"What is your name, and where are you from?" Chom asked. "I am Chala, from the village of Raiggon," the girl said. "But there is no help to be had from that quarter. My people are fools and cowards. They think the falcon masks are a judgement sent against them by Wa-at. And it may be so, for were they not cowards their sons and daughters would not have been taken from them!"

His voice held rage now, and contempt.

Again, the tremor in Chom's shoulders, and just the trace of a sigh as he spoke: "I am sorry, Chala, but we cannot help you. Evil gods walk everywhere in this world and we are already upon the road in opposing one of them. If our mission fails there will be another terror for your people to fear. Have you no lord upon whom you may call in fealty?"

"None!" said the girl. "But even if I had, what good would an army be? The Valley of Rhengfel is unassailable. There is but one entrance, a narrow pass, and that is heavily guarded. The rest is surrounded by the Rhengfel Wall, a steep and rocky barrier. It is possible a single warrior might climb over without being noticed, but an army could make no successful assault."

"An army could seal it against the rest of the world," Fillian suggested. "Then your people would be safe."

The girl smiled at him.

"In past times that might have happened. The folk of these mountains were once fierce. Now they are all merchants, trusting the various gods to protect or destroy them at whim. If there is not profit to be had from sending an army then an army will not be sent, no matter what the danger. Each village puts itself first, thus the enemy swoops down and kills. It is all a matter of money in the end. No one will spend where there is not an immediate return."

Gonar felt the tension go out of Chom's shoulders and Chom spoke: "A nation of merchants is a nation up for sale to the highest bidder. It is plain what has happened in this land. But again, I must deny your plea for help. We must rescue another, and I fear by the time that is done it will be too late to help your brother. Perhaps if you ride with us to Throm we can find help for you there."

Charla nodded, but the despair in her eyes was awful to see. "I have no faith in the people of Throm," she said, "but it may be that there are other warriors there who are free to help me.

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In whatever case, I will be grateful for your company along the

road, for I have no other prospects."

It touched Gonar's heart to see the girl thus, but Chom was right: Prince Hrendel's rescue had to come first, lest another evil god be loosed upon the land. But why, Gonar wondered, were the good gods so powerless against the evil?

The girl was put on one of the pack horses, the weight of the supplies displaced divided among the four of them, and they headed off. For the next three days they rode as fast as the welfare of the horses would allow. At night there were no games, and Fillian's need for release had to be held in rein, for they would not embarrass Chala and it was not adjudged safe to

He whipped Gonar's thighs, his legs, his shoulders, Gonar was an acreage of pain when he felt Chom climb on top of him, shove his big prick roughly up his ass, then fuck him hard and deep for a long time.

send her off in the woods for a while. They were all very happy to see the stockade of Throm above the road ahead, its heavy wooden houses and fortifications nestled against the base of a steep and rocky mountain. Its location made it eminently defensible as well as suited to the trade that crossed the mountains.

An innkeeper was gracious in accepting them (after all, the Queen of Jhent's gold was good in all lands) and in telling them how they might speak with the city elders. But when they presented Chala's case the next day, the mothers and fathers of

Throm were not so happy.

"We know of the falcon masks," said an old woman named Drena, who was head of the council. "But we are secure against them here and sometimes they come to trade with us. We are not so foolish as to trust them, and make them camp outside the walls; but neither do we provoke them. Thus they are not our enemies. We would be very foolish to raise an army against a city so far away merely because it has raided a village of which we know nothing."

"But what will happen when they have used up all the little villages like mine?" Chala asked. "Don't you see that you, also, will be attacked? They have a mighty army, not just the bands of

raiders; everybody knows that!"

An old man named Vred spoke up: "Calm yourself, child. We know of their army. But we have sat by this mountain pass for many years and watched armies march by. We know how things go in the outside world. The King and Queen of Rhenfel are mad. It will not be long before they falter through their excesses. Their power is already shaking beneath them. Only wait and they will tumble. I know that will not free your brother or the others who have been taken slave, but it will happen. In the meantime, stay here in Throm and talk with the caravans that come by. Perhaps among the wanderers you will find your champion."

Chom tried other arguments, but the elders remained adamant. There would be no help from the city of Throm, though

they were welcome to stay as long as they wished.

And, thought Gonar, as long as their money held out.

They left the councilhouse and returned to their inn in silence, but Gonar could feel his Master's anger like the crackle of the air before a storm. Chom had seen more of the world

of the air before a storm. Chom had seen more of the world than the miserable merchants of Throm, and he knew (as he

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told Gonar later) that what they said was half-truth. The King and Queen of Rhengfel might fall under the weight of their own excesses, but not before they had ground up many in the wheels of their machinations. An avalanche of evil was preparing itself, and unless the individual stones could be stopped the force of the thing itself could not be. Rather than risk a bruise in reaching for a rock, humankind seemed to be pretending all was well.

That night Chom told Fillian to keep Chala company down in the common room for a few hours. He locked the door of their room and ordered Gonar to strip, then he tied Gonar hand and foot, face down on the bed. He took a short whip and laid it on Gonar's back with all his strength. Then he whipped Gonar's thighs, his legs, his shoulders, the whole of his body. Gonar was an acreage of pain when he felt Chom climb on top of him, shove his big prick roughly up his ass, then fuck him hard and deep for a long, long time.

When Chom was finished fucking Gonar he untied him, kissed the welts, then sucked him off. After that he called for

Fillian and Chala and they all slept.

ear dawn, when most of Throm still slept, there was a knock on their chamber door and Vred was allowed to

"I am sorry we had to decide against you," the elderman said, "but this is not a city of warriors. Had we offered you help we would only have been replaced and the help withdrawn. Our merchants know only the defense of this city, from its walls, and they will not venture beyond it. Yet, still there are those among us who are concerned. For this reason I am come to you in secret, at this hour, to pledge you money for your cause. If we cannot send men, we can help buy the swords, the food and the horses you will need to prosecute a war against the falcon masks."

"How much?" asked Chom. "And from whom does it come?"

"Four hundred Golden Passages of Throm," said Vred, naming the largest coin his city minted. "As for the source; that must be secret as well. I risk much by acting as go-between. Yet you can see it is much more than I could raise on my own."

"It will be up to you to find the army," said Vred. "But we suggest you go to the people of Cledata, high in the mountains. In olden times they were powerful warriors, and had not their fortunes changed they would be still. Offer to outfit them and there is good chance they will follow. When you have got their consent in this venture, come to me and I will give you the money, or else arrange for you what you need. That choice shall be yours, but we merchants are used to trading and might get you more for your money."

Chom looked at Chala and she nodded. Her eyes glowed, her hope returning. Gonar felt confused, for he doubted the girl could lead an army of warriors: she was too young and lacked experience. . . Yet it was clear that he and Chom and Fillian had work that would not allow them the side venture to Cledata.

"It is well," said Chom. "We thank you for your offer, and we will try our best to take advantage of it."

Vred smiled, shyly, as if much pleased that he had been able to help. He reached inside the capacious cloak he wore and drew out a small earthen bottle with tiny cups attached by

thongs.

"If you would do me the honor," he said, "of sharing a tip of vresek?"

"Of course," said Chom.

Gonar had never drunk the fiery liquor of the mountains, but he had certainly heard of it. It was said to be the most complex flavor in the world, a thing which stuck in the memory of the mouth for weeks, leaving one puzzled as to just what it did taste like. He watched as Vred filled the little cups and when he received his he sniffed at it. It certainly smelled elusive!

"To Rhengfel!" said Vred, holding up his tiny cup. "It's down-

fall!" He drank.

"To Rhengfel: its downfall!" they all echoed, and drank as he had, downing the tiny amount in a gulp.

Vred took the cups and wiped them with a little square of cloth from his pockets, then put the bottle back in his cloak.

"Now I must go," he said. "I would prefer not to answer any questions about why I was here, yet I fear that I have been seen and will have to. Please do not speak of this to anyone."

"It is understood," said Chom.

They let him out.

"Quickly!" Chom said, his voice low. "All of you, stick your fingers down your throat and vomit that stuff up. It may be..."

But it was already too late. What Gonar had taken for the liquor effect continued to spiral up into his brain, and as he reached his finger toward his mouth everything went white, then black.

The next thing Gonar knew was a pain in his head. There seemed to be an immense crashing sound, like the bell Chom had once put over his head. After that came light, like the sun full in his eyes; except that his eyes, he knew, were closed. After a while the sound resolved into voices, laughter, and that drew him up out of the dark well of self. The brightness resolved into the flame of a candle when he opened his eyes. Then he began to feel, and he found himself bound.

It was a clever device, he noted through the pain. A simple wood cross was affixed to the wall behind him and along the top and bottom of the crosspiece, and down the sides, there were many hooks. His arms were stretched out along the cross and a rope ran back and forth, top to bottom, crisscrossing his arms between the hooks. The rope also crisscrossed his body, binding him tightly in an upright position. The beauty of it was that the knots were far from his hands, at the base of the cross. There was no possible way he could reach them to untie himself, yet the binding was loose enough to keep his circulation clear. His legs were stretched apart and bound to rings set in the wall, so that he sagged in the webbing.

Only the weight that hung from his balls was painful: a bucket full of sand.

He blinked his eyes and focused them. Across from him, on the opposite wall, Chom was bound to a similar device. On the wall to the right, Fillian. But the fourth cross, to the left, was empty. What had they done with Chala?

The voices belonged to two men dressed in black leather, their faces covered by black-feathered falcon masks.

"The King will be pleased with these," laughed one, a short man with a paunch. "He will likely fuck them until they bleed, then will throw them to the animals to see how they fight."

"They'll take many cocks before the King has them," said the second. "It is a long journey back to Rhengfel, and the men will want sport along the way." He was taller, thinner than his partner.

"So long as they arrive free of marks and strong," said the paunchy one.

"There are ways to make them squirm without leaving marks," said the tall one. "I like to tie the feet together under a horse, so they can't support themselves with the legs. Then I lead the horse at a gallop. In less than a league they lose their voices with screaming. Every up and down of the horse bangs their balls good and hard. Half the time they come down on top of their own rocks, with their full weight. Then I fuck them through the night."

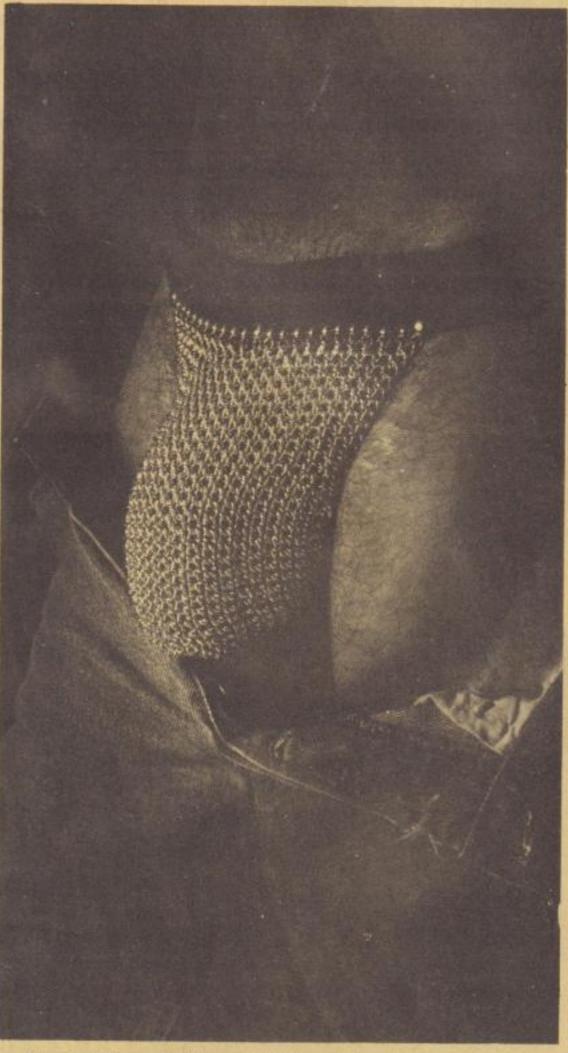
Both men laughed.

"It is very clever of our King to buy with gold what would cost much in blood," said the paunchy man. "If we had taken these in battle it would have cost soldiers, and it's likely their bodies would be a mass of slashes. They'd have to be nursed and coddled for months to make them presentable. By having that merchant drug the Vresek we've got three perfect specimens and the merchant has some gold."

"And a headache!" laughed the tall one.

So that was how it was done! Vred had also drunk the drug.

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No doubt he thought himself now well-compensated for this discomfort!

"I only regret the loss of the girl," said the paunch. "The Queen would have enjoyed her...And the leopards!"

"Aye!" agreed his partner. "I wonder how it was that she escaped?"

"Look! They're waking up. There'll be time for some fun after all, before we leave."

They looked at Chom, who glared at them fiercely, yet obviously in pain. Then they looked at Gonar. Finally they looked at Fillian, but he was still unconscious.

He slid the tube out of Gonar's dick, pinched it shut so that he could not release whatever had been poured in, and putting the leather rod on top of it, he bent Gonar's dick up and double, back on itself.

"I wanted to use the boy," said the tall falcon mask, "but if you still like the one with the ring in his tit, I'll take the tall one with darker skin."

"That suits me well enough," said the short one, and he walked toward Gonar while his partner approached Chom.

For a moment Gonar strained at the ropes, but it was patently hopeless. All he could do now was endure whatever was inflicted on him and wait for a chance to escape.

The short falcon mask stood before him, black eyes staring out of feathered face. Then he drew out something from the leathern burse at his side. Gonar looked down and saw a small, leather rod, then stiffened as the man took his cock in hand and began to work it into the piss hole. His dick started to stiffen, but even as it did the fire struck, as if the falcon-masked man had driven a red-hot poker into his prick.

Gonar clenched his teeth and bit back a smile. It was the same fire that Chom had used on him that day in the arena. He looked across the room at his Master, noted that Chom was getting the same treatment, and found himself excited by it. He licked his lips as Chom's cock grew stiff under the torture.

The falcon masks seemed to be working in tandem, as if what they did was part of a set routine. They next drew long tubes of tanned gut from their burses, tubes with bladders on the end. They fastened the bladder end of the tubes to hooks high up on the wall, then drew the fiery rods out of their captives' cocks.

Gonar took a deep breath, calling on his Shegri training. He suddenly wondered how much training in taking pain Chom might have: for that a man could inflict pain well did not imply that he could receive it well. His attention returned to his own body as the end of the tube was slipped into his dick, pushed slowly but steadily in until it reached the recess of his body where the piss was stored. He felt himself lose control of his bladder, felt the piss flow out and into the tube.

The falcon mask laughed, took the bladder down from the wall and shook the piss out on the floor. Then he hung it up again and went to where a pair of black leather bags lay on the floor.

Gonar looked briefly at Chom, saw that the other falcon mask had progressed to the same point. Then his own tormenter returned with an earthen bottle which he emptied into the bladder hanging above. Gonar felt something warm invade him, something thicker than piss, something that heated his gut from within. It poured up into him and filled his bladder, made it hurt with the volume of filling, then made it tingle.

The falcon mask looked closely at Gonar's eyes. Then he slid the tube out of Gonar's dick, pinched it shut so that he could not release whatever had been poured in, and putting the small, leather rod on top of it, he bent Gonar's dick up and double, back on itself. Gonar grunted as the man tied a thong around his dick, secured it double to the rod so that he could not release anything from his bladder.

The pain subsided but the tingling increased. Gonar found himself growing dizzy, disoriented. Up and down started to reverse themselves. After a moment his hands and feet seemed to recede, to stretch, to be leagues away. He felt as if he was floating. The tingling got stronger, and he felt the pins and needles of returning circulation all over, inside as well as on his skin.

His captor untied his ankles. He wanted to kick the man in the jaw, but his legs fell useless below him. The falcon mask began to untie his torso, then his arms. The tingling was becoming painful, like hot needles piercing him all over. As the last rope came away Gonar fell to the floor, a crumpled mass atop the bucket of sand that stretched his balls. He tried desperately to move but his limbs would not respond.

The masked man untied his balls, then dragged him across the wooden floor... And it hurt, more than it had any right to hurt. In a panic Gonar realized that whatever drug was in him was increasing his sensitivity, making every feeling ten times too strong.

He was laid out on his face, and when his head was moved he saw that Chom was laid out also. They were head to head. Their captors propped their heads with dirty pillows so that they had to look one another in the face as things progressed. Chom's eyes displayed an agony, and Gonar tried to speak, but his tongue was also a useless muscle.

Gonar felt fingers probing at his asshole. He wanted to shudder, but not even that reflex was his. He felt a long finger snake in, then another. The feeling was unbearable, painful where it should not have been. Already it hurt so much that he wanted to scream, but could not. A third finger pushed in. He knew that the same thing was happening to Chom, could see it in Chom's black eyes. A fourth finger invaded him and he was in agony. It felt as if a log were being shoved up his ass. Then he felt the thumb, felt the knuckles, felt the hand root up into him. He felt the sweat pouring painfully out of him, the way it did just before puking; forced sweat. The hand was now deep in his gut and it knotted into a fist. It twisted around.

Had he been able to move he would have thrashed, screamed, but he was helpless. The fist pounded him inside, made his swollen bladder ache like sharp knives. He felt it hammer his prostate as it began to fuck him.

Gonar felt himself sliding away, entering a hell in which only pain existed, a place without redemption. He knew that his eyes burned with shame, and he could see the tears on the coal lumps that were Chom's eyes.

How long it lasted he could not imagine. It seemed to last forever. Future and past vanished in the purity of it. Eventually he was aware of the fingers uncurling, then being withdrawn. The two torturers came and knelt at either side of his head and their big dicks appeared, stiff and dripping. They stroked, holding the heads very close to Chom's and Gonar's faces, and when strings of clear precum dribbled out they wiped them on the captive faces. Finally the loads shot out, one all over Chom's face, one on Gonar's.

For a long time Gonar lay in pain, seeing nothing but the white cum dripping down Chom's face, slowly turning clear, then becoming as thin as water. He felt the cum on his face doing the same. Then he felt himself rolled over.

A tube was shoved into his mouth and something sticky was applied to seal his lips around it. Then he felt his cock being unbound, something being shoved up it. The contents of his bladder rushed out, into the tube, up the tube and into his

mouth. It tasted oily and foul, and he thought for a moment that he would drown in it: but his captor held him up, held his throat at the right angle for the stuff to slide down into his stomach.

The pain in his collapsing bladder was worse than the pain of having his bladder overfilled. He wanted to gag at the foul taste in his mouth. But now a tingling started spreading out from his belly, a wave of pain like what had already spread from his gut. He was too helpless to twist against the conflicting walls of pain within him, but where they struck each other, crashing walls like great waves of sea water, his body could no longer hold out. Overwhelmed by the density of the pain, Gonar slipped into darkness.

hen he awoke again Gonar found himself in a cage suspended from a pole slung between two pack horses. He was cold and he ached all over, and he felt sick as the cage swayed back and forth. Before he could stop himself he puked, the bile foul and oily. He felt some control of his limbs returning and rolled away from the mess on the cage bottom. He looked beyond the bars.

He was part of a train of horses moving back down the road from Throm. It was near dusk. He wondered what day it was, how long he had been unconscious. The horses plodded along at an easy pace and occasionally, when the road curved, he could see the rest of the train. Near the front was a cage bearing Chom and near the middle was a cage with Fillian. He was at the back. They were separated from one another by clusters of falcon-masked riders.

The cage was small, barely big enough to hold him, but it was strong. The wooden bars were neatly fitted and there were bronze nails. He could not escape it easily, even if he were well and strong. As it was, he was too sick and weak to consider escape. He lay still and felt the cold of the mountain air, glad that the drug was wearing off: cold could be very painful and he didn't want to experience it with his senses enhanced by drugs.

Time passed and so did the sick feeling. The cold crept into

his bones, even without the drug, and numbed him; but his stomach came alive and told him it was time to eat. He wondered if he could trust anything they fed him. It didn't matter. He would eat when they fed him or starve, and if the food was drugged he would just have to suffer whatever came next.

They came to the place were the road forked and the train turned left, along the road to Rhengfel. As it did so two riders pulled their horses out of the line and reviewed it in passing. As Gonar moved by them he heard their discussion.

"Do you think this one will be suitable for the breeding program?"

"If the Queen wills it. I think she might like either of them for toys, perhaps even the boy. But I can see either of them strung up and drained by her breeder pigs. That would assure them a few extra weeks of life if nothing else. Until she made sure the pigs were pregnant by them."

"But woe to them should they prove sterile! Her Majesty does not like to be disappointed. Sterile men have special

deaths appointed to them."

"Special?"

"I once saw her bind a man, slice open his balls, stuff maggots inside, then sew them up again, so that he would have them eaten from the inside while he lived yet. Our Queen has much imagination."

Gonar decided as his cage moved out of earshot that he would kill the Queen of Rhengfel if he found the opportunity. Torture for sport was one thing: what he had heard was atrocity.

he road climbed and the air got colder. Gonar shivered and wondered if he would survive all the way to the City of Torturers. Didn't they realize that naked men could catch sickness in the lungs and die?

His worry was answered when they made camp for the night. Forked posts were set in the ground near the cooking fire and the cages slung across them, so that there was heat but no comfort. The smells of roasting meats added special torture to



his condition, and the sight of the falcon masks devouring their supper made it worse. When the captives were fed it was on gnawed bones and leavings, but by then it seemed adequate.

"My Master?" Fillian inquired as the camp settled down.

"Are you well?"

"As well as may be," Gonar chuckled as he gnawed a bone.

"And you?"

"Well enough. I have been raped before, and no doubt will be again. I only feared that the stuff they put into the two of you would do some permanent harm."

"I think not," said Chom from his cage. "They will want us strong and healthy for their arena. We may have to endure pain, but we will not be truly harmed until we reach Rhengfel."

There was no sense in discussing escape and they all knew it. They were at the center of the camp, where everything they said would be heard. They expressed concern for one another, then settled in to sleep. They would need to be very strong if the chance presented itself.

In the morning the horse train moved on and the air got colder yet. The cramping of the cage made Gonar's limbs stiff and the cold made them stiffer. His mind raced, trying to think of a way out, but eventually a kind of dull despair set in. He was surrounded. Even if he got out of the cage, he would still have to free his companions. If it could not be done before they reached Rhengfel it was hopeless.

The second night came and when camp was set up the falcon masks decided to have some more fun with their charges. They fed them with the dry biscuits that were carried for the dogs, gave them plenty of water to drink in dog bowls, then hung the cages with Gonar and Chom over the dying coals of the cook fire. They yanked Fillian out of his cage and strung him up by his wrists from a tree branch. As Gonar and Chom began to sweat they found themselves excited fiercely by what was happening to Fillian.

Two men took the boy's legs and stretched them apart. A third took a long pheasant feather and got under him, and used

the tip of the feather to tickle his balls and his asshole, and the little space between. It was not the kind of tickling that made one laugh but rather the kind that made one squirm. Fillian's dick got hard right away, but soon he began to struggle. He tried to clench his hard little buns together, tried to cover his exposed pucker, but the men stretched his legs wider to keep it open. He groaned, tried to fight.

The falcon masks laughed.

Gonar's dick got stiff and he saw that Chom's was too. He began to pump himself, sliding his hand up and down and using his sweat as lubricant. Chom did the same. If they had been able to reach one another, from one cage to the other, Gonar would have serviced his Master.

Fillian began to beg, asking what they wanted of him, offering it no matter what it might be. The falcon masks continued to laugh, continued to tickle him, enjoying the way he jerked and fought. Two more men joined the crew and took feathers to Fillian's feet, and soon he was shouting, gasping, his breath coming hard. Gonar knew that it was possible to kill a man with tickling, to make his lungs and heart spasm to the point of malfunction. He hoped the falcon masks understood that, hoped they would not kill the boy inadvertently.

Yet two more men joined the party. They took feathers to Fillian's armpits. He screamed and laughed grotesquely. It was a fearful sight, an exciting one. Gonar worried for the boy even while he stroked his meat faster and faster. He took his hand away from his cock lest he come immediately and be left with only the worry.

Another man joined the tormentors. This one pulled a big cock out of his leather pants. It was already hard from watching and he wasted no time in applying it to Fillian's well-prepared hole, shoving it in with a single, violent thrust.

Fillian screamed, but there was relief in his scream. Rape was now better than the insidious tickling, even if it meant the removal of only one of the feathers. As the big dick charged in and out of his young ass the other men renewed their efforts at



his feet, his armpits, and drove him over the edge where only orgasm would provide relief. His stiff, young prick began to

jerk, then to spurt in short, desperate shots.

The sight of Fillian shooting brought Gonar to his peak. He grabbed his dick and stroked and the flood surged up and out of him. He fell back, pumping his meat furiously as the white gobs shot out the end of it, through the bars of the cage and onto the glowing red coals below. He held back his groan, not wanting to attract the attention of his captors, but he heard a soft gasp and, glancing over, saw that Chom was coming too.

A growl came from the man fucking Fillian, then he rammed the boy rapidly and hard, his orgasm an attack on Fillian's

defenseless asshole.

In a moment the man who had spent exchanged places with the man who had begun the tickling, and Fillian's hole was once again assaulted. They kept up the tickling, kept him thrashing and gasping, laughing and screaming, as each one took a turn at him, fucking him savagely one after another. Fillian came three times in the course of it, and when they were finished he was limp and had to be carried back to his cage. They hung him over the fire, just as they had done to Gonar and Chom, and then the camp retired for the night.

ach night after that the camp selected one of them for sport. One night Chom was tied kneeling in a trench so they could use him for a latrine. Another night Gonar was hung upside down from a tree with his hands tied behind him and he was forced to suck off the entire party. The actions themselves were not so terrible, but the impersonality of them was. Gonar was used to being tortured: he played it as a game. But to him it had always been a personal thing, whether it was a bet between him and another Shegrin or his relationship with the adoring crowd in the arena.

The falcon masks were anonymous. One could tell them apart by stature and stance, but their clothes were identical, their masks were identical, and they all acted in concert in their torture: as if they had learned each practice from someone else...as if they did it from a book!

Only their eyes gave evidence of a personality behind the masks.

There was a certain eroticism to that anonymity, to be sure. The idea of being used by an anonymous man could be exciting occasionally. There was even excitement in the idea of being used as an object, a toy...a latrine. But as a steady diet it lacked spice. Anything done too much becomes bland.

Pain, of itself, is not enough.

One night they camped in a narrow valley, at a spot where the trail widened and a spring flowed out of a cleft in the rocks. There were trees, but now they were high in the mountains and the growth was small and stunted. Fillian and Chom were placed near the fire, as they all were each night, against the cold. But Gonar was taken out of his cage and bound over a log, ass up. He thought they were going to fuck him again, but this turned out not to be the plan. Two of the falcon masks came with a funnel of stitched leather and pushed it into his hole, then they poured something hot into the funnel. Gonar felt the stuff gurgle down into his guts, felt it burn; but it was not so hot as to make him cry out and that puzzled him for a moment. They took the funnel out and stood around looking at him, laughing.

Gonar was not surprised when the damnable drugs began to take hold, making his limbs lethargic, making them tingle with sensitivity. Whether it was the same stuff they had used on him before or only something similar did not matter. In a matter of moments the sound of the campfire became a roaring, the feel of the log against his belly and chest became as painful as a hard whipping. When one of the men ran a hand over his ass it was like boiling water but he could not cry out.

They untied him and lifted him between them, then carried

him across the camp to where a stunted oak grew out of the rocks. They spread his legs and hefted him so that he sprawled on his back, then wrapped his limp legs around the tree. He was



looking up at his own cock, at the bent trunk of the tree, at his legs above him wrapped around it. He felt his balls pressed against the rough bark, felt the rocky earth under his shoulders, and it hurt. His captors stood back, folded their arms, and waited. After a moment his arms seemed to displease them so they rearranged them, spread them out to either side.

"That will expose his armpits," said one of the falcon masks with satisfaction. His voice was like thunder in Gonar's ear.

Gonar wondered, groggily, what would happen next. He knew that he would not have long to wait.

An agonizing something stimulated the inside of his thigh, then moved along it, like an itch inside armor, just before a battle, when it is impossible to scratch. Another point of intense feeling appeared, then another. They moved around the inside of his thigh, making him want to grab, to scratch, to scream. One moved higher, across his tender balls, then down the shaft of his cock.

He saw it.

One of the little red mountain ants; a tiny harmless thing in itself, but now its touch was magnified a million times. It was not carnivorous. It would not sting him with poison. But he would feel its tiny feet marching over his sensitive flesh, feel the tiny feet of every one of the army of ants that now began to march out of their home in the oak tree.

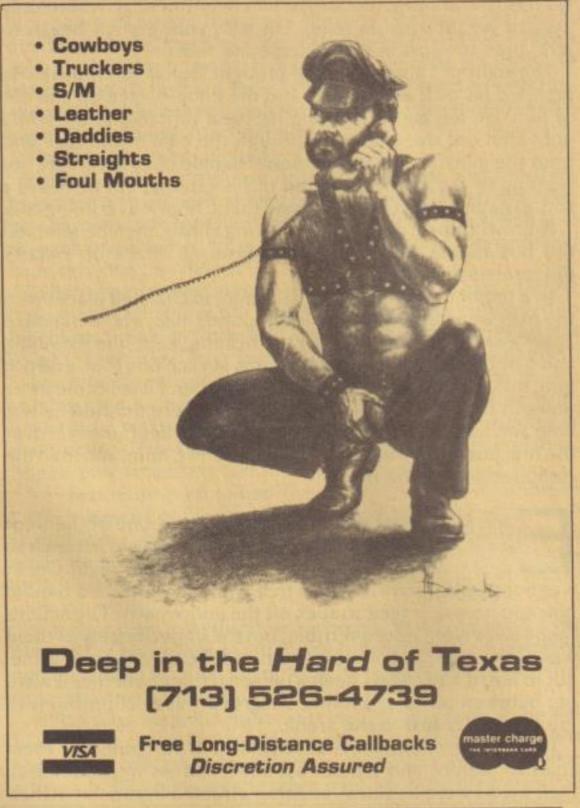
Gonar sweated. More of the ants appeared, climbed on his body, on his balls, ranged over his cock. The stimulation was painful but the part of him that was out of control responded. He watched as his big cock went hard, felt it unbearably as more and more of the ants crawled over him, down his cock, onto his belly, onto his chest, into his armpits. They reached his nipples, erect and ready to feel. They got to his throat. He felt the automatic response but he could not brush them away, could not clear his body of their invasion. More of them moved up his legs, into the hollows behind his knees, up his calves to the exposed soles of his feet.

He could do nothing but watch as they came out of their nest by the thousands, curious about the new territory he provided. They crawled onto his face, and cold horror hit him as one, then another, began to explore the dark cavern of his nose. He could not even blink his eyes as they walked across the surface of his eyeballs. He heard their tiny footfalls mingled with the monstrous laughter of the falcon masks as they crawled into his ears. He felt them on his asshole, probing, trying to push their way inside.

Above him one of the falcon masks pulled out a big prick and began to jerk it. Another joined him. Gonar prayed silently to Roghgota that they would come soon, that the drops of their cum would protect his skin from the tiny clawed feet that patterned over him. He saw a spurt of white jism, felt it like hot lead fall on him, then another. A third prick appeared, and so on. The ants continued their explorations and eventually Gonar's hypersensitive cock responded and he shot his own load, gobs of white cum shooting straight from it into his face, burning his eyes but at least driving off some of the ants for a while.

The torture continued, the ants still curious. There were more men to shoot their loads all over him. They played at target practice, seeing how many ants they could hit with their cum, and Gonar was the field against which they shot: no longer even the center of their attention. His cock hardened again, shot again and again until his balls hurt, but still the ants explored. He felt the tears welling out of his eyes and pouring down the sides of his head. His body wept beyond his control.

When they had finished with him they left him to the ants, guarded by two falcon masks in case the drug should wear off prematurely. At dawn they brushed off the ants and carried him back to his cage. He was stuffed in, the cage was mounted between two horses and the horse caravan began to move out. As control started to return to his limbs he rolled his head sideways and watched as the first group formed up, Chom at its center, and hit the trail. The unit with Fillian in his cage moved out next, then his own group joined in. The movement of the cage was such that his head rolled the other way and he was too 36 DRUMMER





exhausted to fight it. He merely looked at what moved before his eyes.

The sun was bright in a brilliant, blue sky as they started out of the narrow valley. The air smelled fresh and crisp, tinged with the smells of morning and horses: still too intense to be totally pleasurable, but at least good smells. The cold made itself felt, a thing he had ignored during the horror with the ants, but however painful it might be it was not an insect. Eventually the rays of the sun fell upon him and he stopped shivering.

His fingers loosened, then his eyelids. He wiggled his toes feebly. He rolled his head back and forth, working hard to restore normal feeling. He was able to bend his arms, then his legs. It was still difficult, and it was not going to do him much good, but it was something to do. He was flexing his biceps when he heard shouting ahead. He craned his neck around but his view was blocked by the horses ahead of him.

What was going on?

The clash of swords cut through the morning air.

Gonar knew the sound of battle and he strained against the lethargy of his limbs to see what was happening. The horses began to dance back and forth, then the movement of the column toward a fighting formation gave him a clear view.

From both sides of the valley they were being attacked by bands of fur-clad warriors riding shaggy ponies. Short, recurved horn bows rained down arrows and already a number of falcon masks reeled in their saddles and fell to the ground. Not only were the riders of Rhengfel outnumbered, the column had been cut in two by the attack. The front unit, with the cage bearing Chom, was pulling ahead, trying to fight a rear-guard action. The middle unit, with Fillian, was trying to form a circle. The unit which carried Gonar was drawing up for an attack, leaving the pack horses, and him, untended.

A bloody battle cry rent the air and Gonar's attention was drawn to the banner bearer of the shaggy warriors. It was Chala, a scarlet flag over her head, a wickedly curved sword in her hand!... And the sword was already blooded.

Gonar tried to bring his arms up, to find some way to free himself, to join the battle: but he was still weak. He used his fingers to pull his hand up one of the wooden bars of the cage, to the top, then he exerted all his strength to make that hand crawl, to try and find the clasp that held the cage shut. It might be that the increased sensitivity the drug gave him was some use. If the intense feeling in his hand could only be interpreted, if he could only reach the clasp...

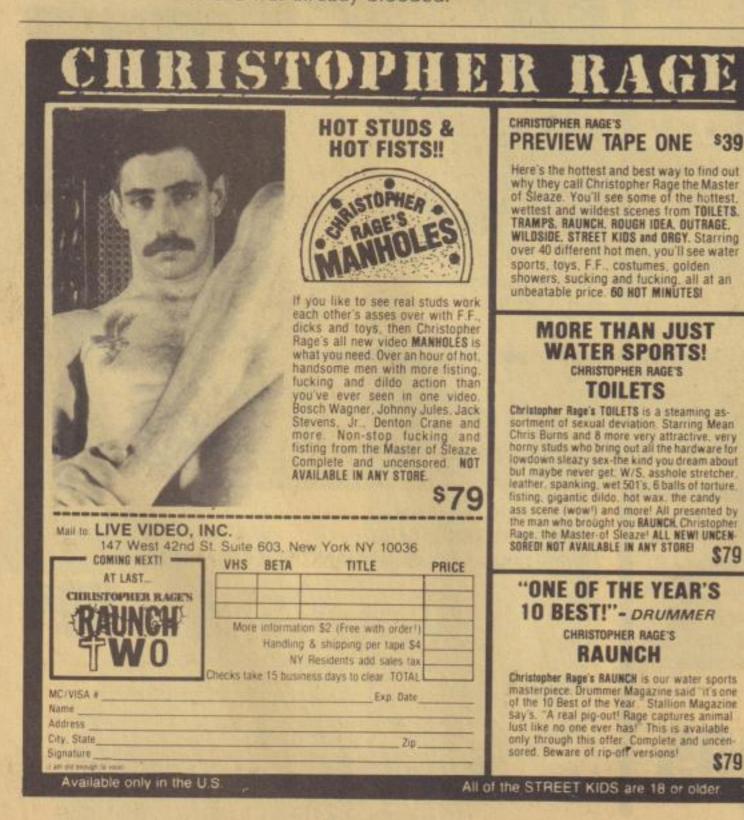
An arrow skidded across the ground, hit a rock and skittered up, into the flank of one of the pack horses carrying him. The horse reared, Gonar was slammed against the bars of his cage, then the horse took off at a gallop. The second horse, attached to the first by the long pole from which the cage was suspended, had no choice but to follow.

The cage rocked wildly back and forth as the horses plummeted down the mountain trail, back the way they had come: away from the smell of blood and battle. Gonar cursed the stupidity of horses, cursed his own stupidity in drinking the drugged Vresek in the first place, cursed the whole string of events that had brought him to captivity in a cage carried by runaway horses. And while he cursed he struggled to get his hand back up, struggled to reach the clasp that would release him.

The horses ran, their eyes white with terror. The trail narrowed. Gonar tried to cry out, to halt them, but his voice would not function. The trail ran along the side of a steep incline, rocks above, pine forest below. The horse to the rear stumbled, lost its footing, regained it off the trail, headed down toward the forest. The horse ahead was yanked backward, turned, stumbled.

The cage hit the ground, was dragged. Both horses lost their footing and tumbled. The pole between them snapped and the mass of all three objects, the cage and two horses, went crashing down the slope toward the thick stand of pine trees.

(To be continued)





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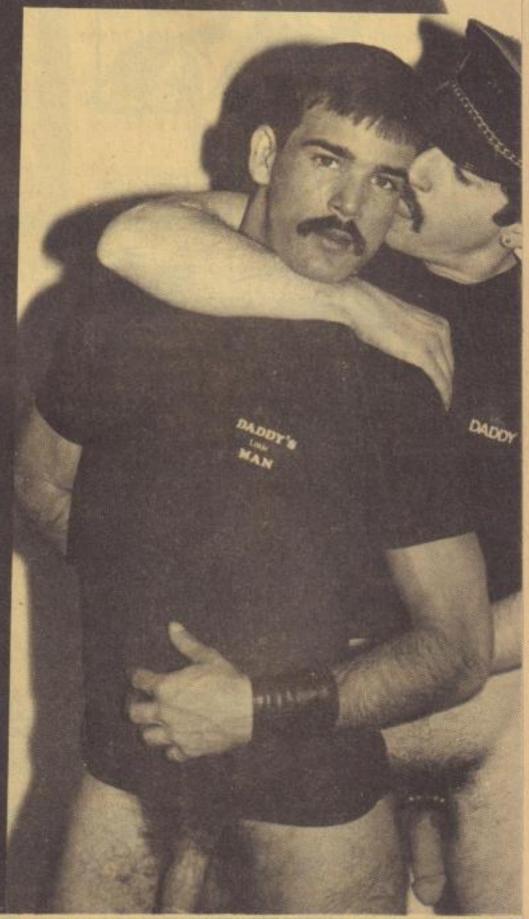
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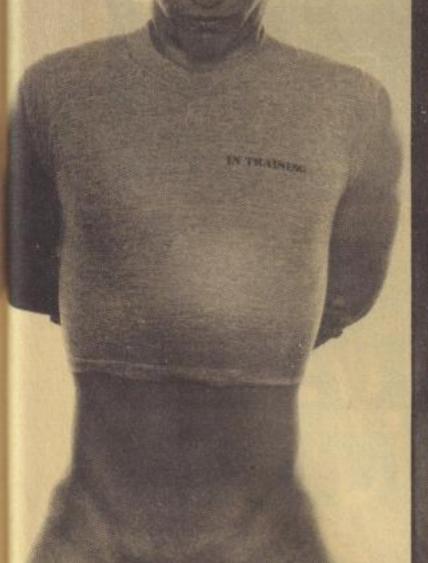
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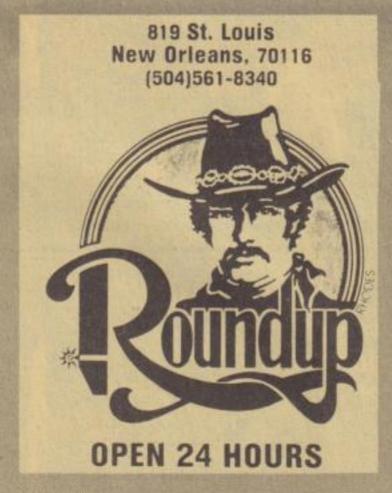


DRUMNER'S HOT SPOTS













continued from page 5

green underbrush grew thickly up to the sides of the car, low branches slapping the windshield at irregular intervals.

"This goes to the lake?"

"It's a shortcut."

Wolf shifted in his seat, hitching his butt up to pull out a pocket knife from his left rear pocket. It was a hunter's knife with several blades tucked into its wooden handle. Wolf unfolded a medium-length blade and started poking at the ball of his left thumb.

"Picked me up a splinter," he mumbled, digging at the flesh with a single-minded concentration that Dave found a little disturbing.

"How much further is it?" Dave asked. He didn't like the knife at all.

"Not far," Wolf answered. "She say anything about my dad?"
Dave glanced over. Wolf's head was bent over, his hair
curling in sweaty, dark locks over his ears and down his neck.
The muscles of his arms were gleaming tan bulges crawling out
of the armholes of his sleeveless shirt.

"No, she didn't. Just that he'd been gone a long time."

"That's saying it," Wolf snorted.

He leaned closer to his hand, sucking noisily at the soreness and then stretched back in the seat, spreading his legs and scratching between them with the butt of the knife.

"Surprised she didn't say more."

"Like what?"

"Like what a good-looking guy he was. Maybe still is, for all I know. Blond, blue eyed, good build, big smile all the time. Sort of like you."

Dave turned his head. Wolf was looking straight at him, the grin back on his face, his left arm on the back of the seat as he leaned towards Dave, the closeness making his dark eyes look a little crazy.

"A big dick, too. Just like you."

Dave tensed. His foot slipped onto the brake, halting the car.

"It must be close enough for you to walk from here, right?" "Walk?"

"Yeah, walk. This don't look like no fucking shortcut to me and I've got to get back to town, so why don't you walk it from here."

Wolf stared at him a moment, the grin getting a little bigger on his face.

"Sure. I can do that, but I ain't done talking yet. And I figure since you're going to be coming back, seeing my mom some more, it'd be good if we was buddies, too. Don't you think?"

"Look, kid, I'm just going to say this once and you better listen up. I may see your ma again and I may not. Either way, it's no big thing to me, and it's not that much for you to be worrying yourself about. Your ma's made her own decisions and that's what she's living by. That's how it goes for everybody. If you don't like the way things are going, you take care of it yourself, but it's not your job to take care of it for her. Now why don't you get the hell out of here and stop sticking your nose in things that don't concern you."

Wolf turned a little more in his seat, leaning back against the door. "What if it suits my pleasure? What if it's part of what makes me feel good and bad? Don't that make it a concern to me?"

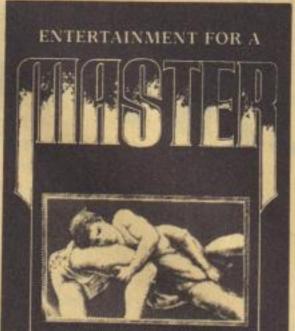
Dave didn't get a chance to answer that one. Wolf twisted all the way onto the seat, snapping both of his booted feet out into Dave's side, catching him just below the ribs with a hard-driving kick that smashed Dave sideways. It popped the door handle with a fluttering spasm of his jammed back left hand, tumbling him out and down in the leafy dirt, rolling him over with spit hanging out of his mouth as he tried to catch his breath and keep from gagging.

Wolf slid out through the open driver's door. He kicked. The boot caught Dave in the meat of his right thigh. The stabbing pain pulled air into his body and then released it in a bleating cry.

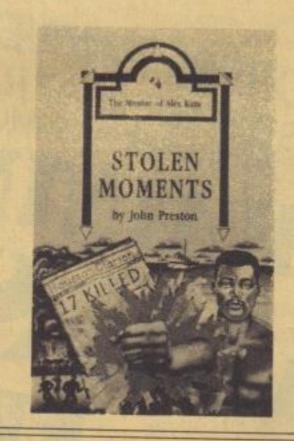
"Stop. You're killing me!"

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"It's not killing I'm after. It's hurting I want," Wolf answered coolly and stepped back.

Dave raised himself to his hands and knees, shaking badly. He looked up. The kid was standing over him, sneering.

"What's the matter, old man? You out of shape?"

"You fucking punk."

Dave started to his knees. Wolf turned and walked several steps away. Dave thought he was backing off. Fucking punk coward, he thought to himself with relief. Then Wolf turned and in his eyes Dave saw his mistake.

"Now we'll take it all the way, won't we, old man? Put you right down in his place." His voice dropped to a low growl. "And make

you stay there, Daddy."

He ran at Dave, long easy lopes, with those boots crunching heavily in the dirt. Dave tried to stand but the first kick smashed him in the chest, knocking him back. He rolled to the side and another kick, a flat heel blow at the crack of his ass, smashed him face first into the dirt.

Dave's mouth filled with the foul taste of dead leaves and his own bile as Wolf worked him over with those boots and forced him to crawl on his hands and knees, herding him with his boots, slamming them into his sides, his legs, kicking the toe of them into his biceps until he could hardly crawl he was aching so bad. He couldn't see the car. He lost sight of it as they moved through the bushes. His clothes were sticking to his body wet, though whether sweat or blood he couldn't tell. Sobbing with pain and fatigue, he closed his eyes and collapsed, trying to curl himself into a ball to escape those blows.

Suddenly the kicking stopped. He felt a hand grabbing his hair, yanking his head up and the other hand slapping back and forth across his face until his skin burned hot. Then the slapping stopped and the hand was touching his face lighter, cupping the fingers gently under his chin, tilting his face up higher.

"Come on, Daddy, lick it," he heard above him. "Do what I tell

you, Daddy. You know that's what your boy wants."

Dave opened his eyes. They smarted with sweat and grime.

Wolf was leaning over him. He had stripped off his shirt. His torso was bare. The muscles of his belly were hard and well-defined above his low-hanging jeans. His skin was a velvety tan with a fine sprinkling of dark hairs around his nut-brown nipples, capping the tight planes of his chest. Wolf twisted himself, bringing his exposed armpit closer to Dave's upturned face. The hairs were thicker and coarser in the damp depression.

"Lick it, Daddy. Lick up that good sweat," Wolf ordered,

pulling Dave's head closer.

Dave's face was flushed as he tried to resist the tight grip on his hair. He kept his lips pressed shut as he was shoved up against the sweaty pit.

"Lick it, motherfucker," Wolf hissed at him.

Wolf's boot pressed between his legs, shoving at the cleft of his thighs, jamming the blunt toe of it hard against his crotch, bringing a dull ache to the jammed-together mass of his cock and balls. Dave's groan was muffled under Wolf's arm.

"Do it, Daddy. Do what I tell you. Learn to listen, Daddy. To

me."

Still Dave kept his lips shut. The pressure returned to his crotch, harder, like a slow kick. The sickening ache rose from his testicles to his lower abdomen. Dave grunted, still keeping his mouth shut but now aware of a shifting of his genitals. His cock was hardening, sticking out from his crushed balls. He could feel the underside of his dick brushing against the sole of the boot. He felt himself trembling all over like a terrified puppy. The hand at his hair held him, jammed tighter. The pressure at his crotch receded once again.

"What's the matter, Daddy? Are you scared? Think I'll hurt you

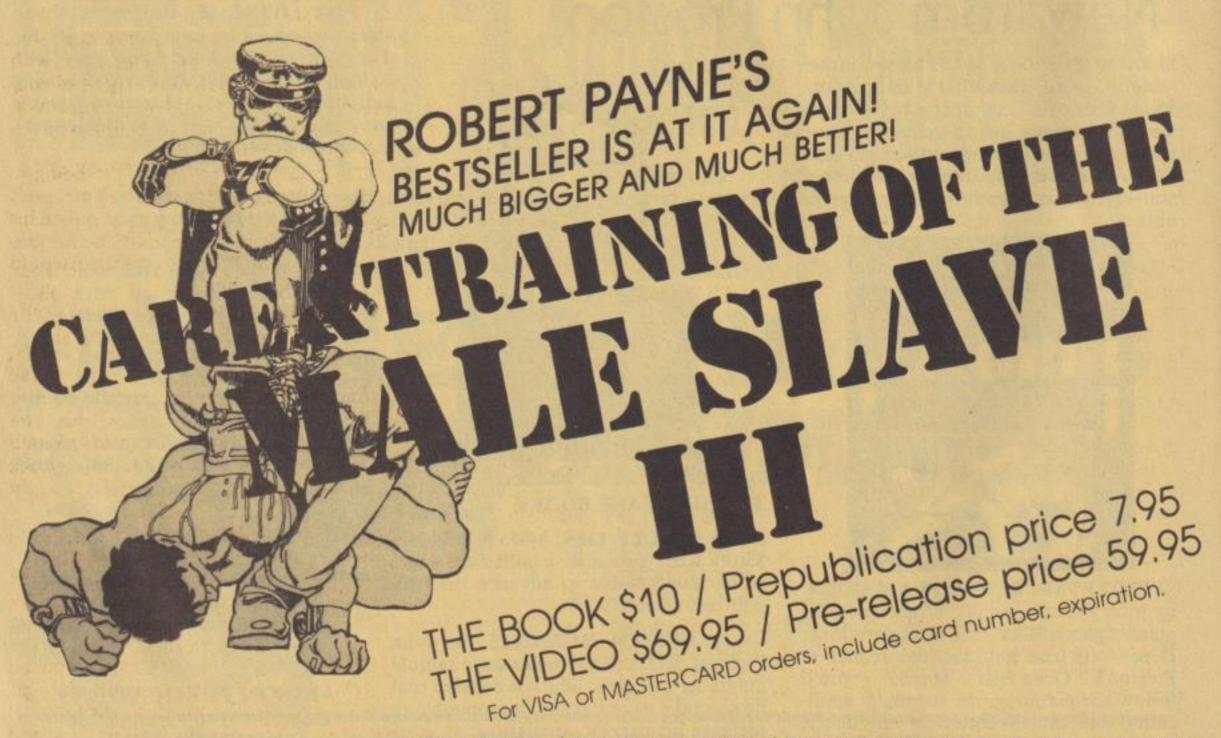
too much, Daddy? Don't you get it yet, Daddy?"

The boot pressed back against his crotch. This time Dave knew his upstanding erection must be obvious. Wolf snickered above him, rubbing the sole of the boot back and forth over the rod.

"See, Daddy. That's what I'm talking about, Daddy. I'm just

showing you what you really want, Daddy."

The boot rubbed harder, then stomped down hard, flattening



the eager tube of flesh, forcing a pained gasp from Dave. A bursting exhalation and then an intake of air filled him with the sharp rush of the young male's smell. His dick jumped up harder. The boot pulled back and then jammed in again, forcing him to take another deep breath of that smell. Again and again.

"Lick it, eat it, smell it."

Over and over. Something in his mind shifted, moving him out of the driver's seat, making him a passive observer as he felt his lips part and the tip of his tongue push through. It touched lightly at the wet hairiness before him, tasting the strong, male flavor, sensing the ripple of pleasure that ran through the hard body standing over him.

"That's right, motherfucker, do it."

Dave's mouth opened wider and his tongue lapped up and down, feeling the texture of the dark hairs curling in his spit. Wolf wrapped his arm around the back of Dave's head, pinning him tightly against him in the hard-coiled strength of his biceps.

"Do it, Daddy, that's right. Lick it. Suck it up. Get to like your

boy's taste. Like it a lot."

The boot kept on, in and out at his crotch. It still hurt, but there was no denying the jagged edge of pleasure that his dick was picking up on, a quivering lightning rod in the storm of the pain. Dave rutted forward, pushing his groin at the thick edge of the boot sole, reaching up with his hands, clasping them around the other's hips to hold his balance as he lashed his tongue blindly at the target his face was clamped in.

The hand at his chin moved, the fingertips dragging lightly over his upthrust throat, feeling the lines of his straining neck, then wiggling down inside his collar. Then, shoving his loose tie knot out of the way, they slid inside the damp cotton, feeling down over the broad width of Dave's chest until the fingers were resting, spread wide, over the firm thickness of his left pectoral.

"Nice big tits," Wolf muttered over him.

The widespread fingers moved together over his left nipple, drawing the brown pucker up into a tight peak while the thumb snapped back and forth, flicking the tip of his tit. Nobody had ever touched Dave's nipples like that before, especially not another guy. Dave froze.

"Take it, Daddy. Take what I give you. I'm turning your tits on, Daddy, and you better get into it fast and learn to take it, Daddy."

The boot kicked. The arm clamped tighter. The thumbnail drove into the tip of tender flesh. New signals. Brain scrambling. The body machine snapped back into action, tongue sloshing, crotch thrusting, tit stretched.

"Yeah, good Daddy," Wolf murmured. "Lick me all over," he muttered as he grabbed Dave's ears and held his head, while he rubbed his chest over that hot, licking mouth. "Yeah, Daddy, eat me up. Eat your boy up."

Dave whimpered with excitement as he licked at the kid's nipples, feeling them tighten, sucking them up with his lips as

they hardened like little dicks.

"Yeah, Daddy, make your little boy feel good," Wolf ordered,

his voice husky and harsh.

Suddenly he stepped back from Dave. The older man moaned in protest, but Wolf laughed and gave him a swat in the face.

"Don't worry, Daddy. I got something else for you to lick," Wolf snickered.

He got that bare-teethed grin on his face again as he slowly turned around and undid his jeans, pushing them down and sticking his bare butt out.

"Kiss it, Daddy. Kiss your boy's ass, Daddy."

Dave hesitated, slowly shaking his head as he stared at the pale mounds of the young punk's ass. His tan stopped an inch below the start of the crevice between the buttocks.

"Kiss it, Daddy. You know you want to," Wolf coaxed softly.

He reached around with one hand and pulled Dave to him by the hair. Sticking his butt out more and guiding the grown man between his cheeks, until he could feel his lips pressing against his hole. He pulled the older man's hair harder until he felt him shudder and give in and felt the warm wetness of a tongue licking at his shitter.

"Good Daddy. Your boy likes it when you're a good asskisser for him, Daddy."

Wolf wasn't satisfied until he felt the wet prodding, way up inside him. He kept Dave lapping at him for quite a while, letting the warm buzzing build in his gut until he knew he was ready to advance to the next level.

Dave was dazed when Wolf stepped away and pulled up his jeans. He licked his lips. The taste was part of him now. Wolf twisted the ends of his tie into a leash and pulled the big man

o it, Daddy, that's right. Lick it. Suck it up. Get to like your boy's taste. Like it a lot." The boot kept on, in and out at his crotch. It still hurt, but there was no denying the jagged edge of pleasure...

forward, making him walk beside him on all fours, leading him like a dog.

"Come on, Daddy. Stick right by your boy, Daddy."

They pushed through the bushes, following some kind of path that seemed evident to Wolf, but to Dave everything was the same. It was all stones and dirt and leaves, some of them dead and some of them green and damp as they slapped across his face, sweaty wet with the heat. Every few steps one of Wolf's boots would come down hard on his hand as he crawled, the electric pain keeping Dave's cock stiff as the sole of Wolf's boot.

"Hold it, Daddy," Wolf ordered.

He squatted down and reached his free hand under some branches, raising them. Ducking under, he pulled Dave with him, out of the sweaty hotness of the sun into a space of cool darkness; a cave. Dave blinked at the sudden change. Wolf yanked hard on the necktie leash, throwing him belly flat on the ground and then stepping astride him.

"This is my secret place, Daddy. See how good I'm being to you," Wolf said softly as he settled his ass at the small of Dave's back. He held the disoriented man down easily as he pulled his hands up behind his head and knotted the ends of the necktie around both wrists so that any movement to lower them would

pull the tie tighter around his throat.

"I don't show many people my secret place. You're pretty

lucky, Daddy."

Wolf's hands moved down inside the shirt across Dave's chest, jerking him up by his nipples and ripping the shirt open. He fell back to the ground, bare chested. His nipples rubbed in the dirt. He felt the slashing tug of Wolf's knife up the back of his shirt. The tattered strips were pulled up away from his torso and wrapped around his bound arms. Wolf's hands caressed Paul's bare back possessively, sinking him deeper in the warm pleasure brought upon him by his helplessness.

"Yeah, Daddy, that's right. Relax. Let yourself sink in it," Wolf murmured as he shifted back, kneeling between Dave's legs.

Dave moaned softly as he felt those hands move down his back to the waist of his pants. One hand grabbed and lifted by the back of his pants and belt as the other hand went between his legs up under his crotch. Freeing the buckle of his belt, it popped the catch at his fly and pulled the zipper down, as the fingers traced their way back down the front of his crotch, reassuring themselves of the ready firmness of his helpless dick. His belt was pulled free of his slacks with a soft shoosh and then his slacks and his undershorts were pulled down and stripped off with his shoes

DRUMMER 43

and socks, leaving him naked on his belly.

"Let it all hang out, Daddy," Wolf hummed to himself.

Wolf raised himself and stepped back between Dave's legs, jabbing the toes of his boots in the insides of Dave's thighs, forcing him to jerk his legs out in an awkward frog kick. It tilted his hips and arched his back, rubbing his swollen dick in the dirt. He groaned at the gritty scraping at the bottom side of his dick and jerked his hips back more, shoving his butt up higher in the

"Yeah, give it to me, Daddy. Let me take over your ass and

make it one fucking hot piece."

The kid's hands took hold of the beefy flesh of his buttocks and spread it open. The still air touched his exposed asshole. Fingers tickled down the sweaty crack of his ass until the tip of one

touched right at the tender, juicy opening.

"Nice pussy, Daddy. Nice fucking piece of bull cunt." Wolf pushed harder at the moist circle so tightly clenched and got a low groan in response. "What's the matter, Daddy? You ain't saying you haven't had no backdoor action before, are you?"

"No," Dave grunted out, lifting his head to loosen the choking

necktie. "Never."

He twisted his head back and caught a glimpse of the fucker behind him, between his legs, fondling his spread ass. He stared right into Dave's startled eyes, with Wolf's eyes glowing bright in the dim light, like an animal in the woods. Wolf grinned at him. Cocking his head, he raised one hand from Dave's ass and drooled spit onto his fingers, letting the saliva drip slowly from his tongue as Dave watched. Still not taking his eyes from Dave's, he moved his hand back to Dave's ass, pushing the fingers at the quivering opening, spreading the slick saliva over the pucker.

Dave's body spasmed and he fell back. The warm, viscous liquid pooled at his back door. His ass clenched tight. A finger worked against it. He strained to hold it out. The tip of it tickled around the puckered edge. He shivered. It pushed at him. He squeezed and forced it back. It stroked him gently and spread more of the slick spit over his hole, pushing steadily at the puckered lips, sliding further into his tightness. A probing hardness that he couldn't dislodge, it was accompanied by an incredible feeling of expansion as it shoved harder, stretching him until he let go; until he let himself be filled with a growing sense of pressure, as something from outside came inside him.

His mouth dropped open. His breathing felt different. Lower. Slower. Deeper. Down to the bottom of his lungs. His rib cage went flatter from front to back and pulled out wider at the sides. His widespread thighs strained as the pressure at his asshole shoved his hips down, stretching the insides of his thighs flat and mashing his aroused organ in the dirt. His butt had no further retreat from its persistent invader. The finger shoved all the way inside him and twisted around, circling the inside of his ass channel.

"Nice fucking pussy, Daddy," Wolf murmured behind him. "Real nice fucking pussy you got back here. Don't you like the way it's starting to feel, Daddy? Am I getting to you, Daddy?"

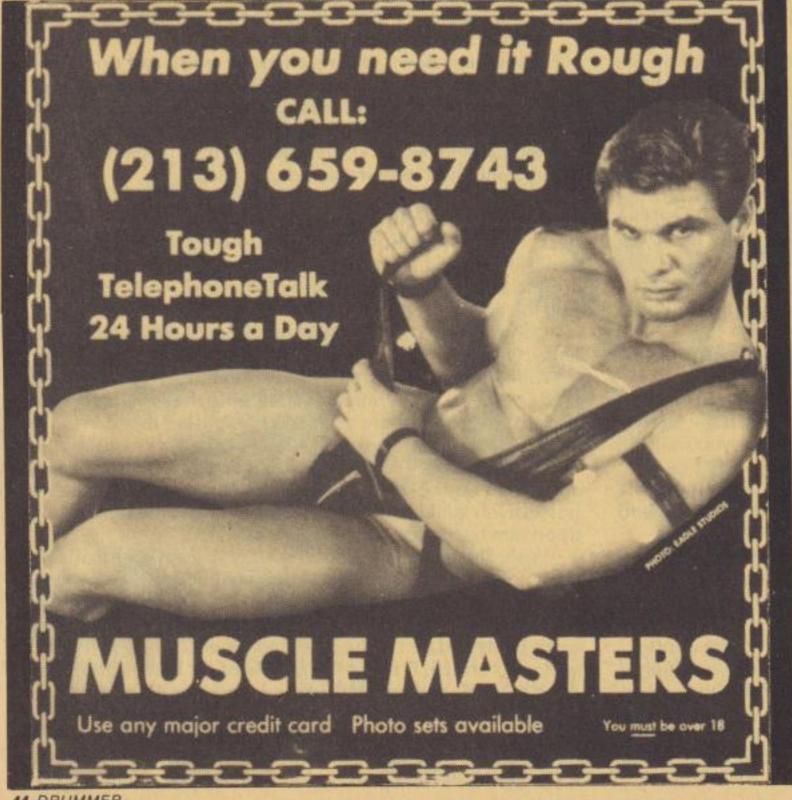
Dave opened his mouth to formulate some kind of protest. He couldn't just lie there and let this crazy young hoodlum play around with his ass like that, could he? The effort didn't get very far. Before he could get a single word out, the questing finger in his butthole found what it was looking for. It rubbed over some spot in his ass that made the flexed muscles of his thighs jump.

"Hot damn, I found it, didn't I, Daddy? I found your fucking

button."

The finger rubbed again and this time Dave's whole body snapped with the impulse. Then Dave felt Wolf's knees come down on top of the backs of his knees, pinning his legs. There was pressure at the small of his back, too, as Wolf's right hand held down firmly while the other hand stayed at his butt, leisurely exploring its hot, male interior.

"Now, Daddy, I'm going to give you a few fast pointers here. Let's see how good you are at catching on to what you're told. Kind of like a primer in how I'm going to work with you. This is one way I do it, telling you what I want, seeing if you can do it right away and if not, then I screw around with your systems a little. I





kind of jam them up, so they're not so fucking locked into what they already think they want or don't want, like or don't like. Hurt you, then pleasure you. Hit you, then stroke you. Just a little system I stumbled onto. Just one way to do the trick."

The shooting flashes of pleasure emanating from his invaded asshole were so intense that Dave really had to concentrate to

understand Wolf's words.

"So first, the telling. I don't want you jumping around like a big-butted cow right now. I want you to pull yourself together and just be around my finger. Hold yourself as still as can be, all around the part of me that's inside you. Breathe deep and even. That'll help you. Real deep. And don't gulp it. That just makes you choke up. And don't hold it either. Just keep breathing steady. In. Out. It's all the same breath. It never stops. It's always there. Keep yourself centered around that breath. All through you the same way. All of you centered. All the way down to your ass centered around my finger bone. Zero at the bone," Wolf chuckled, slowly working his finger around in the soft, clinging warmth.

Dave breathed slower and slower, feeling a dreamy stillness flow through him. The hard ground and the warm air seemed to be of the same substance, making him feel as though he were floating. He continued another deep breath and let the stillness well through him more completely. Then the presence deep in his ass moved over that hidden button again and he couldn't help himself. His ass trembled. The muscles of his thighs snapped. His whole body shook with the intense sensation.

"I told you to be still, Daddy. Zero at the bone is what I want,"

Wolf muttered behind him.

The weight of his back lifted. The deeply thrust finger pulled free of his anus. Dave twisted his head back and saw Wolf's lean torso stretched over his own upturned ass. The boy raised his right arm high with Dave's belt gripped in his hand and then he swung, bringing it down hard on Dave's ass. Dave roared at the blazing impact of the leather strap against his ass flesh.

"Relax. Expand. Let go."

The muscles of his arms and back bulged in his desperate efforts to obey the fierce instructions.

"Hold still. Be. Find the point where no effort is required. That's where you are when you don't have to grab it. Don't have to squeeze it. Don't have to grip it. Don't have to hold onto it."

Every phrase was accompanied by another hard stroke of the belt, striping red across that big, firm butt. And then the blows and the commands changed crazily to soft, gentle touching and murmured positives; fingers pushing and pulling easy at his bruised buttocks, spit drooling on the curved surfaces, spread around by the kneading fingers, worked down in the crack, into his hole. And all the time, the words kept coming, soft and low.

"Nice pussy, Daddy. Nice fucking cunt hole. You're going to love being my bull cunt. You're going to love it so much that you'll stay. Change your needs, so's you don't have to leave steady. Make your lies into truths. Come back like you told her you would. I seen the way she looked at you. You can make her happy. I can make you happy. I like to see people happy. It makes me feel good."

Again the softness shifted abruptly. Again there were flaming streaks of pain across his backside. His upper body drew up

tightly bowed as he flinched at the onslaught.

"Don't pull away, you fucker. Listen to what I'm telling you. Give it to me. Give it all up. Don't hold it back. Don't save it. There ain't no other time but this. Right now. So what the fuck are you going to save it for? Give it all up now."

Then the hands were soft again on his burning ass, fingers sliding delicately on warm spittle, pushing at his center again, opening him up tenderly, making him want it, making him give up to it, push back, spread himself, find his center, let himself sink deeper into that pleasant, feeling warmth, where all was

equal and required no effort.

"That's right," Wolf murmured approvingly. "Yeah, Daddy, that's how I want you. Give it up. Reach down to where you can let go. Yeah. Just like that," he whispered as Dave felt his hole get

fingerfucked deep, filling him with the most delicious sense of peace, pleasure and helplessness. "Just like that," Wolf continued, pulling his finger out of Dave. "Just like that. Keep it like that...now!"

The belt slammed again, but this time Dave was stunned to find himself not pulling away but raising his ass to meet the blows that now seemed as much caresses as the soft, sliding touches.

"Yeah," Wolf urged. "That's it. Give it to me. Hard or soft.

Hurting or gentle. Give it to me any way I want it."

Sweat was dripping in his eyes. He let his breath go way deep and grunted as he pushed out with the muscles around the base of his spine.

"Yeah. Give me that pussy, Daddy."

The belt hit square over his blossoming anus. Everything flashed white.

"I'm taking it, Daddy."

Wolf moved warm against him, the soft fuzziness of his naked flanks holding Dave's thighs apart as the thick hardness centered itself, opening him, filling him. Wolf's sweaty belly slid against his back as he moved his hands over Dave's twisted wrists, tugging at the binding tie, loosening it somewhat. Then the fingers reached around and caught at his open mouth, pulling back at the corners of his jaw, pushing to the back of his oral cavity, touching the beginning of his throat, reining his head back.

Suddenly Dave could feel himself lining up plumb, mouth to ass and ass to mouth, an internal centering with everything in balance. Harmony. At ease. He breathed slower and deeper, letting it move into him with no resistance, opening him with a feeling of pressure but not pain, only pleasure as it pressed further into him. Filling him. Altering him. As the wild one on top of him humped harder, panting into his ear, tongue tip only inches from the shell of his hearing, hot breath licking at the submissive prey.

"Oh, yeah, Daddy, give me that pussy. Give me that hot, fucking pussy, Daddy. I knew you'd like it, Daddy. I knew you would. You'll see, Daddy. We'll be one big, happy family. You're going to want this all the time, aint' you, Daddy? Keep you in line, Daddy. Open at both ends, Daddy. Take it, Daddy. Take it all the

way, Daddy."

The sun was just touching the horizon when Wolf turned past the lilac bushes and headed up towards the front porch. She was sitting there on the porch swing, one hand shading her eyes as she watched him come.

"Where have you been all afternoon?"

Wolf shrugged and said, "I went over to the lake for a swim. Too hot to do much else."

He was aware of her dark eyes on him as he walked up the steps, his boots stomping loudly. He had her eyes. He knew that and liked it.

"Too hot to be wearing those things, too, I should think," she said, glancing down at his boots.

"I like them," he said, catching a suspending chain with one hand to swing around and sit beside her.

"All the other kids wear tennis shoes in the summer."

"I ain't a kid."

"And look at your jeans. You've got dirt all over them. What have you been doing?"

"Just messing around."

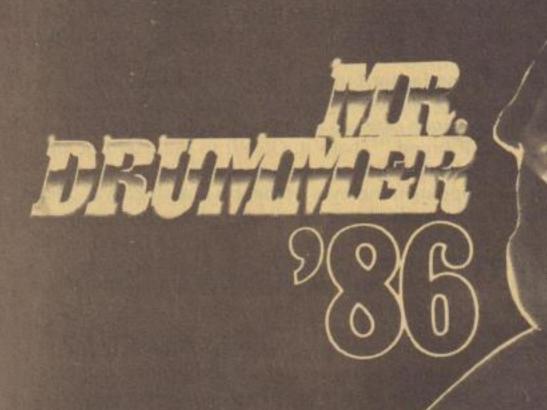
"You've got leaves in your hair." She reached up and he bent his head docilely, letting her brush at his hair, unruly and sweat curling. She smelled like the lilacs. The phone rang inside the house. She pulled her hand back and stood.

"I'll get that."

Wolf rested his heels against the peeling wood floor, shoving the swing back and forth as he listened to her footsteps inside the house and then the picking up of the phone and her voice.

"Hello?...Dave?...Well, what a surprise...You're not leaving?" Her voice sounded young and happy. He liked to hear her sound like that.

Wolf leaned back in the swing and watched the red sun set.□



MR. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER LOS ANGELES / PROBE / SATURDAY, APRIL 12

> MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER FORT LAUDERDALE / TACKY'S SATURDAY, SUNDAY, APRIL 19 & 20

MR. NORTHWEST DRUMMER SEATTLE / SPARKS / SUNDAY, MAY 11

MR. EAST COAST DRUMMER CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA SATURDAY, MAY 31

MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER SAN FRANCISCO EAGLE FRIDAY, JUNE 6

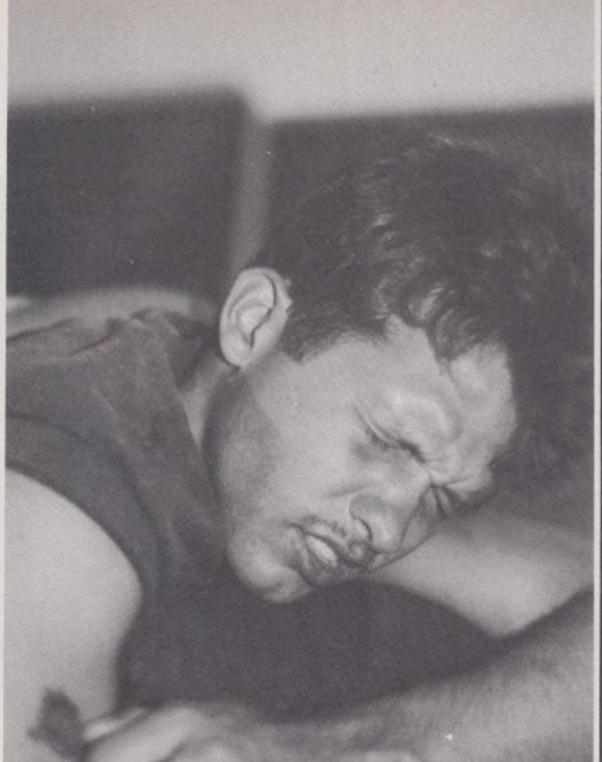
MR. MIDWEST DRUMMER CINCINNATI / THE DOCK / SATURDAY, JUNE 7

MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER HOUSTON / THE CHUTE / SUNDAY, JUNE 15

MR. NEW ENGLAND DRUMMER PORTLAND, MAINE / UNDERGROUND / FRIDAY, JUNE 13

THE MR. DRUMMER FINALS
SAN FRANCISCO / TROCADERO TRANSFER
FRIDAY, JUNE 27

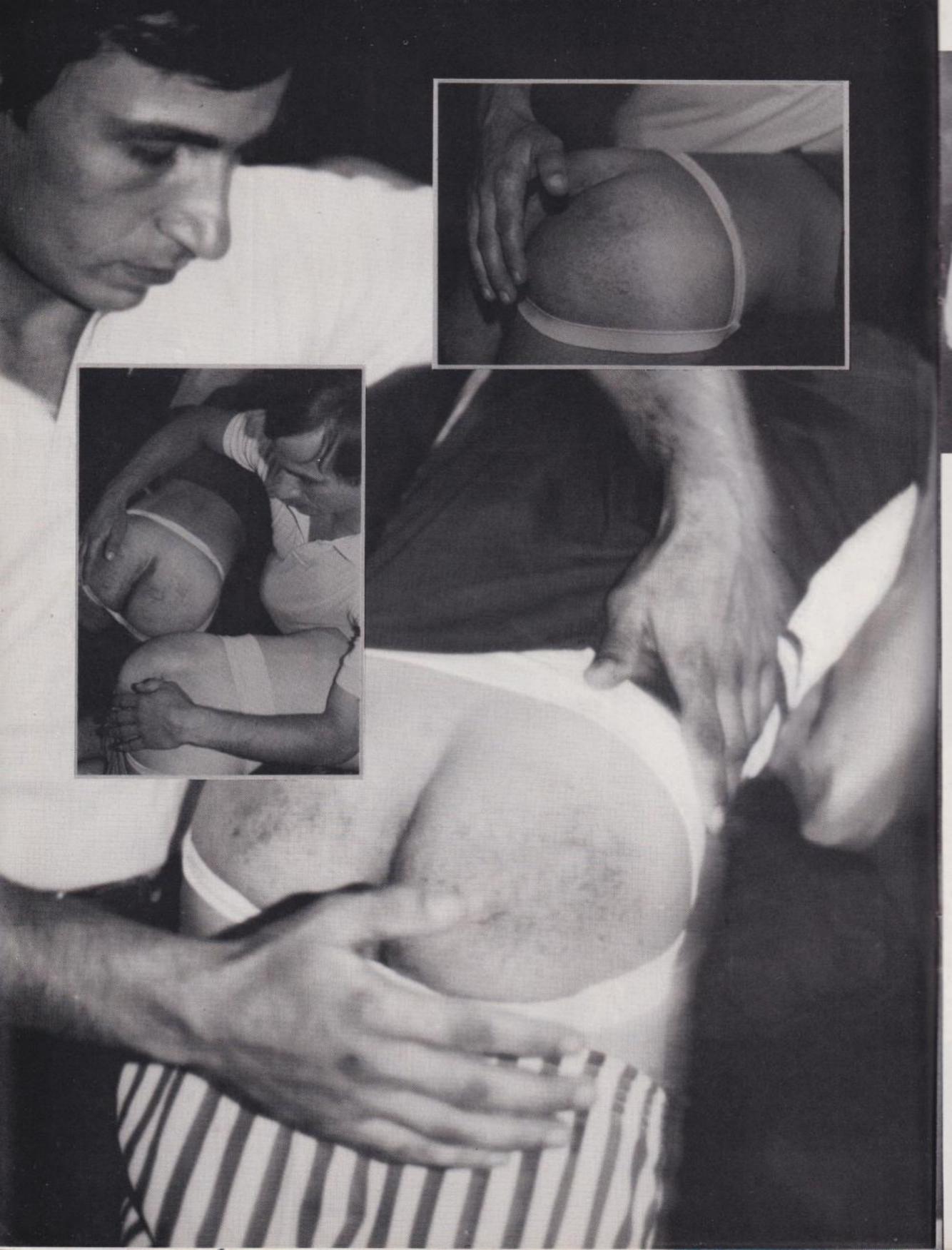
MR. DRUMMER FINALS TICKETS: \$15.00 SAN FRANCISCO: MR. S LEATHERS / ALL AMERICAN BOY / HEADLINES AMBUSH LEATHER / LOS ANGELES: THE GAUNTLET / THE STUD / BY MAIL: DRUMMER / BOX 42009, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94142-2009



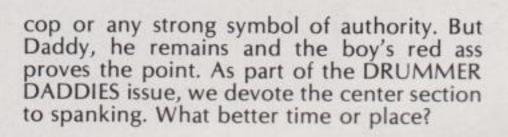


SPANKING Honoring the time-honored tradition of corporal punishment, MAN'S HAND and CONTROL-T Studios give us some examples of what to do with a young man who has been bad. Daddy, in these situations, becomes the teacher, the warden, the drill instructor, the



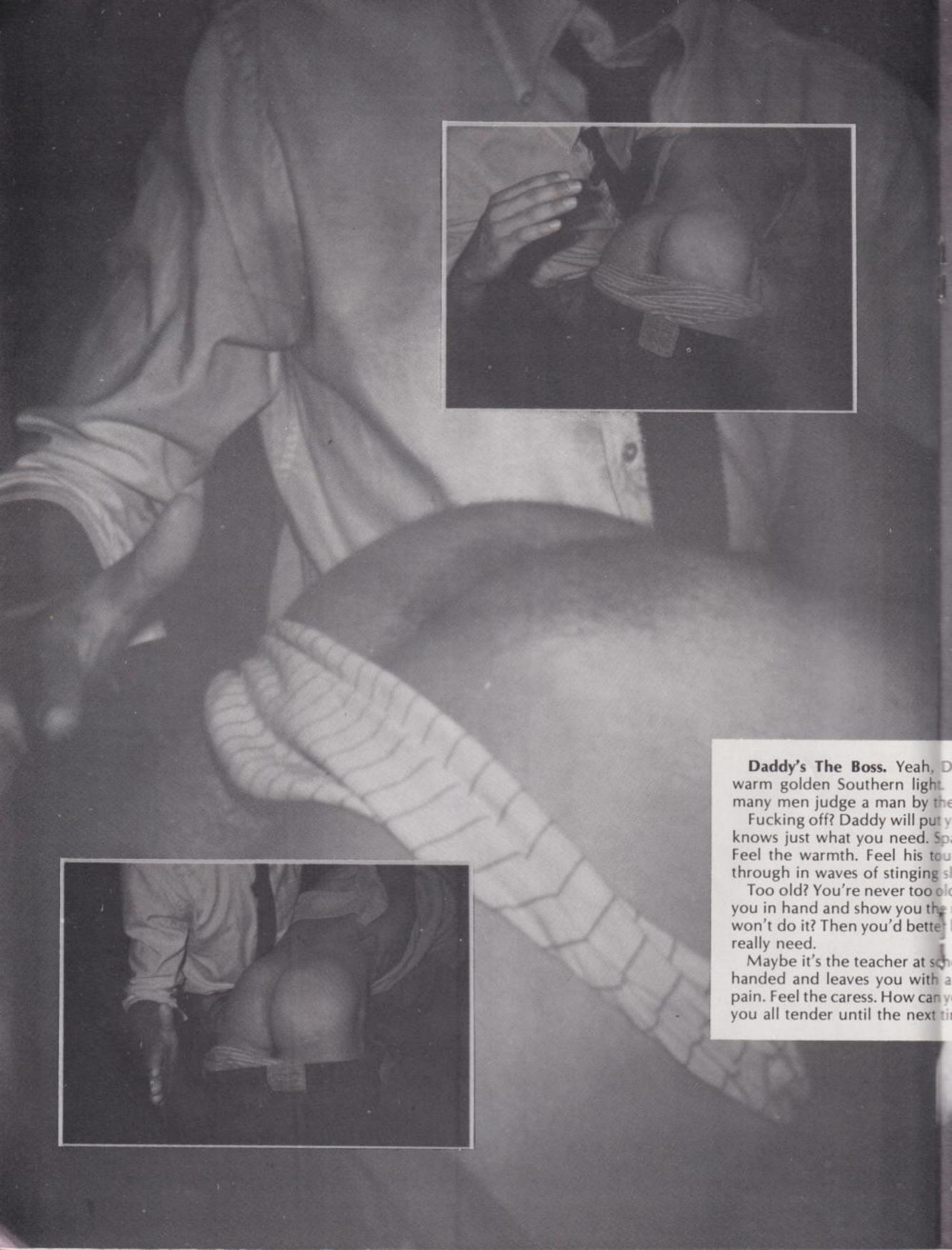








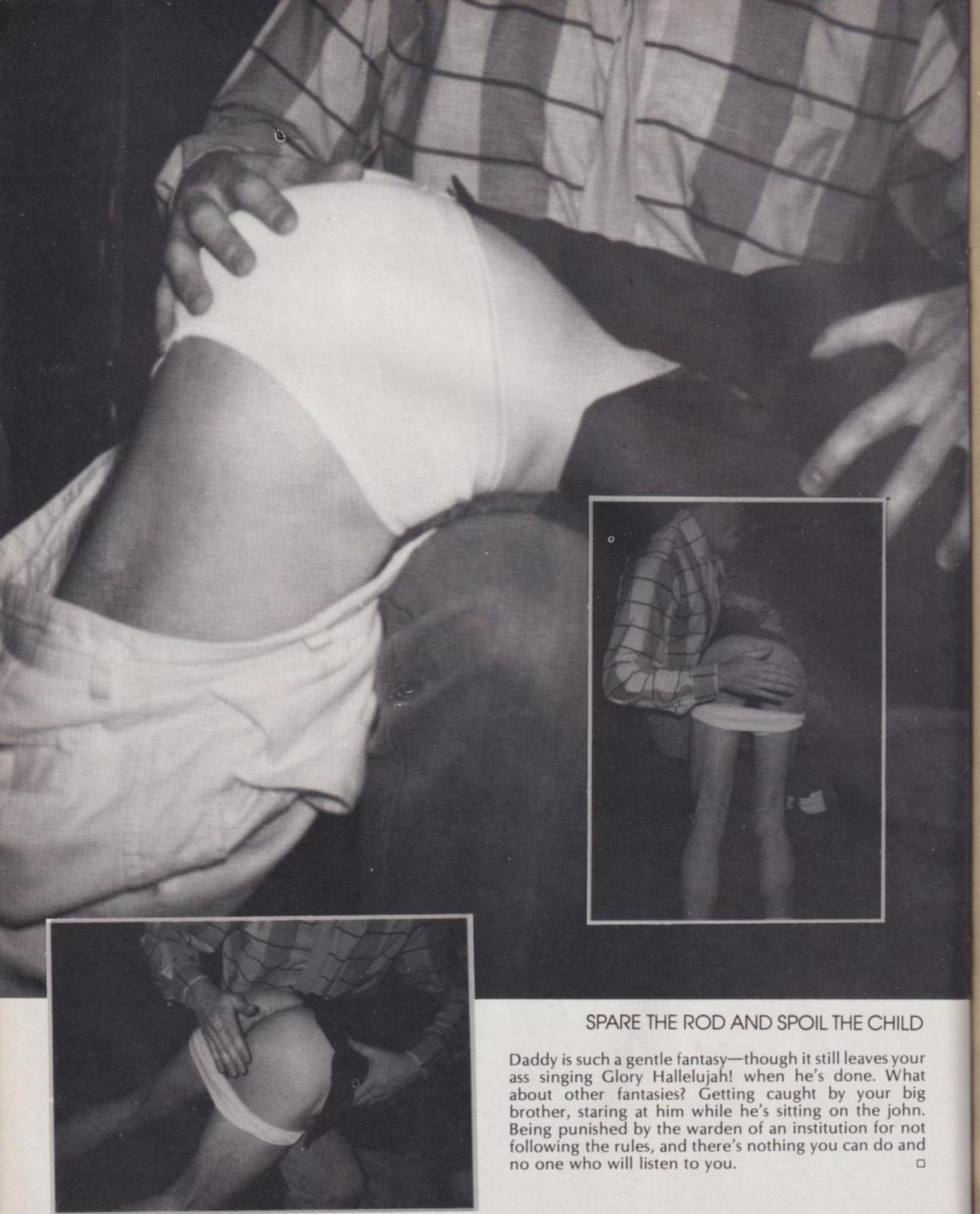












54 DRUMMER

WHEN TOO MUCH IS NOT ENOUGH! 1-800-354-3558

Inside Calif. (213) 871-8667

All major credit cards-24 hours
THE LARGEST PHONE SERVICE OF ITS KIND.

We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

Discount? You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a DRUMMER box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, or Mastercard. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.

How to reply to a DRUMMER box number: Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the backflap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPEdomestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DRUMMER. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!



FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your 50 word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!

Dear Sir:

NAME ADDRESS ADDRESS Payment enclosed is: □ Check □ Money Order □ Visa □ Mastercard CITY Card Nc. □ Exp. Date STATE □ ZIP Signature (I am 21 years of age or older) I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waitwe all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure I understand that Alternate Publishing is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications. BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)
AD COPY (please print)



NATIONWIDE

BIG BB LOOKING FOR HOT DAD GWM, 27 years old, 6'2" tall, 220 lbs., black hair/beard, dark eyes, 49" chest, 32" waist, big hairy pecs with supersensitive tits. Looking for a Master-/dad with similar description. Please send photo or slides. Travel frequently in U.S. & Alaska, infrequent trips to Europe. Please write soon, Dad. I'm on my knees! Box 5154

GWM, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, ex-farm boy, masculine, bottomman. Seeks hairy-chested, masculine, dominant, aggressive topman for permanent one-to-one relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers, but will answer all who respond. I can relocate. Sincere only. Jim, PO Box 421568, San Francisco, CA

FISTFUCKING

94142.

Top/bottom/mutual scenes. Special interest in huge hands, punchfucking. Photo, please. PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357.

WM, 28, 175 lbs., 6', good-looking, black hair and beard, smart, looking for masculine dad or older brother type, who's hairy, well-built to age 45, sexually aggressive. Italian or pipe smoker is a plus. I'm not into pain or humiliation, just honest, hot sex and love for the right man who knows what he wants. All sincere replies answered. Photo and phone to Box 5155.

FATHER AND SON

45 & 23 seek slave/houseboy for lifetime ownership. PO Box 1046, Forsyth, MO 65653.

CRANE OPERATOR-HORSEMAN
33, bodybuilder, beard, masculine.
Wants to meet discreet masculine man.
Your picture gets mine. Jay, PO Box
57813, Tucson, AZ 85732-7813.

ENOUGH GAMES, SIR

Hunk, 38, is tired of games. Need to turn myself over to a knowledgeable top in order to reach a higher level of awareness, not with drugs, but through SM. ME: 6'1", 180 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes, physically and intellectually in fine shape. YOU: Good-looking man, 30 to 50, who understands what this man needs. Buzz Hoffman, c/o L.A.L., 4006 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90029.

SATANISM

36, 6'2", 165 lbs., bearded, well-hung, and into Satanism and raunch. Looking for man into the same. Satanic rituals, long sessions, leather, sweat, spit, piss, scat, SM and all-around filthy, kinky, weird, sleazy sex. Box 5177

HORSEMASTER NEEDED

To properly break and train this potential draft horse into submission. Leather tack, a real stall and a strong arm are necessary to corral this animal. Force me through SM, BD and CB work to accept my fate on all fours, stripped bare and living as an animal, mentally as well as physically. You

must be at least 35 and sadistically hard enough to get me to crawl to you in total submission. Mind-fuck games a definite plus in achieving total mental metamorphosis. Great looks are not important, provided scenario is real. I am a former top WM, 35, 185 lbs., who is hard enough to take the abuse you may dish out. Men with a real knowledge of horsemanship and training only. No phonies. I will travel nationwide for a legitimate response. Box 5179

Lord Master capable of domesticating long-winded queer (30 to 65) for suck slave, houseboy, personal body servant. Of facilitating humility via dog-/toilet re-training, constant supervision, strict rules, clear expectations, affectionate criticism. Of taking over care, custody, control of queer's lifestyle. Lord Master, 42, well-experienced, thoughtful, self-aware, could eventually travel, relocate. (504) 949-6842.

Husky GWM, 33, wants hairy top for hot action. Hot photo gets mine. All answered. Box 5141

I'LL BEAT, SHAVE, FUCK and love you, if you're bottom enough, we hit it off and you split expenses as my lifetime live-in slave/lover. Box 5134

MASTER NEEDED

Are you a special Master looking for his slave to train for your needs. I am looking for a special relationship with one who can give love and appreciation to his slave. Who will in return love and worship his Master as a greek god. Slave, 6'1", brown hair, brown eyes, good-looking, 35 years. Please write, Sir. Box 5133

QUIET, SERIOUS

good-looking, straight-acting, well-built, 38-year-old, white submissive, 5'11½", 185 lbs., hairy, cut. Longs to be captured, kept prisoner and trained to be total, lifelong, full-time slave. Wants to be collared and leashed. Forced to wear skin-tight leathers, Levis, nylon panties, rubber, etc. Seeks domineering, imaginative, sexually-sensuous Master to control every aspect of slave's life. Will relocate. PO Box 31347, San Francisco, CA 94131

HOT SON SEEKS HORNY FATHER FIGURE

Tall, bearded, butch bottom, 31, seeks hairy, hung, naturally dominant Daddy to service, front and rear. Photos answered first. Enthusiastic and experienced Daddies write: PO Box 13186, Atlanta, GA 30324-0186.

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX, LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. MYSELF: GWM, 38, 6', Br. 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking.

other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. NOT INTO: Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF.

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude, and worship. Become my property, to do as I please. Wear with pride the leather collar I will custom make for you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties, which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your earnings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner, and, perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at all times to submit to a wide range of S/M related sex, usually as passive, occasionally as active. For rebellious action, careless performance of duty, or infraction of orders or rules on your part, your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable, severe, and painstakingly sadistic. A major part of your life of service will involve leather and motorcycles. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Your body should be in reasonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

BLOW YOUR OLD MAN

Handsome, white, grizzled, whiskered, boot-wearing Dad, 56, 5'10", 175, with thick, uncut, 7", full-time hardon, seeks self-supporting, submissive, silent, worshipful, boot-licking, long-winded cocksucker, any age. Live together. Permanent. Write: Occupant, Box 8925, MPLS, MN 55408. (LF4721)

HTLV3-POSITIVE

Low T-Cell, GWM, 160 pounds, blond, blue, cut, workout regularly, seek hot Master for total commitment. Willing to relocate (rural or urban). Box 4784

NAKED SLAVE HOUSEBOY

Slim, boyish Asian male 5'5", 130, ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude and obedience. This slave body is available to be shaved and shackled for SM, BD, WS, TT, sexual duties, punishment, domestic chores. Slave is serious, good worker, will satisfy right Master on full-time live-in basis and over indefinite period. Relocation possible. Sir! Slave awaits on knees the Master's commands by mail with address, phone and photo, Sir! Box 4849LF

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

GWM, 37, vice president of leather/Levi club, seeks slave or trainee into Gr/p,

Fr/a, CTBT, S/M, B/D, toys, for permanent live-in personal slave. Attitude and desire to serve more important than looks. Send photo and phone in first letter. Must be willing and able to relocate. Reply to PO Box 752, Sandusky, OH 44870. (LF4958)

UNIFORMED PROFESSIONAL SEEKS SAME

I wear my uniform proudly as part of my profession and seek others who do. I am 37 GWM, 5'10", 175 lbs., who's willing to undergo training for right Master, who's head is together and who is financially stable. Most services possible for right person. Live in North Carolina but can travel. One-nighters, friends or lasting relationship all possible. Not into role-playing but simply enjoy sex and relationship where the other is in charge and insures I know it. Box 4937LF

AMERICAN SCOT

seeks photo exchanges with beefy, raunchy Scotsmen everywhere. Let's see what you've got under your kilt. Write B.J., Box 4973.

THE CONTINUING QUEST

Looking for man under 38 (plus or minus) who will appreciate Master-/daddy, suburban, West Coast, Florida lifestyle, some of life's finer things. Must be straight-appearing and know how to act publicly from posh parties to leather bars. Willing to work and contribute to good home life. Your limits will be respected and expanded to reach the level 12 years experience has given me. No fats, alcoholics or drugs. Serious, respectful reply includes name, address, phone and returnable photo. Box 4930LF

LIFE IS PAIN—SEX IS PUNISHMENT

The best sex is a brutal, violent act of hatred. Your cock is but one of many tools at your disposal to inflict pain. It is an angry weapon, charged with a steaming load of viciousness and contempt.

Terror is my only hard-on. Total screaming fear and torture wanted. No limits, no mercy. I supply the body, you supply the torture for as long as you want.

Destroy my will. Deliver me with intense pain. Skilled sadists into advanced/extreme torture and brainwashing only. Box 5026

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

WM, 5'11", 180, seeks partners for bondage sessions, light SM. Can be top or bottom. Slender, muscular preferred. Age not important. Travel PA, OH & FL. Box 5071 RUGGED TRUCKER

Burly, rugged trucker needed by husky rural 35-year-old WM bottom buddy for OTR work and play. Box 5069

SPECIAL HOT MAN

wanted by special hot man, 40, 150 lbs., 5'101/2", well-built, handsome (black hair, brown eyes, trim beard and moustache), very masculine, strong, smart and successful. If you're exceptional, patient, mindfucking man, I'll knock your socks off. Letter with photo gets mine. Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. (LF5077)

GERMAN SLAVE-PIG

35, 5'11", 170, offers his life to experienced, demanding Master. Let me know the privilege of fulfilling my destiny in your absolute control and in complete submission to your will. Master sets limits. Free to relocate. Serious replies to this unworthy animal, please: UPJ, PO Box 10 1154, 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

CHAIN-GANG SLAVE

Master, WM, 40s, heavy build demands a slave, WM, 20s-40s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient: ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand. Expect hard labor in heavy chain from a harsh slave owner. This position is not for the insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF.

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

READY

Yes, I'm ready...to want a man, one who wants me to want him. I am 32 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., moustached, balding, considered handsome and hunky and very hair (basic Italian looks). I'm also safe, sane, healthy (but not paranoid), responsible and a professional. The man for me is (probably) at least my age, at least moustached, at the very least responsible, has good physical presence, has no need for alcohol, tobacco or drugs, is aggressive (dominant, too), is assertive and communicative, seeks and offers commitment and devotion, and is a man who possesses a passion for intense and varied sexual gratification ("kink" included at times) which is no less strong than is his desire for intimacy and affection. (Indeed, I want it all!) If you are such a man, then I encourage you to write to me and include a recent photo. Thanks. Send to: PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP DAD

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs., br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Also interested in building a relationship as a good son to a younger, very masculine Dad. Letter with photo to Box 423, Kenai, AK 99611. (LF4403)

SON/SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/s-lave of this blond, 6'3", affectionate but no-nonsense Daddy/Master include photo and phone with your response. Assistance with relocation available, if necessary. Box 4426LF

HOT, HUNKY, TOP

GWM, 34 years, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy chest with big nipples. I am a stable, intelligent, healthy professional. I'm looking

for similar men to 40. I am into hiking, photography, BB, and good fun. Enjoy J/O, titwork, massage. Into cowboys, U/C, leather. No drugs, fems. Send reply with phone/photo to Box 4675LF

DAD LOOKING FOR SONI

If you are fem or into bars, games, drugs, or any other kind of bull shit, move on to the next ad. But if you need a REAL dad with a lot of love for you, let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet, intelligent, industrious, loving, obedient, affectionate, submissive, very much daddy's little boy, and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent, lifelong, protective and totally monogamous relationship with his dad, who will give him the love, security, parental guidance and dominance he needs. Legal adoption a possibility. DAD is GWM top, 37, bl/bl, moustache, 6', 210, professional with many interests and a lot to offer his son: permanence, security, direction, protection, love and affection when earned, bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son, while we have fun, become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad; you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps ok, revealing not necessary) no more than six months old, and you will receive as much in return-same day. So snap to it, kid! D.A.D., 11900 Winterthur Ln., #101, Reston, VA 22091. (LF4524)

> BOOTS, BIKES, BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

Full-time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversarys in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn. area. Positive NO NO's: drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots on, Box 2707LF

> BOSSMAN RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH

Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 47, 5'7", 155 lbs., well-built, rugged good looks, self-ish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattoed, successful professional, wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks, diverse interests; and a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy, over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with, for a night or life-time. Write with your phone number to RCS, PO Box 1064, New York City, NY 10022. (LF4749)

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline fetish? Let's explore each other's fantasies. The time is now. Relationship is possible. I am 25, GWM, attractive, 6', 145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photo/phone to G.H., 495 Ellis St., Suite 204, San Francisco, CA 94102.

USE AND ABUSE MY COCKSUCKER

I want a long line of studs to use their throbbing tools to turn my cock slave into a permanent, human suckhole... whose reason for existing is to suck men's meat. The requirements to abuse my cocksucker includes your spit to turn it into a human spitoon; your piss to turn it into a stinking urinal; your cum to turn it into a slurping, human scumbag. After fucking the Hole... it's submission will be complete, It's whore-mouth will always be hungry... dropping to its knees and opening its dick-eating mouth... anytimeanyplace-anywhere. Suck-Hole's conditioning begins by 1) calling (907) 276-5016 and telling it all the things you'll do to its mouth and 2) calling me to discuss the further training of my cocksucker. (LF4805)

MEN IN UNIFORM!

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM, 37, 5'9", 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flexible. Box 4869

LEATHERSEX WANTED

Horny white male, 31, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile (top or bottom), into FF, Gr, Fr, WS, D&B, leather, S&M, more, seeks partners. Reply with photo. Bridwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

NEW SAFE SEX UNIT

Would like to receive and/or exchange leather or?? sex fantasies/experiences to help through this safe sex period. I am submissive leather slave, 30. Degrading, abusive and commanding letters okay, too. Write to Box 4731LF.

WANTS MUSCLE-DADDY

Unguided boy/slave wants very dominant body builder type willing to take on a boy in poor physical condition and make him over into Daddy's masterpiece through workouts, dominance, spankings and TLC. Needs a Daddy he can worship and emulate, who will push hard for maximum results. The boy is 28, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown (balding), blue, has a bushy beard, handlebar moustache and tattooes. Strongly desires to relocate and become Daddy's total slave and eventual prized possession. Send stats or photo (returnable), phone no., desires and expectations, Sir, to PO Box 5894, Kansas City, MO 64111. Serious offer: serious replies.

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

hot, hung, 27-year-old, fun-loving dude seeks big-dicked Daddy type for ass-play. I'm a recent college graduate interested in a permanent relationship with a top 30-40 years old. I'm 6', 165 lbs., moustache, living in southwest Virginia and willing to relocate for the right guy. Leather is my biggest turn-on, while equally enjoying poppers, dildoes, cock rings, ball stretchers and light bondage. I am an experienced top but prefer bottom scenes. Send your photo and letter and I promise to reply the same day. Wytheville, VA. Drummer Box 4854

TLC FOR DEHNERS Call (818) 913-3819.

BLACK MASTER WANTED

GWM, slave, 30, 5'5", 145, br/gr, to serve trim, sadistic BLACK MASTER, BD, CBT, SM, all scenes but scat, permanent possible for right MAN. Black preferred, all photos answered first. THANK YOU, SIR! Box 5125 MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9½", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes, Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF. WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

RAUNCHY PIG PERVERTS

with filthy fantasies and the real thing—piss, scat, dildoes, U/C, dirty shit holes, shorts, jock straps, socks, toilets, wanted. Correspondence exchange, pictures and anything else. Box 5115

DENTURES LICKED

by super-hunk ex-Marine, 28. Pinch my hot nipples while I lick and smell your spit-covered dentures, retainers, bridges and guards. (202) 745-1774.

EAST COAST SADIST

Asian, Latin or other small/thin lads sought for bottom/top trade-offs by tall, white, pot-bellied sadist, 6', 170, 50s. Box 4991

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY 40-year-old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive, expand my limits. Novice in WS, bondage, C&BT and servitude. I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50-male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me. I want to serve for life. I am 5'11", 180 lbs., chunky, hairy build, 8" cut, large balls, tattooed. Write me, please, Daddy—I am eager and waiting to serve. Box 5093LF

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE Manacled to a St. Andrew's cross, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a moisture-robbing foam ball, as newer and weightier tit clamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothedparachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weights. Eternity passes as buttocks redden from paddles swatting them into tortured firmness. Your asshole, stretched from its dildo-topped perch, now yields to one toy after another. Then darkness. Encapsulated in isolation from sight and sound, your nerve endings flush from sensuous strokes of leather across distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax. More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 40-yearold GWM Daddy gives the final rubdown with hot oil and says, "You passed, son. Cum." The tape recording of your agony will be a turn-on if you never serve another Master. Within 150-mile radius of New Orleans, can pay may own travel expenses. Can occasionally combine pain and business trips to Atlanta, Birmingham, Denver, Spokane. Most scenes, but medically-aware trips only, however heavy you ask for. Masters: describe your playrooms. May use your facilities in clients' cities. Send age, height, weight and past disappointments-be candid-to this ruthless, 6'4", 215pounder at Box 5034LF.

ROBAMSTERDAM











THE ULTIMATE LEATHER / EROTICA COLLECTION.

Unbelievably well constructed in Amsterdam with the exclusive RoB label.

Shipped to you from our Fort Lauderdale erotica shop. No overseas shipping hassles.

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American mail order distributor (includes postage and handling)

JAYBIRD'S TOYBOX

P. O. Box 7466-D Fort Lauderdale, FL 33338 Discreetly mailed you must be over 21

When in Ft. Lauderdale, visit our store on the patio at Tacky's Bar - 2509 W. Broward Blvd., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33312



TIRED OF THE BULL?

I'm a young dude looking for a scooter tramp to settle down with. Personally, I'm tired of the bar scene and the bull-

shit that goes with it.

I have brown eyes and hair, a beard and a 'stache. I'm white, 5'5", 150 lbs., and 23. As for me, I dig leather, Harleys and ridin'. I like men to smell like men. I like sex to be rough at times and vanilla at others. I am a bottom and I make a distinction between that and slave. If you're into letters, I like heavy B&D, LL, CB&TT and WS.

What am I after? A man, nothing more, nothing less. If you're a 1%er, that's great. If you feel the same way and are tired of the bull, fly me a kite. All answered. PO Box 8007, Woodridge, IL 60517. (LF5166)

CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted: an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes, and sweats at manual labor; a tough man, especially when his hard-muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons—for hours/days-/weeks; a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy; indefinitely; PO Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. (LF5190)

"ANIMAL LOVERS"

WM, 28, 6'4", 200, masculine, healthy, seeking other men into same. Reply with photo to PO Box 7053, Atlanta, GA 30357.

BOTTOM SEEKS BIG DIRTY FEET for marriage, honeymoon, homelife. Masculine thin guy, 7" cut, 36, 5'10", 130, semi-long hair, brown, trim black beard, and likes it that way. I wear black leather jacket, vest boots. Am quiet, obedient, can only love and respect a masculine, Greek-active male. Am beginner, will try most scenes. No bruises, no blood. Can relocate or accommodate in Cape Cod, MA, only. Serious guy who wants a relationship, answer this ad. I like the ocean, the races. First time ad. You are what I've been saving myself for. I know you're out there. Truly yours, Steve Darro, PO Box 14062, Albany, NY 12212.

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

BIG DICKED DADDY

Hairy, handsome and fit wants son to age 35 for heavy fucking, assplay, ball shaving and worshiping my big cock. You should be tall, handsome, good build and smooth. Permanent arrangement possible. Box 5189

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

LICK MY PIERCED NIPPLES
Topman, 34, 6'6", big nipples, big butt, gut, seeks submissive guy who likes to lick. Write Box 701041, Houston, TX 77270.

PROVINCETOWN BOUND

Why waste time tea dancing or hanging around bars when you long to be shackled and have your tits and balls creatively tortured. Your butt may glow after an intense session, but it won't show under your speedos. Tall, bearded leatherman (40s, 170 lbs.) in P-town July 8-16. Send photo and letter to Box 4988LF or ask for Cliff at Sea Drift Inn.

ARIZONA

OUCH!

Are you being a bad boy in Phoenix and getting away with it? Daddy will turn you over his knee and give you the bare-bottom spanking you need. Get off your behind, Son, admit that you need to be taught a lesson and send details of your problems to Daddy. Box 4522LF

NORTHERNCALIFORNIA

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar-smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

seeks high-spirited wild mustang to rope, ride, break and train. Stablemaster is 35, 6'2", 190, muscular, experienced and very demanding. Submit application with photo and qualifications. Training in BD, TT, VA and safe sex is my specialty. Convince me you're worth my effort. Box 5158

Warm WM, 36, 6'2", 170 lbs., trim, smooth, nice buns, seeks sincere thin or muscular brother 18-38 for spanking, give or take, and/or massage exchange. Also seek warm, older stepdad spanker. Bob, PO Box 14794, San Francisco, CA 94114.

YOUNG GUY

ME: 21, Japanese, 5'7", 140 lbs., handsome, well-built, searching for lovers. YOU: Under 30, WM, masculine. Send picture. Box 5176

YOUNG, GOOD-LOOKING, VERY HAIRY RAUNCHY PIG

Looking for guys, young, very hairy, good looks, and sleazy. Does: spit, oily, hairy men, filth, humiliation, bondage, dirty jocks/underwear, videos, smelly, sweaty bodies, verbal abuse. Your fantasies acted out, or dirty talk turn you on? What about possible piss, shit or puke? Am also seeking possible relationship, if you are. If not, that's okay, loo. But, safe sex only. No fems, blacks, fats or heavy facial hair wanted. Photo/phone to Box 5178

TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Eureka and Mike in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank Drummer for bringing us together. We're both believers that Drummer Classifieds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man.

versatile couple available for friendship and whatever we enjoy cards, bowling and safe sex; couples or three-ways 0K. Both are Italian, one 37, one 39. Box 5102

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE BIKER

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other shit. 40 years, 6 ft., 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495, Sacramento, CA 95816 (4575LF)

HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION ull leather, chains, tit clamps, ba

Full leather, chains, tit clamps, ball stretchers, huge, meat-filled studded codpieces, raunch, pierced nipples, tattoos, bikers, rock-hard pecs, defined rippled washboard stomachs, solid arms and legs, tight, hard butts, fat cocks, uncut cocks with loose foreskin, low-hanging, shaved balls, crotches

and buttholes, beards, moustaches, clipped chest hair, shaving, heavy C&BT, TT, BD, SM, gloved FF, piss, sweat, spit, grease, working out, nonstop sloppy kissing, drinkin' beer and gettin' stoned!! I'm into all of it and want to share all of it with the right type of no-bullshit, no-nonsense leatherman! I'm 28, 5'10", 160 lbs., with a rockhard, defined gym body, firm pecs, arms and legs, a rippled washboard stomach, smooth skin, and a stubbled beard. I've got a big, fat cock, shaved, low-hanging man-nuts, a shaved-out butthole! I'm real versatile and real energetic! If you are under 35, work out and have a hard gym body, a big dick a lot of leather and a wild imagination, then you're definitely the stud that I'm looking forward to meeting. So pick up the phone and call Buddy at (415) 864-1285. Let's get together for a hot and sweaty night of nonstop man-to-man muscle leather action in a very healthconscious environment. (LF4574)

Whip and torture this healthconscious, intelligent, professional, bootlicking, cocksucking torture slave. Into 501s, military boots, Fr, Gr, BD, SM, whipping, and ball torture. Moving to

SF soon and visit SF frequently now. Nautilus, computers, bridge, travel, books. No WS, scat, FF, rear Fr. Send phone to Box 4532LF.

phone to box 4002E1

searching for slaves. YOU: Hot, under 30, trim, capable of heavy bondage, whipping, TT, CBT. ME: Hot, 41, muscular, AIDS-aware. Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF. First consideration for applications with photo.

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

A NEW ENTRANT

on the way to superior Masterhood is where I place myself. After prolonged thought, introspection, and exploration on the edge, the time has arrived to "test pilot" the primary mission. Sexual evolution progressed me through the experiences of whoring, pigging, communicating, and understanding and rendered me proficient in each. The art of Mastering is the final and the most complex of these evolutionary effects. The development, skill, and precision of practice in what I consider an artform is the objective; an objective I intend to attain. Those capable of comprehending my headspace and interested in sharing the experience of their personal uniqueness with me on this journey are invited to contact me. My stats for the record: 38, white, tall, handsome, trim, masculine, intelligent, creative, successful, lustful, controlled, and coldly calculating. Box 4472LF

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM, bottom, 40, 155 lbs., 5'8", good condition seeks student jock for daddy-/son relationship. CP/VA/HUM. Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy, 30's, accepts pleas from submissive, obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

SLAVE/DOG

29 years, 6', 175, masculine, handsome, healthy slave/dog—mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient, into S/M, B/D, FF, TT, WS, and more, looking for hot, handsome, masculine, demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205, 2040 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. (LF4554)

MAN SEEKS SON

Dad, age 45, good build and healthy, wants son for leather service. Should be masculine, aged 25-35, and healthy. Facial hair a plus. Must have desire to please and be willing to expand limits. Standards are high but so are the rewards. Goal is to find a long-term father-son relationship. Send photo and resume. Box 4944LF

INTENSE LEATHER LOVER

Very handsome, 30-year-old, 6'3", blond/blue, moustached, 190-lb., semimuscular man seeking romance leading to long-term, committed, intimate relationship with special leatherman possessing striking looks, gymdefined muscles and heart. I am an aggressive bottom, you top, possibly capable of occ. reverse roles; or no roles. Few of my favorite things: Full leather; grinding, slamming, punching muscle contact (hard!); eye contact; body worship; oil, sweat, mirrors; uniforms; workouts; prolonged titwork (too much!); hot talk, VA; sloppy deepmouth kissing; B&D, S&M, C&BT; swallowing heavy nuts; and role-playing in radical fantasies (see my Superman vs. Superfoe ad in Drummer 91 for one of mine). All this and more explored together in intense, long, sensual play until sensory and emotional overload send us over the edge into altered states. Health-conscious and use occ. alcohol, amyl, recreational drugs; prefer nonsmoker. But what about the rest of me? and you? Let's find out. All responses with photo, address, phone no, will be answered likewise. Box 4943LF

BIG GUY-LITTLE GUYS A TURN-ON?

This little guy needs a man over 5'9" who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy, do you ache to: pin him down, pleasure him until he screams (but not stop), win his trust over time, and then initiate him into light bondage? Do you yearn to explore and expand each other's erotic responses to D/S? Objective: monogamous, safe-sex relationship based on open communication, affection, growing together, and deeply-shared sexual needs; a relationship that won't be equal in the bedroom, but will be outside of it because you want this little guy as your partner, and not just as a sex buddy. Me: WM, boyish thirties, 5'5", 120, handsome, bearded, responsive. Likes: beach, mountains, music, candlelight dinners, cuddling, surprises. You: 30s/youthful 40s, masculine, attractive, fit, healthy, affectionate, nonsmoker, drugfree, progressive thinker. Optional: bearded, outdoorsy, artistic. Letter/photo: 584 Castro, Suite 609, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588 (LF4952).

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR DRUMMER DADDY

WM, 40s, 6'1", 160 lbs., bearded seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leathermaster in his dungeon. You should be lean, muscular bottom, any age whether a boy (with body under development) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B/D, TT. C/BT and whipping, then you earn my respect and possible affection. Body shaving second session to mark my ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my load, but everything else goes. Will discuss your limits and a program to expand them. Application with nude photo given preference. Box 4988LF

MAN WITH EXPERIENCE

is 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., muscular, hairy, moustached, tattooed, pierced, with a thick, stiff 7½ inches. Looking for a boy who is a boy by virture of his menktal attitude, not necessarily just his age. My interests include: BD, VA, TT, GA, FP, FFA, boots, ass-beating, cigars, bondage, leather. Father/son scenes a specialty. You need not share all the above interests. Safety-conscious but not hysterical. Offer a firm, experienced, yet affectionate hand to responsive, enthusiastic bottoms. All ages, races considered. Photo a must. Write AL, Box 5038

SEEKS FRIEND

Young-looking, healthy white male, 28 years, 5'4", 125 lbs., seeks friends same age or younger for intimate times. Shy teens and novices okay. Photo/phone and write to Box 5039.

HEY BOY

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are affectionate and want a caring, communicative relationship, call (916) 391-9755.

PAIN TRIPS

Does your dick get hard when you are hurt? The Man seeks experienced masochists for devilish explorations in pain trips, and going past the point where the head and body say NO! This is not a fantasy or sensual SM trip. Whips. Beatings with %" thick fiery rattan cane. Alligator clamps. Cigarettes. Bruises, probably. But safe and sane. No damage. Interest in torture scenes, C/B torture, and intense bondage. Tit torture a specialty. Bottom must be honest and able to take a gag. No safe words. Sincere letters with photo answered first. The Man, POB 4622, San Francisco, CA 94101.

BOYISH SLAVES, Ms, BOTTOMS
Total submission, obedience training
from ex-USMC C.O. Whatever it takes
to heat you out of your fucking mind,
begging for more, completely under
mental, physical control. Call for
orders. The Colonel, (415) 467-5128.
Photo to PO Box 902, Brisbane, CA
94005.

HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM, 6'2", 170, cut, 71/2", needs experienced Master or top for nipple, ball, cock work, munching, electrotorture (mutual with shaft, balls tied together a real turn-on). Bondage, Increase limits. Hot wax, shaving clothespins, Box 5184LF

I NEED LUST TO LOVE

33-year-old man with lover needs someone to fill void in love life. Someone to have sex with. At lunch before work, after work.

Please send photo and list of days and times you are free to meet. Box 5151

SM FRATERNITY

Slave would like to form a network of Masters and slaves in the No. Cal. area to enhance sexual experiences and to possibly match demands/needs for Masters/slaves. I am 24, 5'8", 135 lbs., brwn, grn. Inquiries welcomed. Box 4820LF

LEATHER HOODS

Tall, well-built, GWM enjoys safe sex, bare chested in leather pants, tall boots and leather hood. Tit play, J/O, bondage. Turns on to dominant men in leather. Box 5148

REALLY INTO LEATHER?

own LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots, keep reading. If you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy j/o, keep reading. If you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with, keep reading. I am GWM, 39, 6'1", 220 lbs., good-looking, stable, profes-

sional and sane master who is really into LEATHER. Turned on by the sight, smell, touch, taste and feel of LEATHER. Also into very tall boots. NOT into drugs of any kind, smokers, anal sex, losers, heavy S&M. Relationship is possible. Now reply with phone and photo to: Jim, 1850 Union St. #69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807)

LEAN, HARD, DEFINED MASO-SLAVE

seeks trim Sado-Master. Ready for dog training, complete toilet service, bondage, CBT, piercing, cigars. Any or all, but more important, your trip...your way. I am 42, 5'10", 150. Travel. Photo, phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5906, San Francisco, CA 94101 (LF4519)

If you are haunted by these words; if you feel compelled to slavery; if you need to serve, then you will submit an appropriate application to: John Phillips, PO Box 2755, San Francisco, CA 94126. A man. A Master. Sensitive yet cruel. Sophisticated but tough. Patient, experienced, perceptive. Accomplished and successful. Early 40s, tall, well-built, damn goodlooking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar, over a weekend, or by fantasizing. Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training, and total commitment over time. The most

HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES

intimate, personal relationship that

two people can experience is a true

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35, husky, amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit, Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. You can call me Sir!

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

WANTED

GWM experienced in VA, B&D, and is interested in taking over my fantasies. Any age over 35, hirsute (the more the better), size unimportant. Must be clean, safe sex only. I feel "bald" is "beautiful." No: FF, SCAT, TT, RAUNCH, or money. Sincere replies please. I am 50, 140 lbs., 5'8". No fems or druggies. Your weight also unimportant but a clean, sane person is. Box 4530LF.

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs., 5'8%", brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy, kinky sex. Not into scat, heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate, aggressive Daddy/Big Brother to train me, use/abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be. I am ready to submit to a Daddy/Big Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse, is not afraid to strip me, collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more. If you

are mature, over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send detailed letter about yourself, what you want to do to me, along with a hot, revealing photo, if possible. All answered. Box 4858LF

BB SLAVE NEEDED

I want your well-muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your scrams for mercy. Your BOSS is into hot slave/animal training, oiled-up, flexin', hot wax endurance trips, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin' rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit. If you're not in the area, write: BOSS, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-9984 before 10:00 P.M. on week nights, anytime on the weekends. Keep America Mean! Box 5001LF

BREECHES

Older GWM, 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34, wants young WM (or Asian) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible B&D. Advise phone to: Pierce, 305 Franklin St., #34, San Francisco, CA 94102

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Willing to train husky young man to serve older men to perfection. Hard worker, good body for hard workouts. Drive, cook and serve. Northern California. Russian River and San Francisco. No Phone-ies. (707) 869-0945. Call Me Sirl

NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortie, 5'4", GWM, brown/blue, 135 lbs., interested in meeting versatile men over 6'. Interests include, but not limited to, leather, bondage, tattoos, piercing, motorcycles, computers. Usually bottom, but who knows? Object: long-term relationship. Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY, or Box 4136LF.

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 150, seeks slim/muscular little guy into domination, verbal abuse, discipline, humiliation, leather. Into body worship, armpits, bondage, wrestling, J/O. Blacks, Asians and muscles a plus. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

DADDY'S BOY 24

Seeks dominant dad 35+ for good times. Into leather, sweat, boots, cigars, Western gear. All masculine scenes. Son is 24, 5'9", 140. Dad should be 6'+, 200 lbs.+. Barry, PO Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101.

BOYISH SUBMISSIVES

Discipline/attention you want, need, must have! The Colonel, (415) 467-5128.

GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE Two men, 30s, private home with pool. seek permanent live-in nude slave-/houseboy. You are into total submission. Collared, shaved, bondage, discipline and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed, so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as important as your attitude. Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slowly and safely expanded as the relationship grows. You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SLAVE/MASTER love. You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good slaves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed letter about yourself and how to contact you for interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-alifetime opportunity you've always fantasized about. Box 5188LF

HOT-ASSED GYMNAST BEGS!

Please, spank my muscle butt! Hungry fuckhole bucks hard on dildo, crave lesson with gloved fist. Pert nipples to rough up. I need it bad from one day-time steady. Hot mid-30s, no fluid exchanges. Please tell me working my ass turns you on. Tim Hunter, PO Box 140, Carmichael, CA 95609.

SPREAD YOUR CHEEKS

and slide down my long, wet tongue. Hot WM, 29, will worship your butt. Deep throat also. George, PO Box 2071, San Francisco, CA 94126.

UNTAMED ANIMAL

Young (25) wild and unruly. Is there a strong, older (35+) man to break my spirit, work my body, train my mind. and lead me to become a worshipful possession? No limits, no holding back. Please, teach me, I want to become yours. Drummer Box 5191

SF WHITE ASS NEEDS BLACK MEAT

34, 5'10", 164, brown hair/beard, muscular, defined body, great ass. Need extra-hung masculine BLACK studs into plowing (condoms) white ass. Attracted to all types, looks IF EXTRA HUNG, but NO fats/bellies. Also: gang bangs of my white ass. Photo (a must!) gets mine. Box 5187

GOLD COUNTRY LEATHER

Good-looking biker seeks country boy or mountain man to share paradise. Dig 4×s, Harleys, mountains, canyons, dirt, grease, WS and other natural pleasures. Let's go get lost in the forest. T.D., PO Box 204, Garden Valley, CA 95633.

SOUTHERN

TOP ME OR BOTTOM OUT
Obedient, young bottoms or demanding tops wanted to fulfill both sides of my licentious libido. I'm 28, 6'2", 180 lbs.,

brown hair and eyes, hot, handsome, intelligent. Masculine mentors or select slaves in leather and Levis, "into" SM, TT, CBT, WS, FF, send recent photo and phone to Matt. Box 5129LF

BLOND MUSCLEBUILDER JOB APPLICANT

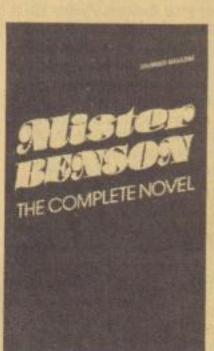
seeks extensive job interview and probationary employment scene with mature, macho, cigar-smoking businessman. Overbearing, mean, boss can intimidate this eager young stud with sexual harrassment into lunch-hour fucktoy. Need no-bullshit, businesssuited, aggressive buttfucker who knows now to get his way because my job's on the line. 28-year-old jock type needs the job so bad he'll submit to overtime boardroom desk shitchute fuckings, forced administration of dog collar and buttplug (exactly the size of bosses pole) under his conservative three-piece. Need a good little blond fuckboy under your desk while you read the Journal? Show 'em who's boss-your way or no way. Photo and bottom line job description gets photo and resume. Applicant, PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

BOOTS, 501s, JOCKSTRAPS

Masculine, muscular, sane, good-looking man, 35 years old, 6', 160 lbs., moustache, wears flannel shirts, black work boots, tight, worn 501 Levis, jock-straps, leather jacket. Enjoy hiking and working out. Looking for men into safe, rough action. Ball stretchers, tit clamps, bondage, leather strap whipping, restraints, spanking, boots, ripped and torn T-shirts, tight Levis, dildo fucking, verbal abuse. Looking for young bottoms that need it rough, will beg for it and are tough enough to

HOT READING FOR A GOLD WINTER'S NIGHT

FROM ALTERNATE PUBLISHING



MISTER BENSON

The novel that electrified leathermen across the country when it was first serialized in Drummer, revised by the author with an epilogue from Mr. Benson himself. Cited by Penthouse as one of the Top Ten SM Novels ever writ-

ten, praised by Phil Andros as "an SM masterwork," and acknowledged "a classic underground novel" by the Village Voice, John Preston's Mr. Benson is must reading for all leathermen, and for anyone who wants to understand the phenomenon of gay SM in the 1980s.



THE BRIG

A major novel of military discipline and institutionalized SM. Victor Terry in Dungeon-Master calls it "one of the best erotic novels of dominance and enforced submission I have ever read-... This book is hot!"

Set at the close of the Vietnam War, The Brig chronicles a young consciencious objector's ordeal at the hands of his Marine tormentors, his surprising self-discoveries in the midst of torment, his ultimate triuimphand the price he pays for it.



HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER

Had enough of whips, chains, and heavyduty SM? You won't escape them here-but you'll rediscover them with a decidedly humorous twist, along with Carlo Carlucci's glowingly humorous look at every other aspect of gay life, from the pangs of coming out to a Thurberesque cartoon series "War Between the Machos and the Sissies" that will have you in stitches!

Gay cartoon books have come and gone, but this one is really special. "A must-have cartoon book," says the Baltimore Gay Paper; "a sharper wit could not be found!" Cruise Magazine says it's "the kind of book you'll read over and over, getting a fresh chuckle or grin each time." And the San Francisco Review of Books declares that Carlo Carlucci "has the talent of Thurber."

The Zeus Collection's SADO ISLAND Illustrated by Matt

Beyond Road Warrior and Chrome lies a new dimension in sophisticated science fiction SM. Welcome to Sado Island. stronghold of the notorious Baron Heinrich von Sado and his menacing muscular/metallic hench-men!

Zeus commissioned New Orleans artist Matt to take this quantum leap into the illustrated future of SM adventure, where its 2139 and hell on earth is a place called Saso Island. Two musclebound hereos fight a police society that forbids their "deviate" love-then take on the sadistic battlechief of world terrorism, Heinrich Von Sado. Sado Island catapults your fantasies into the future and penetrates the darkest recesses of your imagination.



ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

P.O. Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

Send me the following books:

□ Mister Benson 7.95 □ Sado Island 12.00
□ Slaves of the Empire 9.95

(Add \$1 postage/handling per book. Calif, residents add 61/% sales tax.) I'm enclosing \$ _____ or charge my D VISA D MASTERCARD

Card No. ____ Exp. Date ___/__

Name _____

Address _____

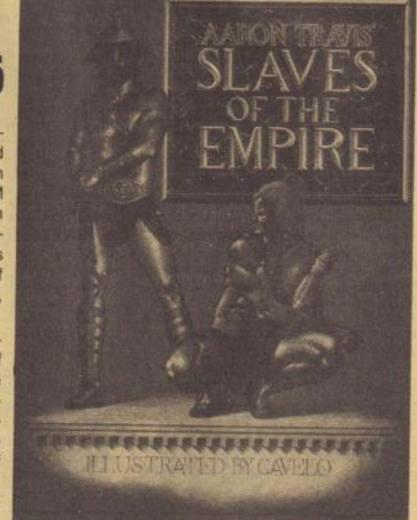
City _____ State ____ Zip ___

Signature ____ (I am over 21 years of age)

SLAVES OF THE **EMPIRE** by Aaron Travis Illustrated by Cavelo

Hot off the press the long-awaited paperback edition of Aaron Travis' SM Roman epic, with twelve richly detailed illustrations by the master of erotic fantasy art. Cavelo.

Set against the barbaric splendor of ancient rome at the height of its empire, Slaves seduces the reader into a steamy world of flesh and steel. where a famed gladiator must ulti-



mately choose between his own brutal nature and his love for a pair of twin-princes, while a sadistic senator plots to enslave them all.

John Preston calls Slaves of the Empire "a wonderful mythic tale," and Phil Andros has called it "taut, tense and absorbing."

"With hardly a pause," says the Bay Area Reporter, "Aaron Travis torments us from sex scene to sex scene, each building higher than the one before, all satisfying, original and leading surely to the hairraising last chapter... I got bruises just from reading."

Lavish, unusual and compelling, Slaves of the Empire is a novel you'll read more than once—the first time for its suspenseful story and, after that, for lingering fantasies and pleasure.

take it like a man. Prefer weekdays. Also, older daddy types considered if you know how to take control and can manhandle this butch dude. All responses answered if you include photo and descriptive letter of what you'd like to get into. Open to all safe scenes. Box 4578LF

MUSCULAR LEATHER SLAVES Are you tired of the bullshit yet? Frustrated because your potential and abilities have yet to be fully realized? Does your destiny remain unfulfilled? Still waiting to be used, trained, displayed and challenged the way you should? An experienced, respected and sadistic Leather Master (W/M, 43, 6'1", 210 lbs., 8", uncut) has room in his pens for a few hot, untested, raw muscular animals who are ready to be stripped, chained and motivated. Permanent positions in residence are preferred; but will consider non-live-ins. Your experience to date only indicates a starting point with me. Everything you might have been is history. If you've got guts enough to submit totally to the actuality of a real-life sadomasochistic relationship then contact: Frank Albright at (619) 578-3629 weekdays 4 to 8 P.M. (Pacific time). (LF4729)

SLAVE

Slave Danny will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4720)

SADIST NEEDED

Can you satisfy the needs of a dungeon bottom/M? 6', 160 lbs., bl/bl, slim, hairless, 32, WM. Chain me, gag me, Western torture, inquisition-style torture, Arab torture, futuristic; chains, C/BT, TT, suspension, dildoes, bondage, clamps, stocks, slings, collars, hoods, weights, safe assplay. No drugs, scat, FF, VA, please. Can travel. Bottom's bottom, too. Letters, calls, okay. Box 4699

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 4888

DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad, 41, 6'3", 240 lbs., hairy, seeks son. Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it. However Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your wellbeing. Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow, write and tell him about yourself. Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934LF

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

MASTER WANTED

by WM, 34-year-old, blond, blue, 6'1" tall. I am a little overweight and small endowed. I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT/T, WS, SM, BD, FF. VA, tatooing, shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos, gags, hoods, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke, mumification, amyl. Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age, race, endowment, looks does not matter. All I ask is that you are dominant. If there is a Master wanting this slave. please call (213) 656-4324 or write: Occupant, 1265 North Harper, #8, West Hollywood, CA 90046. When calling, please ask for Bob. (LF5009)

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK, DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MAS-CULINE HORNY TOP STUD

Sit on my face, open my hungry hot receptive hairy hole—wide and deep. Belt my buns, TT, WS. Like huge wide dildos, both big hairy muscular arms. Love to tongue, lick, kiss and eat hot, juicy, hairy holes for hours! Not into really heavy SM, B&D or CBT! Put feet...anywhere! Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpits, ass—want to satisfy my top. Like long, no-holds-barred sessions. Well-trained and experienced. Will try anything. Box 4525LF.

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle rider into good, clean fun on/off bike wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy living in So. Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3", 185 lbs., 45, complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling, ropes, clamps, collars, cross, cuffs, hoist harness, hoods, movies, dildoes, gags, leather, boots, urinals, video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic. Bill (619) 420-8967. Safe sex.

HAIRY-CHESTED BOTTOMS wanted for bondage by GWM, 32, 5'10", 165, hairy. Relationship possible. Please, no fats or phonies. Box 5086

COPS AND SHERIFFS

Levi-leather dude seeks partner, I'm 6'1", 185, GLWM, 40, professional, discrete. No JO calls. (213) 434-2236.

Good-looking, tan, athletic, trim jockboy. 6'1", 160 lbs., 25 years old. Enjoy wrestling, swimming, cycling, working out. My tight ass needs to be used. With right guy(s), willing to submit to almost any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape. Hike guys in uniforms (cops, military, leather and sports), speedos and jocks. Want bondage, discipline and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really like to suck cocks and be fucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF

CAMEL MAN

Curly blond/brown hair, 42, retractable 8½", thick, hairy chest, well-defined frenulum on underside of prepuce. Clint, 1800 W. Hillcrest Drive. #314, Newbury Park, CA 91320.

SHAVING AND DISCIPLINE

Bearded, tattooed bear will shave you, then tie you down and administer a severe strapping. I'm a tough disciplinarian, so only submissive men who are serious need reply. Photo/phone to Box 5156

BEARDED LEATHER MASTER

wants your tongue licking my forearms, my spit on your face, your body under my control. I'm tall, mean and hairy-as-hell. This 31-year-old top seeks masculine, hairy, built men ready to grovel. No drugs/booze/smoke. Safe sex. Box 5161

HEAVY MONEY

paid to experienced sadist who isn't afraid to work me over in heavy bondage-torture session. Your place. I'm 47, white, slim, blond. Dave. Box 5167

RAUNCHY AND SAFE?

Los Angeles bottom, 40, into raunch, piss, shit, puke, cock cheese, sweaty feet and armpits, wants to have it all, yet play safe. Send suggestions. Would like to meet with local men, correspond, do J/O calls with others. Box 5170

GWM, 36, 6'2", 180 lbs., seeks top to

expand my limits to include CBT work, bondage, shaving, catheters. Need imaginative, patient, playful man. Can be versatile with right person, 3-ways OK. Write briefly about scenes, other interests, etc. Photo (returned) and/or phone answered first, Box 5174

YOU: Urban, athletic black man, 27-55, to be appreciated by ME: Wilderness-disciplined WM 48 FOR: love and

disciplined WM, 48. FOR: love and adventure, call Michael (213) 460-2409.

BODYBUILDER

Italian bottom bodybuilder wants dog training, VA, humiliation, bodyworship scenes. (213) 850-6598.

MATURE & DEPRAVED

Bottom desperately needs to belong to a special man. It's not so much what you do to me as the spirit in which you use me for your sexual fantasies. I'm self-supporting and can relocate. Please write for photo and details. H.G., Box 1811, Hawthorne, CA 90250.

GOODLOOKING DAD

looking for special brother for Joe. Someone to help with chores, to share a brother they never had. Discipline to be applied for traning and awareness. You will become a hot man-boy in time. Submit a letter stating general facts about yourself: Abilities, schooling, etc. If you have doubts, enclose in sealed envcelope to Joe as he can assure you, by phone, of life's ultimate experience. Positive growth-oriented family. Box 4535LF

YOU ARE SPECIAL

even if not perfect, or inexperienced. I am special, masculine, trim, brown hair and eyes, 39, 8 thick inches, artistic, professional, with the bronzed body of a weekend outdoorsman. You are excited by the rare men you'd like to be, and are willing to endure some pain for their attentions. I ma seeking worthwhile camping companions, etc. If you are also a bold, consenting adult, then you good pic will get one you'd pay to get. Maybe an invitation, too, Write: Holder, Box 6344, Rosemead, CA 91770 (LF4521)

WM, 31, 6'1", 170, blond/blue with moustache. Looking for one-on-one with older Master/Daddy who is same size or bigger with moustache and is hot. Hoping for long-term, not one-nighters. Would like gym buddy to work out with. Need someone strong and affectionate. Someone to administer discipline and punishment, fuck and fist my ass and kiss and hold me. If you're the right man there is no limit to how much I'll give. Write: Occupant, 33-2nd Place, Apt. 5, Long Beach, CA 90802 or call (213) 435-4500 between 9:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M. No JO calls! 4577LF

HAIRY, MASCULINE BOTTOM
Former top, 6'3", 200 lbs., 35, dark, bearded and good-looking seeks masculine, hairy Master to bring me down. Special turn-ons: beards, cops, short Masters, V/A, boots, black leather. No assfucking or drugs. Box 5162

THE JOY OF BONDAGE

when you're bound and gagged? Got a hard, defined body? If so, this lean, handsome, muscular top can promise you a little piece of heaven. I'm 35, 5'11", 150 lbs., brown/blue, sane, sense of humor. Safe sex (J/O only), your place, weekdays before 5 P.M. Photo or complete description to Doug, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109—Box 318, West Hollywood, CA 90046. (LF4748)

DEPRIVED FUCKER

Wild, hairy fuck-tortured dude offers its steel-collared balls and hungry ass to mean, experienced studs who are man enough and know how to torture-/work ass. Deprived fucker turns onto leather, S/M, all scenes especially asswork. Eager cocksucking asshole gives full-service, worshipful begging and needs to get its balls in the hands of a stud who will whipass him into a fucking obedient dog. Sucker is white, healthy, 155, hot bod, black hair on chest/belly/ass. Best ass in So. Calif., 40, 71/2" cut, looking for regular torture. action workouts with uninhibited men who turn onto using/working a hot fuckhole. Not lover or live-in position, Age, looks, not important: experience/action only. No games or heavy drugs. Ready to put my balls in your hands if you're man enough ... fucker. Box 4827LF

ABLE, NEEDY SLAVE

New to L.A., is anxious to be bonded to a talented, caring Master. Slave is youthful 42, 5'10", slim (145), healthy, masculine but submissive, intelligent, sincere, obedient, clean-shaven; with short, rust-red hair, blue-gray eyes, full, nicely-rounded ass and deeplyreceptive holes. Master should be level-headed, experienced, fit, virile, very well-hung and at ease with his need to train, control, abuse, possess and nourish his boy's mind and body Slave is employed, discreet, welleducated, house-proud and into lightmed. S/M, B/D, W/S, L/L, hoods/masks, chains, TT, whipping wax, intense interaction. No scat, FF heavy pain, hard drinking/drugs. Exchange photos/phones/letters. Be true, please, Sir. Box 4725LF

SERIOUS NIPPLE ENLARGING wanted by hot, beefy GWM, 30, BB. PO Box 93281, L.A., CA 90093

TORTURE-SADISM

Interests: electricity, choking, knives, blood, castration, or any other wild scenes. I want to hear it all, what about you? Bill (714) 371-5289.

COLORADO

ACTIVE ASS

W/M, 6'3", 165, 40's, wants dominant guy(s) that will give me light B&D, TT, ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too. Leather and mature turn-ons, but no FF, W/S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area, but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4731LF.

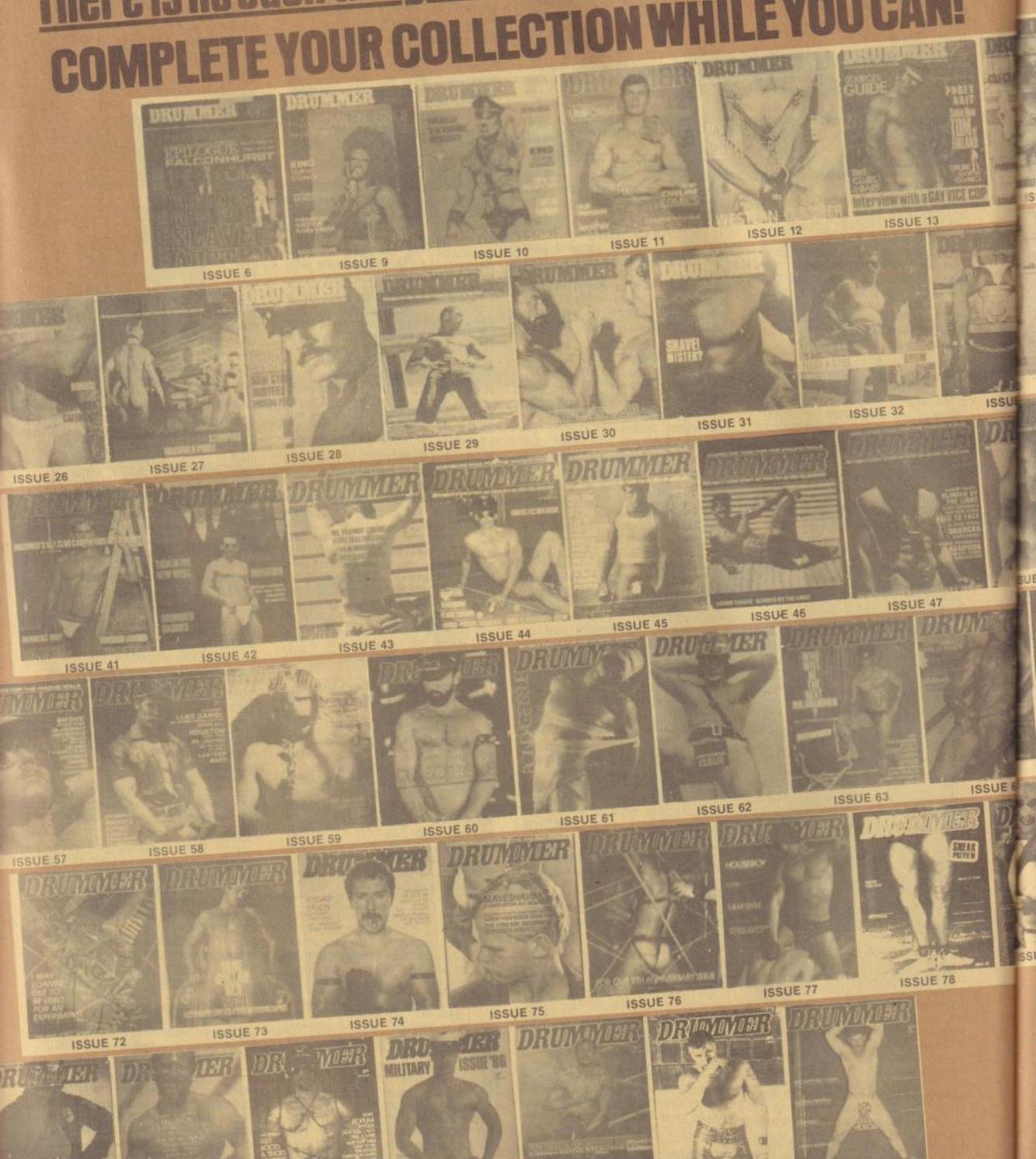
FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-handed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

HEAVY BONDAGE

45, 185, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, moustache. Serious bondage bottom needs prolonged sessions. I enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained, etc. Safe-sex only, please. Limitations: No drugs, FF, scat, or lasting marks. Box 4997

There is no such thing as an old issue of DRUMMER









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YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

For lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 48, top, uncut, mountain climber. Tennis, run. (303) 781-9423.

HUNGRY STUDENT

Hot, slender, GWM, 26, 155 lbs., European looks, great build, needs Mature, Dominant, Demanding Master to serve. I work and go to College, and need to be at your feet or trained for your pleasure in between, Sir. Jerry at (303) 837-8797, Denver, Sir.

CONNECTICUT

SERIOUS

Queer looking for fag stalker. Wants ruffian, bruiser into jagged rampageous sex. Non-lover situation. Weekday meetings only. You are hairy, callous, an active Greek. Married okay, discretion assured. Send photo. Your age is unimportant, I am in early 30s. Write: Boxholder, PO Box 930, Deep River, CT 06417

DC-METRO

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee, SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110, (LF4696)

HOT FF BOTTOM

DC-Metro, hot FF bottom, into intense scenes, enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty, not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. I'm 6'+, 180 lbs., WM, and a real surprise. Alex. Box 4732LF

LEATHER TOP

27, 5'8", 165 lbs., BB. Into body worship and leather service by hot, submissive tongue. You: under 35, into C&BT, TT, BD, shaving and boot service. Receptive mouth and ass a prerequisite. Application & photo get reply. Box 4883LF

HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular, hairy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy, hot, hairy, muscular GWM, dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play, etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

HOT STUFF

Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine, muscular bottom with sensitive tits, seeks dominant, muscular, masculine, hairy GWM topman for hot workouts, possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

ASS MASTER DAD WANTED

WM bottom seeks heavy asswork by experienced Dad in dildoes, heavy Greek, spanking and patient in FF. Light SM and uniform scenes, no heavy pain and no JO calls, please. Allen (202)

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/MD/VA area. WM, 40, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular; no drugs, nonsmoker, healthy safe sex only; independent, loner, together, earthy. Seek similar Master for the dark, erotic torment of SM dominance/submission, pleasure/pain, whips/nakedness, use/abuse, humiliation/service. Ex-special warfare military experienced in discipline/obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, The Brig, "Beauty's Punishment," 9½ Weeks, Story of O. J.W., PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

TOP/BOTTOM

V/A, W/S, B/D, wild, safe, sane sex. J/O. Photo, phone number to Box 5099LF

LEATHER STUD

Good-looking, professional, 40, 6', 155 lbs., lean, defined body, very masculine, new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely. Box 5064LF

WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond, early 30s, seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy-private country settingclose to Washington, Baltimore. Totally health-conscious. Requirements: Willingness to please; 25-35; straight looks; decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & farm work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle areawe're ready when you are. Box 4596LF

FLORIDA

"THE SARGE"

33, 6 ft., 165 lbs., short brown hair, clean-shaven, goodlooking, fun lovin' leatherman. Lookin' for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined, clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the spirit, maybe you can join my corps. Sarge is top, but always welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a picture for an answer. C'mon, don't be shy. Now stand at ease and start writin'. Box 4526LF

WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE

by Master (30, 5ft., 10 in., 165 lbs., bearded, hairy). Must be submissive, obedient, healthy, into leather, heavy S&M, B&D, Gr/P, Fr/A, FF/P, and more. Must submit to complete training for duties. Sincere only. Apply with photo to: Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

seeks the taste, smell and feel of leather. Slave, 36, 5'11", anxious to be tied, collared, plugged and shackled by strict leather Master. Sir, this totally submissive, crotch-worshipping slave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please, Sir, let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4946)

BOOT SERVICE

Looking for construction worker in jeans or leather daddy-type to make me worship his boots. Please, Sir, make me earn your boots and the privilege to grovel at your feet. No strings, safe fun only, please. Your photo gets mine. Occupant, Box 140283, Miami, FL 33114-0283 (LF4940)

KEY WEST SAFE SEX

L/L, raunch, rough lovin'. Dads welcome. Ben, (305) 296-6403.

TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE

Novice slave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his slave. I need training in BD, SM, shaving, enemas, and how to serve a Master (and his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominate, 22 to 38, physically fit, don't have a beard, and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, please write to this eager-to-please slave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply, John, PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 5051LF

ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10", 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important: a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911, Key West, FL 33041.

CUM PLAY WITH MY ASS

Heavy ass play wanted in Ft. Lauderdale area. Mark, (305) 731-4525, 5pmmidnite. Top men and experienced only.

I SUCK COCK

Fuck my shaved head. PO Box 6072. Port Charlotte, FL 33949-6072.

ORLANDO AREA

GWM, 6', 155 lbs., 48. Wants J/O buddy. Box 5082

GEORGIA

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN

GWM duo, 29 and 36, both 5'10", 150 lbs., moustaches, smooth/hairy. Seek hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples for hot times with no hang-ups. Any & all scenes with muitual respect. Got a fantasy, let us make it a reality! Also looking for houseboy/slave, live in or out, with initial input considered. Will train, no experience OK, Photo, phone, detailed letter. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125 (4700LF)

TRAINING-COMPUTERS

Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline. Also, would like to make contact with others with computers. Box 4710LF

VERSATILE

Attractive WM, 38, 6'2", beard, masculine, sensual, seeks hot sessions with good-looking, slender, smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke, amyl, toys, enemas, WS, light bondage, shaving, greasy, wet or torn jocks or briefs, 501s, outdoor sex, exhibitionism and fantasy scenes. Send letter with photo and phone to: Drummer Box 4857LF

ATLANTA S&M

Top (sadist), bottom (masochist), into leather, BD, whips and paddles, CBT, dildoes, FF and safe sex, looking for singles, couples, or groups into all, or any of the above. This top is 5'8", 41, bearded, intense and experienced. Bottom is 40, 5'8", cleanshaven, muscular, good-looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write: 1096 Monroe Dr. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30306. (LF4866)

LEVI BOOT SLAVE

Tall, 41, WM slave into 501 button fly levis, whips, black leather boots, boot-licking, SM, CBT, Fr, Gr, etc. Not into FF, scat, rear Fr, uncuts, drugs, WS, piercing, damage, unsafe. Send phone to Box 4968.

ILLINOIS

COCK SLAVE WANTED

Chicago leatherman, 25, 148 lbs., 5'8", brn/bl and moustache seeks cock and boot slave (23-32). B/D, CB&T, TT, WS, shaving & assplay will be administered. Service my leathers & boots as well, you will get special attention. Only if you last through these disciplines might you earn the right to this Master's cock. Write respectful letter, describe experiences, fantasies. Photo & vital stats required. Serious need only apply. Box 5159

HEAVY SM NEEDED

Blond, moustache, 160 lbs., 6', 36 yrs., masculine—Chicago area—needs to meet dark-haired men, women, who

enjoy working over a guy with torture, heavy whipping, abrasives, nipple biting, marks, welts. Write Drummer Box 5152

SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN

WM, 42, 5'11", sensitive, loving, professional, straight appearance, Factive, G passive, seeks well-built, heavy-hung B/W/Spanish man to use hungry, deep throat and hot, eager, receptive hole. Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592, Springfield, IL 62705.

GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED Chicago Master: 43, 6'3", 190# with well-equipped Dungeon/Playroom including sling wants submissive slaves or bottoms for: obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, fraternity initiations, paddling, C&B work, SM, exhibitionism, etc. All limits respected. Photos of sessions available if desired. Novices accepted. Race no problem. Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young studs. Also require occasional services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perfom miscellaneous tasks. Send photo if possible to: PO Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690.

VERY ATTRACTIVE/ATHLETIC
Professional WM, 29, straightappearing, masculine good looks, with
good, solid build, nice chest, 5'10", 150
lbs. Enjoy most sports, i.e. Nautilus,
BB, running, skiing, etc. Not into bar
scene, drugs, fems. Seek as above very
good-looking, good build, masculine,
intelligent, 22-32. No disappointments.
Presently live in NW suburb Chicago. If
above, I dare you to respond. Must
have photo/letter, discreet to: D.H.,
Suite 491, 2421 W. Pratt Blvd., Chicago,
IL 60645.

I NEED TO SUBMIT

Uncut, 7½", 5'5", 165 lbs., 37, needs Master/daddy for SM, CBT, BD—and affection too. Dan needs dad. Please write, Sirl Box 87, 924 W. Belmont, Chicago, IL 60657.

INDIANA

FT. WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W/M, 5'11", 180 lbs., blond/blue, hairy. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S/M, whipping, paddling, etc. FF a specialty! Mostly top, but extremely versatile. We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

Very versatile, creative, intense, 34, 5'9", 145, shaved, pierced, tattooed, seeking kink and/or cuddle with burly, masculine, biker/trucker types—25+, 190+, big belly, thighs, and a beard a plus. Also want dirty pictures or source of porn of heavy and hairy men. John, PO Box 441091, Indianapolis, IN 46224.

IOWA

BONDAGE FANTASIES

fulfilled by slave, 23, 5'11", 165, into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train, or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold captive??? Write detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 1126, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE
Dominant Master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

LOUISANA

PUSSYBOY BUTTSLAVE

WM, 30, bl/bl, good-looking, inexperienced, needs training at regular encounters. PO Box 71313, New Orleans, LA 70172.

DADDY'S BOY

needs a Daddy now in New Orleans. 37. 5'6", 135 lbs., uncut, leather/Levi. Versatile. Moustache. Send info/telephone for fast reply. Box 5168

MARYLAND

SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear, that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot, leather Master. I respectfully submit my 30-year, W/M, 6', 175 lb., hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top. I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots, yield my mind and body to your total control. Limits: drugs, scat, fisting, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me. Box 4848

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 169 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean slaves for long, safe sexual sessions in my Annapolis, MD fully equipped den. New men get TLC. Letters with photo, mailing address, full name, and complete body information get answered. Also need other good tops for sharing trained slaves. Box 3893LF

MASSACHUSETTS

HAIRY ANIMAL WANTED

by hot bottom that needs to be shown what a hot, sleazy, raunchy and sweaty workout is. Also three-ways. Resident, 114 Union Park St. #3, Boston, MA 02118.

BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE WM, 27, 6'1", 185 needs booted, gloved, arrogant Leather Master for dog training, humiliation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags, hoods, collars, cuffs, etc.). Send me your orders, Sir, and I will obey. Complete discretion requested. Box 4576LF

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS.

Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-ball torture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood and damage. Seek sane top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo/phone for early meeting. Box 4724LF

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN

Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic top man into bondage. I am 33, 5'8", 140 lbs. and eager to learn more of leather hoods, gags, restraints, gloves, chaps, jocks, rubber and hot scenes with erotic, hot top. All replys will be answered as you order. I travel all of New England. Box 4757LF

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

CONTRASTS

A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, bootlicking, ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy, 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious, no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02112

HUSBAND WANTED

Attractive GWM, 28, 5'3", 135, lt. brown hair, dark brown eyes, seeks workingclass man for fun and frolic. I'm cut, but foreskin is something I can't live without. I enjoy most types of music and prefer R&R to disco. I enjoy collecting movies and adore animals. I have a dog and cat. I love to cook, but I hardly eat when cooking for one and hardly sleep when sleeping alone. I need a man with a sense of adventure, to kindle my own, and a sense of humor, but who is also reliable. I'm not attracted to skinny men, so a few extra pounds can't bother me. And if you're really hairy, I can go barefoot. Billy, PO Box 1067, Boston, MA 02117-1067

MICHIGAN

DADDY'S LITTLE MAN

Leatherman looking for semi-regular, heavy action with little man who need it rough. Daddy has salt & pepper hair, moustache and beard. 5'11", 45, 180, ex-Navy. I'm experienced, health-aware. Gr/a, Fr/p, into piercing, bondage, hand-balling, toys & S/M. Little man must be 25-40, not overweight, submissive. Phone # required. Box 5181.

WM BOTTOM

WM, 36, 6'2", 198 lbs., moustache, into BD, WS, tit torture. Some experience, need to explore and expland limits. Box 5138LF

MINNESOTA

FETID FORESKIN

on raunchy 38-year-old, 150#, 5'10" pig needs attention from other raunchy freaks who are 35-50, beefy, dirty, hairy UC & mean. Hot, filthy correspondence welcome.(4571LF) Grant, PO Box 6194, Minneapolis, MN 55406

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike, sane SM. Wants to contact those with similar interests. Write for details. Box 4527LF

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

MINNEAPOLIS

Slim male would like to meet hard drivin', hard fuckin' truckers. Please no phonies, queens, or bullshit. Box 4804

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master, 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

RAUNCHY-HOT-WET SEX

36, 5'11", 170, well hung can be active but prefer passive. Digs leather/Levi action, boots, tit work, lots of piss drinking, 69, recycled beer swap, well-used jockstraps, sweaty bodies. Will worship masculine bodies and cocks. PO Box 201428, Minneapolis, MN 55420.

TOPS/BOTTOMS, WHERE ARE YOU?

Let's get together for TT, CB/T, BD, etc. I am 36, WM, 5'7", 175 and hot for action. Write: Jim, PO Box 4211, St. Paul, MN 55104.

MISSISSIPPI

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases 'n' basket bulges, hard-balling games, climactic excruciation. Leathers are for daily wear, long bike tours, sweaty aromas, harnessed, heavy huggin' and more. At 43, 5'8", 143 lbs., I'm a balding, bearded, booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smokefree, but well-leathered life. Looking for a together guy who's comfortable in leather without artificial putdowns or attitudes, and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts. If you share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment is worth working for, please write Harold, PO Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 (LF4831).

MISSOURI

LEATHER TOPMAN WANTED

Need leatherman into full and complete leather clothing (boots, chaps, harnesses, gloves) and into having a bottom (companion) for scenes and mutual fantasies with submission, leather, rubber, uniforms, gags, plugs, boots, etc., Want man to play, talk and be with. Please write your needs. Box 4555LF

WANTED!!

White male who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to include address, phone number and photo which will be returned on request. Box 4719LF

MANSERVICE

WM, 45, slim, tattoed, into WS, FF, slapping, verbal abuse, rimming, body worship, wants to service a slim to well-built, healthy stud who is foulmouthed and funky. Box 4926

FF BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM, 5'10", 175, 37, two years into red hanky right and looking for long-term serious trainer for my hungry hole. Help me break in my new sling. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033.

MASTERS SEEK SLAVE/HOUSEBOY

2 GWMs, 30, 39, looking for full-time, obedient slave. Must be willing to relocate. Send resume, picture and phone no. You tell us why we should accept you. Box 5095

FORESKIN LOVER/ST. LOUIS
White male, 25, 5'11", 175, 8" cut, seeks
big, uncut cocks. Blacks and foreigners
welcome. Photo/letter gets response.
Box 5175

MONTANA

COWBOY BIKER

WM, 5'10", 140, hung, interested in meeting other cowboys or bikers with tight, bulging Levi crotches or for leather-against-leather action including bootwork, on or off cycle. Enjoy rodeos and traveling. Go down on my spurred cowboy boots or my heavy high biker boots and black leather pants/chaps. Photo with letter gets same. Box 5017LF

NEVADA

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

33, 5'10", 160 lbs., enjoys being BOUND, CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anally or orally oriented. Enjoy JO fantasies with another man who is into leather, uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine, thin or muscular man,

18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds, send photo. I would like to get together for mutual fun. Box 4816LF

NEVADA PHOTOGRAPHER

Professional photographer needs models in Carson City/Reno, Nevada area. Send photo and your interests. Box 5183

BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

I travel northern Nevada, California, southern Oregon and live in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-retired white male is 48, 5'8", 170 lbs., and uncut. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut, uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now, slave, with photo, phone number, desires and or fantasies. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Box 5163LF

NEW JERSEY

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS
Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONECALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

NEW JERSEY

GWM, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., extremely health-conscious, into spanking, TT, crotch shaving, CBT, enemas, VA, humiliation. I prefer to take rather than give, but will consider trade-off with right person. No exchange of body fluids. PO Box 74, East Brunswick, NJ 08816

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty. (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 P.M. EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING
Union County slave is 26, 5'7", 156 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. Very hairy, muscular, wild, hairy ass loves to be fucked long and hard. Need training by sincere, muscular Master. The more muscles the better. All replys with photo answered first. Box 4956LF

HAIRY FIST SEEKS HOLE

30-year-old Italian, 5'4", seeks trim, defined bottom to serve my needs. Into drinking piss, fucking, sucking cock and ass. You must enjoy getting fisted, and having your balls twisted, chewed on, and eventually shoved up your ass. Apply with stats, photo, phone. NYC metro area preferred. All answered. Box 5084

STRAPPINGS/EXAMINATIONS/ ENEMAS

Formally administered to deserving young men, reform-school style. Call this handsome 31-year-old, hairy guy. (201) 635-7066.

ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED Hot, handsome, tan-black, virile, muscular, athletic jock (5'10", 170, 33 yrs.) enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex, or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Top mostly, but can be bottom. Additional turn-ons: sweat sox, jockstraps, sweaty, lean, hairy, hard bodies, tight jeans, boots, leather and plenty of rope. Discreet, safe, sane, sanitary, healthy. Want to meet long-lasting, lean jock buddies with similar interests. PO Box 1368, Atlantic City, NJ 08404.

WANTED: LEATHER SUPERMAN!
Beautiful novice, 29, 5'8", 150 lbs., (chunky), dark brown hair and eyes, seeks leather superman to initiate me into the exhilarating world of leather! Bodybuilder preferred. Your photo gets mine. PO Box 125, Ridgefield, NJ 07657, Note: Work in Manhattan; live 3 miles from Manhattan (NYC).

MARRIED BOTTOM 45

seeks real man 30-55 to use/abuse my tits and ass for super-clean, hot, safe sex. Box 5169

TAN MY HIDE

WASP bank clerk, 32, needs bare-ass spanked/strapped by hard-working guys esp. Blacks and Hispanics. 5'9". 150, conceited, hung-up on looks, at times rude. Need the rough hand of hard worker to blister my insolent backside. No sex. Good tail tanning will make me humble. Rob. Box 5165

NEW YORK

LEATHER DISCIPLINING

wanted by experienced masochist. 5'10", 170, muscular and hot. Restrain my power, clamp my firm protruding nips, stimulate my endurance with whips, wax, weights, etc. If you are sane and sadistic—and can convert a bottom to slave—send description of yourself and scene. Phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5110

SCAT

WM, 6', 175 lbs., into top, bottom and especially mutual scat scenes and other raunch. One on one or group scat parties. (718) 271-6143. Box 5004

SLAVE AND/OR BOTTOM

Opportunity to serve under incredible Master/top as houseboy and caretaker on beautiful L.I., NY, grounds. You will live in your own cottage and have a pleasant and stimulating life, surrounded by natural beauty and erotic days and nights. Only for the man who truly wants the reality of the society we live in, with the escape to the fulfillment of his fantasy world as a complete slave/bottom. Reply to Box 4255LF.

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX, LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. MYSELF: GWM, 38, 6', Br, 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking, other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. NOT INTO: Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF

39, 140 LBS., BLOND

green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine. PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, NYC, NY. Box 4557LF TOTALLY JADED

39, 170 lbs., blond/green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine (4557LF). PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, New York, NY

MACHO TOP

I'm a mid-50s macho top, with a mid-40s body and a mid-30s mind, looking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit himself to creating a mutually rewarding relationship. Must also be willing to share mutual trust whether it involves sexual limits, finances or friends. I am 155#, 5'10", medium-hairy, muscular and athletic, sensuous, dominant, sexually experienced and versatile and uncloseted, so am not looking for a "discreet" relationship. I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STD's and am AIDS negative and medically knowledgeable. Professionally I am a scientist, financially secure and can support you fully within limits, but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be willing to let me help you find one. Your facial features, physical condition and emotional maturity are important to me, so please send a recent photo. My last lover was a model, but that's not a requirement. I do expect you to be sincere, honest and to respect yourself and your body, and to be willing to make yourself important to me. haven't mentioned leather, but wouldn't advertize in Drummer if that were unimportant. Box 4520LF.

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man, heavy body contact, face punching and verbal action between 2 raunchy jock-filled studs. Also spit, hairy pits and pecs. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S/M and more. No drugs—no damage. I will hurt you, but never harm you. Dr. scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Sir Paul Breeme, PO Box 4369, Old Village Station, Great Neck, NY 11027. (LF4255)

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim, bearded master, 35, needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, discipline, and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad, eager tool. Applicants must be healthy, trim, under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome. Reply with phone & photo. J. Miller, Box 3086, Kingston, NY 12401. (LF4092)

MUSCLE POWER

Super hot, muscular jock is looking for other muscle-bound jocks into muscles, bodybuilding, leather, going barefoot and barechested. Showing off our hot bodies and big bulges in tight sweat pants or 501 jeans. I am looking for straight-acting, muscle jocks who want and demand the best in hot, uninhibited sex and man-to-man action. I get into wrestling, boxing, bodypunching, general horsing around, posing and flexing, sex challenges, heavy ball work, leather, Harleys, oil, sweat, exhibitionism, piss and hard sex. I am W/ 29, 5'10", 170 lbs. of man, with a rock hard, ripped body. I have brown hair and eyes, mustache, hot, rugged goodlooks, and a 12" cock, and a real cocky straight attitude. I am health conscious so I limit myself to a few hot and horny muscle-bound men like myself. You must be 18-40, a true muscle jock into the above with a spirit of adventure. So if you are interested, heavily muscled and into muscle, then reply with picture. Then we can get together, pumpup, oil-up and put our hot muscular bodies through a hot sexual work-out. Reply with photo to Duke, PO Box 165, Kings Park, NY 11754. Let's work out our hot, horny muscle urges on each other. Box 4746LF

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather, anyone want to train his top? Me: GWM, 44, 5'10", 165, muscular, sensitive, Gr/A, Fr/p. You: good body, smart. Goal: hot monogamous relationship. Ph/ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

DEAR SIR-AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

GWM, 25, 215 lbs., 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on Long Island. Seeks older man/mentor-/leather top to administer discipline on a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically, emotionally. Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain, 3) raising of self-esteem when I can appreciate my proper place as bottom. Discipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, titwork, Greek,? Safe. Important: for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection. Box 4828LF

BOY/DOG SEEKS TRAINER

Tall, slim, healthy and hung, 29-yearold novice needs trainer in verbal abuse, dildoes, cock, ball and tit work, spankings and light bondage. Safe sex only. Photo and phone, please. Box 5172

SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves, 18-27, into no-limit C&BT: vices, electric liquid heat, and heavy pain. Also TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Call DR on (617) 497-0651, Boston, MA. Leave your age, description and heaviest experience with phone no. and best time to return call. I'm 45, GWM, 6', 210 lbs.

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781

SIXTY PLUS?

White male needs older male (60+) who is masculine and has experience. I am 34, healthy, in good physical shape, an eager, willing learner and I am considered very good-looking. Am not a complete novice, rather prefer a person who understands his own enjoyments and can move things, mature in his direction. I've been told on several occasions that my French abilities are the best (ever). And as this was always by someone senior, with many years of experience, this may be particularly meaningful. In addition, I have had a bit of experience around bondage and discipline. But your preferences are foremost and I would expect to adapt myself to your pleasures.

If it wouldn't be embarrassing or a turnoff to you, a recent picture or pictures
of you would be much valued by
me...either the regular type, revealing, in action, whatever. The only reason why I mention "recent" is because
to me, this would be the most attractive
and stimulating. Grey or white hair is a
definite plus. For the person who fits
these images, I would want very much

to bring pleasure, that is, to satisfy him

I live in NY now, am in NYC almost daily and I travel outside NY on a regular basis (Midwest and Fla. now). Relocation could be arranged if a full-time situation turned out to be desirable to you. Please write soon? Box 5105LF

MUSCLEMAN/SLAVE WANTED by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master. You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handling forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and punishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your limits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together, slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calling (914) 356-0754.

WET HOT HUNGRY ASS

Order my juicy melon butt to service your rod. Tie me, beat me, but ram my hole and take your pleasure. Will do anything to help you enjoy buttfucking my wet, hot, hungry ass. You are very hung, confirmed topman into all scenes, 20-50, but tight body! I am WM, 27, 5'10", BB, 160 lbs. (and growing), br/green, 8", humpy Italian stud, but your bottom playtoy. Can be top at your command, Sir! Please hurry, Sir. I need you badly, Sir! Box 5193

MR. LEATHER NY 1986 CONTEST This is an AIDS benefit. Anyone interested in being a contestant, placing an ad or memorial, donating a prize, contributing entertainment, or being on our mailing list, write: Mr. Leather NY Contest, Box 410, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

SCAT LOVER

Young WM seeks top men for scat and farting sessions. Send reply to 496 Hudson St., Ste. 458, New York, NY 10014. Me bottom, you top.

WM, 38, 6'1", slim, good-looking, looking for Master with obedient cocksucking slave for long session of face fucking by both of us. Love bruising its gaggin cocksucking throat with my very fat 9" meat on its Master's com-

KINKY LEATHER CAPTAIN

mand for hours. Box 5195.

seeks young (18-30) hairless, submissive slave for prolonged sessions that include FF, scat, fruit-bondage, nylons/heels whippings. Race unimportant! Applications with photo and phone a must! Box 897, M.H.S., NYC 10156.

GROVELING ORAL SLAVE NEEDED

by WM, 35, with very thick 9". Let me turn your sweet mouth into a gagging, scummy, fuck hole, only deep slimy throats need apply. Long endurance necessary. Send face photo. Box 5192.

NEIGHBORS WANTED

Two GWM buying weekend house in N.E. Pennsylvania, want to meet their neighbors in the area for fun and friendship. Please write to PO Box 1003, Milford, PA 18337.

TOILET SLAVE WANTED

White male, 45 years, 5'7", 135 lbs., 7" uncut, moustache, hairy. Seek toilet slave into scat, piss, toys, etc. FF, smoke, aroma okay. Box 5157

WESTERN NEW YORK SLAVE
WM, 36, 6', 170 lbs., into leather, TT,
bondage, poppers, WS, shaving, enemas, toys, exhibitionism. Seeks Master
under 45 to keep me naked and expand
limits. Box 5160

BONDAGE MASTER!

40, 6'4", leather, cigars, uniforms, tattoos: looking to own a total slave! If being stripped, shackled, shaved and trained to serve one Master permanently has been your fantasy, here's the chance to make it a reality!!! Lots of equipment to tame the slave and teach him the meaning of restraint. All letters answered, but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to: Bondage Master, 263A West 19th St., Suite #160, New York, NY 10011. (LF4730)

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB DAD

to grow, develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be BB coach. Prefer boy, over 18, who is not afraid to show off his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC. Good situation for a big man with big goals. Ph/Ph/Letter to Drummer Box 4717LF

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Hairy WM, 40, 5'11", 180, with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sons, abuse and use bottoms, roughhouse with other dads. Enjoys bondage, tit and ball torture, hot wax, clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling, classical music, travel, motorcycling, bullshitting. Tough DIs and skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scat, FF, drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY; can travel. Photo required with letter; phone speeds reply. Box 4716LF

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 165, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, mustached professional desperately needs to be leashed, collared, trained to obey master's every command (within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape. Photo/phone. Box 1038, Southampton, NY 11768. (LF4715)

HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather straitjackets, restraints, suspension, etc. Seek total master, intelligent, healthy and sane. Box 4683LF

GWM, 38, 5'8", 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my B.S. and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyle, break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find life of fulfillment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

BEARDED, 35

Leatherman, 6', 160, top, seeks bottom for hot, health-conscious scenes. No holds barred, so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your picture gets mine. Box 4712LF

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40, goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in need of a brother, father image, good friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM, Greek, and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperiencedthat's OK-have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker, and non-fem. I travel the US as well, so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Island. Respond with photo and phone if possible. Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (LF4711)

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with a shaved head and beard. Most everyone thinks I'm a top because of the way I look and carry myself. What I'm looking for, however, is an intelligent, affectionate guy who's really my Daddy in bed. I need someone to go slow with me at first, but also someone who can teach me how to be a good son in the bedroom. I'm an independent, intelligent guy who is looking for a complete and equal relationship outside of the bed, but who definitely needs a dominant, strong man for an intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. I'm fascinated, but not experienced in shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and probably a hundred other things I've never thought about. I'm not into pain or lifethreatening situations. I know I'd be a great catch and would make the right Daddy very happy. Please write and maybe we can explore new possibili ties. Box 4709LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man body contact, verbal action, between two raunchy jock-filled studs. Also, pecs, spit and hairy pits. J/O and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

MATURE TALL MASTER/DADDY WM, 6'2", 180 lbs. Slave wanted by dominant male. Requires submissive, obedient boy over 20 years. Must be able to take orders and carry them out. Live in upstate NY. Box 4756LF

RUBBER/LEATHER-MUD WRESTLE WM, 45, 160, wants to meet buddies into mud/oil wrestling and WS in full rubber or leather gear. Any farmers out there with a mud hole? Can travel East Coast and help with animals. Photo/ letter to PO Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202

TOP NEEDED: BOY OR DADDY Hot, horny, masculine BOTTOM wants to be BOY to a hot, hung, butch, dominant DADDY ... OR ... DADDY to a dominant, hot, demanding BOY. I am a masculine, hot, wild white man who needs to service a TOP boy or Daddy!! 39 years old, 6', 185 pounds, hot, construction-worker look. I like to be forced into submission and experience one or more wild, hot scenes: sucking, getting fucked, body worship, toy, BD, leather, fantasies involving police, straight tough guy, military, fatherson... Also like toys, wrestling, manhandling and MAN-TO-MAN ACTION AS A BOTTOM, SAFE SEX ONLY!!! Send

number to Box 4776LF TORTURE VICTIM WANTED!

your hottest photo, letter and phone

Prisoner for bondage and submission control by sadistic Drummer Dad. WJM, 47, 6'1", 210, grey beard, safe-/sane, dominant and mean, seeking absolutely clean/healthy monogamous and overeducated male in good shape. Your fantasies are to be captured, tied up, and forced to submit to the will of a dominant man who will issue orders to be followed and mete out suitable punishment that includes verbal abuse, face slapping, bodywrap, TT, restraints, cuffs, and enough taste of the leather belt to make you wimper and cry until you learn to apologize for being a victim. Strict rules include: No drugs! No WS! No Scat! NO BODY FLUIDS! Total "safe-sex guidelines"! Non-dangerous situation and rewarding ultimate relationship for the right guy. Levi-leather-uniforms are a turn-on. If the above has always been your needs and you've been afraid to explore them-this is the right man to apply to. This is not for hit-and-run. A permanent "friendship" with trust and

safety is what I am seeking. No bar life or trashy lifestyle tolerated. Absolutely NO raunch or sleaze in my background, so you be the same. Submit fully detailed letter with photo. Tell me how and why control, discipline, bondage, punching, leather gloves, interrogation and mirror sunglasses would suit your mental and physical well-being. Reply to Box 4718LF

STREET FEET

This hot stud is into a natural, masculine, barefoot lifestyle and attitude, and goes barefoot everywhere, alway Would like to meet other hot, masculine, barefoot studs, young punks, and street dudes, who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty-for barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot, man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you, then contact this very hot, goodlooking, naturally masculine BB, who is W. 5'10", 172 lbs. of muscle, straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bold, the tough, the daring, the few. B.F., 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., North-port, NY 11768. (LF4872)

TOILET SLAVE WANTED

White male, 50 years, 5'7", moustache, 7" uncut, 135 lbs. Suck my cock, balls, armpits, feet. Eat out my asshole and drink my piss. You have pad, I have polaroid for hot photos! Enemas, dildoes, smoke, aroma, FF great. The real, raunchy thing. Box 4996

DOMINANT BLACK MAN WANTED Smooth, slim, very well-hung, European white male, 40, 5'10", 155 lbs., seeks abuse from hot and heavy mature Black man. Sit on my face, beat me, fuck me or whatever turns you on. Live in NYC, but travel widely. Send hot note/phone to Richard, Suite K52, 496 Hudson St., New York, NY 10014

SLEAZE ADDICT

Hungry white pig needs dirty Black Topman with unwashed, stinkin' body to tongue-bathe-total servicing for cheesy cock, ripe ass, filthy feet. Bigassed fat pig is 35, 5'4", 180, clean and eager to serve raunchy BLACK BOSS. Travel Boston, D.C. Box 5054

LET'S GET ALL WET

Looking for occasional raunch sessions this summer in NYC area with men who love getting wet-like mewith clothes and all—wrestling in river mud, beer swilling, showers and full baths, hose fights, squirting piss over your/my business suit, wet Levis, infantilism, camping, sleeping bags interested? I'm 37, healthy and hot. Not attracted to men who are young, cleanshaven, very tall or thin. Write with photo. Let's plan some wet, sticky, smelly fun for '86. Box 5118

SHIT PIG WANTS LOVER

Shit-eating pig seeks lover for heavy shit scenes plus affection and permanency. Ideally, desire top guy, to be his total shit slave. As alternative, would consider lover relationship involving mutual shit. I'm 40, decent build. Health conscious; expect same. Box 5143

SAFE BUT SLEAZOID

Good-looking, masculine WM in NYC interested in meetings and possible relationship with likeminded, responsible degenerates. Limited body contact/no fluid exchange, but plenty of JO, sweaty underwear/jocks, armpit sniffing, pissing and shitting for each other's viewing pleasure, etc. I'm 6'3", 200, br/bl, nice, naturally muscular build, Germanic looks, balding on top but with lots of hair everywhere else. Prefer manly guys 28+ who are bright,

warm and responsive, and like to play it safe but dirty. If interested, drop me a line. Box 5137

DWARF KING'S SUBJECT

Older, clean, submissive GWM, 5'61/2" trained in complete French service. Front, rear, feet. Seeks self-indulgent, dominant, white male dwarf who wants real devotion to his physical satisfaction and personal convenience. Pain accepted if required. Box 5171

BOTTOMS

Serious leather, rubber, raunch. (212) 580-0681

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER IN NYC will meet Master's needs. Must relocate from Indiana. Please write-tell me what I must do. Box 5182

> **UPSTATE NEW YORK** CLERGYMAN

White, 40, hairy, seeks male who is mutual or top for worship. Into safe French, watersports, scat, jack. off, pits, tits, nips, 3-way, briefs. Include photo and description. Box 5173

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

TORTURE NEEDED

Need inquisition or Nazi prison camp doctor to torture this unwilling victim-GWM, 34, 5'10", 155, moustache. Box 5098

NORTH CAROLINA

SLAVE FOR MASTER

YOU: Master/Daddy/Top, masculine, healthy, heavy built, hairy, muscular, well-endowed, 5'10"+, mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring, extensive training, and total commitment. ME: slave/son/bottom, WM, 30, 5'10", 175 lbs., masculine, healthy, hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straightlooking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&BT, TT FR a/p, heavy GR/p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action, expanding limits. Sir, please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF,

UNCUT CHEESERS WANTED Uncut white male, 39, 220 lbs., wants to meet men for foreskin sniffing, cheese, long suck and rim sessions. Size and

weight unimportant. Let me service you in your raunchy and sweaty jockey shorts. Just lay back and let me work. Write: Bobby, PO Box 1208, Manteo, NC

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair & eves seeks slave for S&M. B&D. TT. watersports, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA 160 lbs., 6'1", 52-year-old, size 13 boot. Heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat or heavy pain. Evenings until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

WANTS TO LEARN MORE, SIR!! Boy, bottom, 28, WM, 170 lbs., stocky, moustache seeks hairy, raunchy Daddy/top, to 55, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy, uncut, beer belly, but all mature masters will command me, for himself or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather, CB/TT, WS, FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you. S.E. Florida, and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF

SUBMISSIVE MASOCHIST

5'8" blond, slim, 28, submissive masochist seeking sadists in Ohio. Turned on by chains, rape, torture, possible gang rape if the gang is healthy. Box 5035

rough, WILD & KINKY SEX
I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing, good-looking, 8½" cut, dig real men, SM, CBT, poppers, J0, Gr-Fr a/p—rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, P0 Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF4047)

HOT BOTTOM

30, 6', 155 lbs., have a hungry hole that can't get enough action. Need hot, hung tops into Gr, Fr, FF, TT, shaving, spanking and leather. Box 5097

THIRSTY PISS-DRINKING DUDE White, 35, 6'4", 200 lb. dude seeks hot-looking men who oink over piss scenes involving jockey shorts, urinals, toilets, sewers, mouths and tongues and eating piss-drenched ass. Piss pigs only, no scat. PO Box 530, Toledo, OH 43693.

BOOTED MEN WANTED

Leathermen, cops, cowboys, soldiers, linemen, studs who want a boot-lovin' toy for amusement. Toy travels to L.A., S.F., N.Y., Chi., Atl., DC. Write Boxholder, Box 48, Columbus, OH 43216.

SLAVE LIVE-IN WANTED

Professional GWM would like similar 20-35, masculine, good-looking, well hung and not overweight. No drugs and into fun sports, running, leather and the like. Reply with objectives, fantasies and photo. Box 5194

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

effectively applied to colonial butts by former Prep School Dorm Prefect. GWM, 38, sharp and super physical shape. Liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and cane applied in no-nonsense fashion on American ass. P.O. Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

OKLAHOMA

MASTER SEEKS 2ND SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

(2 GWM) Master and slave seek permanent houseboy/slave to finish household unit. New slave must be 20-30 years old. Into all scenes except scat and serious injury. Limits respected but will be trained to suit Master. Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS, FAKES, FEMS) Only seriously interested need to respond. Send personal information, phone, and a recent photo a must. Will answer all. To: SIR, PO Box 23561, Oklahoma City, OK 73123 (LF4534)

PENNSYLVANIA

VERSATILE BOTTOM

needs hung dominant top. I'm into a/p Fr & Gr. Really like to suck cock and be fucked by cock, dildo or butt plug. Would like my limits expanded, but respected. Into bondage, enemas, WS, FF. I'm 40, 5'7", 160 lbs., blue eyes, cut. Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 4580LF.

MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED

WM, 5'9", 185 lbs, looking for Master-/Topman who is into prolonged bon-dage, with masks, hood, straight-jacketts, etc. Boots, uniforms, watersports, whipping—you name it. No limits except no drugs or permanent markings. NY, MD, W. VA, VA, DC, PA Area. Box 4531LF

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Phil-

adelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domaine. (LF4674)

MASOCHIST/SON

wanted by 43 yr. old Harley riding Leatherman into boots, ass-kicking, body-punching, ball-torture and VA. You can expect to be face-fucked while hooded and bound, have a dildo used on your throat and ass, and submit in general. Few toys needed—just boots, leather and fists. No theatrics wanted. Attitude is all-important. TLC possible for right person afterward. Prefer under 30, slim, however, all considered. Fisting a plus. Visit-NYC frequently. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF.

DUNGEON MASTER

6', 165 lbs., 48 year old master, Greek active, French passive, requires obedient slave for training, S&M, B/D, WS, etc. Limits respected and expanded. Assistant masters also welcome. Send respectful letter with phone to PO Box 7363, Philadelphia, PA 19101. (LF4836)

YOUNG STUD WANTED

in Pittsburgh area for extensive training. I am WM, 6', 180 lbs., 45, uncut, competent, 100% U.S.D.A. Prime with over-equipped leather fuck room. Men only need apply. Require mind, body and then some. Can't handle it—fuck off. Box 4406LF.

WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET

Goodlooking, masculine WM, 38 5'6", trim 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moustache, into hot, imaginative, mutually stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrestling, B&D, S&M, body worship, V/A. Can also enjoy just good masculine companionship. Versatile and health conscious. Travel Northeast/Midwest often. RW, Box 332, Harrisburg, PA 17108. (LF4897)

ASSMASTER

seeks dildofuckholes for humiliation trips, VA, C&BT, toys, "smoke," aroma, J/O, safe-sex. Good attitude preferred to great bodies, though latter a plus. Reply with photo and/or description to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112.

n 30, 6', 170 lbs, br, hair, gr, ev.

I'm 30, 6', 170 lbs., br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appearing, good-looking, 8½" cut, dig real men, SM, CBT, poppers, JO, Gr-Fr a/p—rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply, JC, PO Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF4047)

RHODE ISLAND

SLAVE/SON SEEKS MASTER/DAD
Hot, white male, good build, mid-30s, submissive, seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by. My cock, ass, balls and tits are for your use and fantasy. Seek a Master who is firm, dominate, in control and yet is understanding and desires to teach me to be the perfect slave/son I am meant to be. Bond me, spread-eagle me. I am hot and wild for a man in leather. Not into drugs, but into good times. Will travel New England area. Please consider, Sir. Box 5075LF

South Carolina

HOT SON LOOKING FOR HAIRY DADDY

I am white, 32, married male looking for hot stud for daddy, uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive tit torture, cock and ball work, watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Really turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot, submissive eager-to-please masculine partner, contact: Boxholder, PO

Box 16291, Greenville, SC 29606. Complete discretion expected and assured. (LF4829)

MUSCLES WANTED

Body builder or muscular guy wanted. Photo appreciated. Serious inquiries only. All letters answered. PO Box 42189, Columbia, SC 29240.

SLAVE/BOTTOM

White male, 30s, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, WS, long, hot sessions of servitude with genuine Leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter and pic to Box 4862.

HUNKY WHITE MALE

White male, 30, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, W/S, long hot sessions of servitude with genuine leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter & pic to Box 4862LF.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE ANIMAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure-through trust-of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6', 150 lbs., 46 yrs., greying-black hair, beard and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lowswingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a nobullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Older, retired L/L bottom slave searching for experienced L/L Top Master who wants a live-in slave to own. Top should be strict but also considerate and hopefully be proud of his ownership, even maybe someday have love for HIS slave. Once accepted, TOP will have complete control and make all decisions that portend to slave. Slave will wear Master's collar with pride. Bottom is good cook and housekeeper, gardner, etc. Slave has been trained by a Master who owned him for twenty eight years (Master died of cancer), been trained in all scenes and only limits are no scat or heavy sadistic pain. The only desire of this slave is to completely fulfill the Top's every wish, desire and commands. Also to make a happy home for same. Slave will give freely mind and body. Will relocate. Prefer Eastern U.S. but would consider other areas. Sir, please answer only if interested in above. Will exchange photos and phone no. if required. A letter with detailed information as to your needs will get swift, truthful answer. Box 5186LF

TEXAS

LEATHER/UNIFORMS/BOOTS

WM, 31, 5'11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks others who turn on to uniforms, leather, and high black boots. Also into SM, B&D, TT, WS & condoms. Photo/phone gets first response. Houston area preferred—some travel possible. Box 4528LF

SLAVE

Obsessions: blood, boots, branding, breath control, bondage, choking, confinement, control, discipline, dog training, domination, electricity, gloves, gut punching, hoods, interrogation, knives, leather, needles, piercing, piss, rimming, shaving, sweat, tatoos, torture, uniforms, violence. Interests: ashtray, enemas, fisting, plastic, rubber, Satanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers. Pretty much anything for intelligent MASTER. (713) 928-3318. (LF4792)

WM, 31, 5'10"

140 lbs., seeks slave for long-term. B/D, leather, Levi. No fats, fems. Only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Foto required for immediate reply (21-35 yrs. only). PO Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234

"PRISON RAPE"

with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participent—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Drummer Box 3853.

MASTER AVAILABLE

East Texas Master available. 42, 6'1", 190, big brother or dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED

East European, 36, 5'9", 150, uncut, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom, 20-30, uncut, moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4864LF

EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE 42, 6'1", 190, Big Brother or Dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe-sex Box 4949LF

EXPAND MY LIMITS

Dallas 33-year-old bottom wants to meet a top who truly enjoys introducing an eager student to the pleasures of leathersex. So far, I've only tried tit torture, spanking and bondage. I am uncut, 6', 210 lbs., hairy body. Anxiously awaiting your reply, Sir! Box 4987LF

HOUSTON AREA

White top, 43, 6'1", 190 lbs., Houston area. Porno, wrestling, dominance, Leather Fraternity member. Nothing else needs to be said. Box 4949LF

SERIOUS FISTERS WANTED

Topmen/versatile, singles/groups, serious fists/holes. Call Don, (214) 522-0086. Size/durability/experience are important, race/color are not.

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish"! Box 3853

MASTER/DAD

WM, 50, 6'2", 210, 7" uncut, moustache and beard, masculine, educated, experienced and versatile with firm but gentle style seeks slave/son for training and permanent relationship. Into leather, uniforms, Levis, boots, BD, SM, CB&TT, ET and most scenes. Have playroom with lots of equipment to tame the slave/son and teach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for a lasting, monogamous relationship of permanent life of servitude and security? Call (817) 458-4175 or send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Box 4986LF

BIG DALLAS NIPPLES

want to be manhandled. GWM, 37, slim (6', 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/men for C&BT, TT, WS, shaving, obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex only. No fats, crazys, or over 45. Dungeon a plus. Picture preferred, but not required. Box 4722LF

NOVICE SLAVE LOOKING FOR DADDY

I'm 26, 6'1", 198, br/br. Have hungry ass that needs training. Anxious to explore other areas. I'm inexperienced, but very willing to please. Ron, PO Box 896, Alief, TX 77411 (Houston).

SUCK MY 10" COCK

while I abuse your tits, balls, cock and ass, slave. Me: WM, 40, 5'11", 150, tight body. You: WM, 25-45, good build; no fats. Safe sex. PO Box 50445, Austin, TX 78763.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

HANDSOME FEET

Bold, muscular, western-leather jock, 5'10", 150 lbs., 71/2", wants to hear from middle-aged men into feet, pits and balls. Permanent, must live in San Antonio. Skinny and bald good, but please, nonsmoker. No drugs, drunks, fems or fat slobs. Box 5180

UTAH

NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall, attractive, 34, 6'2", 170 lbs., creative, seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations, no drugs, scat, fems or fats. Sir: Please reply with photo and phone no. to P.E.P., PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402.

VIRGINIA

READY TO SERVE

Leatherman seeks to serve other leathermen. Blond, blue-eyed and pierced, willing and ready to serve. Located in Tidewater, VA. Your photo will get my reply. Dan from Virginia. Box 4953LF

SEEKING DADDY

I'm 25, 6', 170 lbs., muscular and hung. Recently I graduated from college and am now on a man hunt. I dig leather, slings, dildoes, poppers, cockrings and big-dicked Daddies. Into any scene containing hot man-to-man action. Send photo and letter to Bob, Rt. #1, Box 632, Wytheville, VA 24382 (LF4854)

CONTINUOUSLY AROUSED

You can get worked over in a session wherein you are kept continuously aroused. If you are in the 20-30 year range, smooth body with well-defined chest. Whereabouts doesn't matter, we'll meet. I am in the forties, average looking, experienced and intelligent. Send photo, address (and phone if you care to; I'm discreet). It may lead somewhere! Box 5058LF

WANTED

WM, 21, with attractive, willing body is looking for a hot top man, 21-35, into SM and bondage sessions. Norfolk area. Box 5185

WASHINGTON

NEED MASTER/DADDY

33-year-old GWM, young, goodlooking, 145 lbs., 5'10" seeks mature, secure Master/Daddy to train beginner/novice for possible permanent relationship. Am tired of fantasy and bars. Need Master/Daddy to respect, obey and worship who is patient and considerate of slaves' limitations, but knowledgeable enough to expand them and ultimately control both my mind and body. Slave into toilet training, WS, bondage, verbal abuse and humiliation; seeks introduction to piercing.

Master is honest, intelligent, healthy and financially secure. Slave will need to continue working while being trained. Thank you, Sir, Box 4529LF

DRUMMER DESIRES

Submit to your *Drummer* desires. Safely explore your new horizons. Box 4876LF

WHIDBEY ISLAND-NORTH OLYMPICS

I'm a 40-year-old ex-logger, 6'1", slend build, 165 lbs. with tattoos and beard. I am considered good-looking. I'm into grease, mud, suspension, whips, paddles, TT, C&BT and some role playing. I like men who are grubby looking and uninhibited. Age not important but health and shape are. I'm not into FF. If you think we might have something in common how about a photo and some details. I'll respond. Box 4927LF

MASOCHIST

well-built man needs total SM experience. SWH, Box 1274, Longview, WA 98632.

VERSATILE TOP/BOTTOM

Purpose: to find man who is independent, intelligent, and comfortable with all roles. Sexually hard driving, creative and dynamic.

Myself: 39, professional, 5'9", 150 lbs., moustache, good body and confident. Partner: Man in his 30s or 40s, cares for his body as much as his mind, extremely versatile (from vanilla to raunch), and as comfortable with the city as the country.

Please respond with letter and photograph; open for mutual exchange. John/Seattle. Box 5081

BACKPACK, XC-SKI, FULL LEATHER IN SEATTLE

Japanese-American, 32, compact/tight build, bearded & butch, into malesex in full leather: cycle caps & jackets, tight chaps, boots, gloves, ball stretcher, kiss, suck, fuck, CBT play, rough contact, wrestling, 70% top, 30% bottom. Safe, no smoke/dope, raunch. Spend most weekends hiking/backpacking, bridge player, MBA, Catholic, witty & energetic (Interchain #509). You: white, relationship-oriented leatherstud, strong outdoorsman, 27-40, physically in-shape, mentally sharp, no smoke/dope. SF & VanBC replies welcome. Photo, phone, letter to Box 4544LF.

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per ½-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

Visiting Calif. May/June, Aug./Sept. Top and/or bottom. Seeks dungeon, rack, whipping, hot wax, pecs, nipple work. Rough scenes. 50, 5'10½", fit, well-muscled and hung. Butch. Keen to see Mr. Leather '86 and Hellfire weekend also. Well-built, nicely spoken young man to 30s as companion and guide (6' surfers A++). Photo please in jeans or speedos (no nudes). Will contribute if necessary. Write airmail to: Advertiser, PO Box 3794, Auckland, New Zealand.

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER WANTED IN U.S.A.

By bootlicking English WM, 28, uncut 8", 175 lbs. into W/S, SM, BB, Gr/P, dildoes. Want to try FF. Master should be under 45, WM, muscular, hung, into leather, rubber & toys. Playroom a plus. My experience is limited so you will enjoy expanding it. I'm open to most suggestions. Travel Europe, U.S.A. often. Also interested in hearing from leather rubber masters in Europe. Photo and detailed letter please, Sir. You won't be sorry! London. Box 4908

AMERICAN IN GERMANY!

Near Kaiserslautern. 35, 5'11", 160 lbs. biker with full leathers looking for military in Europe. Officers, NCOs into uniforms, leather, bikes, bondage, etc. Must be discreet and AIDS-conscious. Top or bottom. What I dish out I can also take. It's tough to make contact and we never will, if you don't move ass. (If you aren't dedicated to leather and/or uniforms, don't waste your time. If you're one of the few who are, don't lose time—writel) Box 5023

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

TWO DALLAS LEATHERMEN

Hot daddy and his boy travel worldwide, including London, Amsterdam, Germany, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto, Vancouver, Australia and New Zealand. Always interested in meeting hot men. Drop us a line. Box 5164

AUSTRALIA

SHIT MASTER

Shit master (40) wants to vary his pig slave's (35) meals. Leathermen/masters interested send airmail letter with asswipe sample. Later your dirty underwear can be sent for photos of slave worshipping and mouth cleaning it. Master will swap samples with masters with slaves to feed. Slaves can also beg sample from master. All, but those with photo/sample answered first. Box 4726LF

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

TAR AND FEATHERING

Order for Mister M, Philadelphia, Drummer issue 21. Write. Additional replies axel grease monkeys welcome. Box 5153

FRANCE

VISITING FRANCE?

A French guy, 30 yrs., 5'11", 175 lbs., black moustache, short-beard, Italian-type, seeks blond- or red-haired, masculine Dad traveling to France—preferably businessman type. Box 5196

REWARD

French Master, experienced, 40, 6'4", 200, 8", athletic (basketball star) moustache, dark haired, sexy, clean, attractive, seeks desperately his Suzan: slave starring in the last scene of Black and Blue: 40-45, good body, dark haired, no beard, no moustache. Reward possible for serious information. Emile Blanc, PR 108, 75009 Paris, France.

WEST GERMANY

AMERICAN IN GERMANY

Ex-patriot living in Frankfurt area. 35, blond, 6', 155, moustache—seeks leather/levi contacts for friendship and sex. Enjoy poppers, cockrings, chaps, toys. TT, CBT, WS. Moustache and hairy chest preferred. Am willing to provide short-term accomodations to American men visiting Deutschland in return for same when I visit USA. Discretion assured to European contacts. No hard drugs or chain smokers. Have video and playroom for mutual pleasure. Box 4456LF

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

wanted by experienced man 45, 5'11", 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss. snot, shit, puke, enemas, mud, grease, oil, rubber and leather gear, catheters, piercing, hot wax, S/M, TT, cock and ball torture, shaving. Interested in world-wide contact. Box 4682LF

GERMAN PIG-SLAVE

Submissive slave, 36, 6'2", 180 lbs., blond, blue eyes, moustache, hairy, interested in meeting mature American Masters into leather, Levi's, boots, having some hot German slave-meat. Slave is into rimming dirty and clean asses. WS, shaving, spanking, FF, dildoes, meetings in USA or Germany. Slave has 8" uncut. See picture under Tough Customers (*Drummer* 92). Letters with pictures to Klaus Moosbreiter, P-Lagernd 212, Terofal-strasse 25, 8000 Munchen 70, West Germany.

BLACK/APAB FUCKMASTER WANTED

German WM, 48, 6'4", 200, uncut, healthy, leather/uniform fan needs dominant, clean, weli-built circumcised fuckmaster for endless, long, hard and deep fuck session. Age, looks not important. If you visit Germany, you can be my guest. My address: Karsten Loop, Archenholzstr. 34, 2 Hamburg 74, West Germany.

ITALY

ITALIAN MALE

45 years, wants to meet males 20-42. Tall, muscular, earnest, for friendship. Send photo. Giorgio Marauda, Casella Postale 580, 20101 Milano, Italy.

SCOTLAND

AMERICAN SCOT

seeks photo exchanges with beefy, raunchy Scotsmen everywhere. Let's see what you've got under your kilt. Write B.J., Box 4973.

SWITZERLAND

COMING TO SWITZERLAND?

Visit this muscular top leatherman, 50, 5'11", 160, with beard, moustache, good tits, who is in perfect health (HTLV-neg). You may join him at his daily workout (at the gym) if you are 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular and hairy with a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-plowing, optional FF with heavy VA and mainly extensive mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Write with photo to B. Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basle, Switzerland. (LF5048)

MODELS CALIFORNIA

TRUE MASTER OF MUSCLE

I will tease you, taunt you, torment you, torture you, take you to a place you've never been able to reach. BD, SM, WS, FF, scatology, body worship, verbal abuse and much more by GQ BB, 6', 200 lbs., fully equipped. Photos and video available. Ask Brett (415) 863-6116.

HAIRY GUYS 18-25 ONLY!

Very good-looking young bottoms only for shaving videos/photos. Good pay. Joey. (213) 657-1551. (Also need tops.)

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

SAFE EAST BAY MASSAGE

Oakland-SF masseur. Fr-a/p, Gr-a. Phallic lovers, J/O. \$60 in. Photos, phone sex. Marc (415) 444-3204

SAN FRANCISCO'S FINEST

Male models & companions, Handsome, Masculine Men! Clean-Cut, Well-Groomed!, Versatile, Well-Endowed!, Warm—Friendly Models! Fresh As The Morning Dew! All Types For All Types Bikers, Leathermen, Lumberjacks, Out-

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bis and young men threatened with sexual exploitation in institutions everywhere benefit from the Penpal Program of Joint Venture, which also protects its members in society from rip-offs by unscrupulous prisoners. For information and a sample page of J-V's monthly listings, send an SASE to Joint Venture, PO Box 26-8484, Chicago, IL 60626.

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THE LEATHER UPDATE ON FILMS/BOOKS/VIDEO/AUDIO

THE HUMPY KILLERS NEXT DOOR

"I got something inside me," says Maxwell Caulfield. Well, don't blame me; I didn't put it there, although I would in a second. Charlie Sheen didn't put it there, either. They're just good friends in The Boys Next Door.

What Roy (Caulfield) has inside him is the urge to kill. Not that momentary impulse you get when you're pissed off, but a permanent passion to terminate lives. Bo (Sheen) doesn't feel as strongly about it, but, what the hell, they're buddies.

Fresh out of high school, the small town boys take off for a few days in L.A. before starting life sentences in factory jobs. Bo just wants to get laid. Roy is less interested in sex but is overly sensitive to being called a fag. And you know what that means.

They beat up an Iranian gas station attendant, then go home with a gay man (Paul C. Dancer) and kill him. The man's friend (Kenneth Cortland) holds up well under the badgering of a homophobic cop. Roy shoots a straight couple making out in a car. Bo finally finds a woman (Patti d'Arbanville) to fuck, and the jealous Roy offs her before she gets Bo off.

Director Penelope Spheeris has chronicled the punk scene, first in the documentary The Decline of Western Civilization and later in Suburbia. In her most polished work to date, the punks are just one aspect of the California decadence that freaks out two young guys who didn't even fit in at home. The climax takes place in the most decadent location of all, a shopping mall, where a female security guard beats Roy with a symbolic nightstick.

Hunky, blond Caulfield, former cover boy and insipid lead in Grease 2, does some serious acting here. So does Sheen, Emilio Estevez's younger, prettier brother, in a change of pace from his later



LOS PLACEROS OCULTOS: One of the entries in the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Film Festival.

and better performance in Lucas.

The Boys Next Door is neither great nor pleasant, but it's an effective cautionary tale that will make you think twice about inviting an attractive, young stranger, or two, home with you. It's also the movie that asks the question, "What exactly does 'Eat my fuck' mean?"

TEN DAYS OF S.F. TEN

At least 11 countries will be represented in the Tenth San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, the world's oldest. It opens June 20 at the Castro Theatre with Dona Herlinda and Her Son, Jaime Humberto Hermosillo's Mexican comedy about a mother who helps her son find a bride who won't interfere with his relationship with his lover.

Continuing through June 24 at the Castro and moving to the Roxie for June 25-29, the Festival will feature at least one outside event at the studios of KQED-TV. This will be a party surrounding the broadcast premiere of "The AIDS Show-Artists Involved with Death and Survival," a documentary about the samenamed Theatre Rhinoceros revue. It was made by Peter Adair (Word Is Out) and Robert Epstein (The Times of Harvey Milk) and will hopefully be shown nationwide on PBS not long after the June 26 premiere.

Other new films this year will include: Wrestler, an over-the-wall romance from Berlin, A Strange Love Affair (Netherlands), an off-the-wall romance by Eric de Kuyper, whose Naughty Boys was the low point of last year's Festival, from Spain, Imanol Uribe's

The Death of Mikel, a young man's fatal affair with a transvestite against a political background, Eloy de la Iglesia's Los Placeros Ocultos, reviewed in Drummer 91, the Spanishtitled Mala Noche (Bad Night) from the U.S., about illegal Latin immigrants in Portland, Oregon, and a young man who falls in love with one of them, and Adios, Roberto from Argentina, in which a man comes out and falls in loves after leaving his wife and moving in with a gay man.

The only new lesbian films will be shorts by Barbara Hammer and, from Switzerland, The Whole of Life, a film about the making of a film about the life of a middle-aged lesbian.

A rediscovered documentary, Gay San Francisco, unseen for over a decade, shows how our lifestyles and gathering places have changed in the past twenty years, presenting facts in the guise of a tongue-in-cheek expose'.

Shorts from the Commonwealth will present one short film each from Great Britain and Canada, and "Down Undershorts" from Australia and New Zealand.

An AIDS Information Series will include fact, fiction and TV documentaries that fall somewhere in between Artie Bressan's Buddies, and safesex erotica.

The tenth anniversary edition will be marked by encores from past festivals, including Maedchen in Uniform, Born in Flames, Dear Boys, We Were One Man, Lugar sin Limites (Hell without Limits) and the scheduled-but-nevershown (we should be so lucky again this year!) Times Square.

Some changes are likely before the start of the Festival, which is one of the highlights of Lesbian and Gay Freedom Week in San Francisco. Film freaks hardly have to go outside all week, except for the parade June 29.

—Steve Warren
DRUMMER 75

SOURCE ORDER FORM ON PAGE 85





THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss and, most of all, hot, masculine attitude.

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

76 DRUMMER

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

KID VS DAD-WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot-and he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

RITES AND RAUNCH

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine-well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff-devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Male bonding at its most extreme.

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

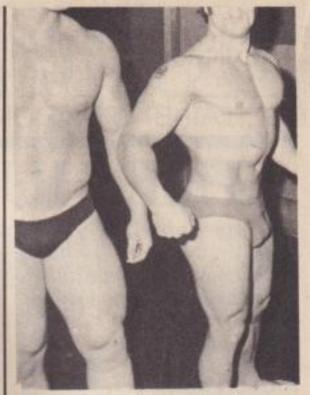
Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular-leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage his massive chest, his big, hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick... It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.

MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss ...and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in Marines Overheard.

HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck...Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty, greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout ...stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps...eyeing each other...their hands reaching out to feel their buddys' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred, then this tape is for you.

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games and kinky exhibitionism.

AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy who's wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too-plus Al's giant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest and kinkiest scenes ever recorded. 45



TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of Drummer magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about...your tongue is going to be my shower ... your mouth is going to be my toilet ... you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world, just 'cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper...get down. That's it-get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation.



FATHER/SON—A father becomes his son's lover.

MARINE BRIG—A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig.

PORN CALLS—Two half-hour jack-off phone calls.

SAILING TO HELL—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse.

THE CONFESSIONAL—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

THE HITCHHIKER—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

THE HUSTLER—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

THE WARDEN—The young convict learns that time was not allohe is giving up when he enters the joint.

TV REPAIRMAN—A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

WHIP FIRE—A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING—The hows and whys.

MALE PROSTITUTE—A young, male whore tells all.

MASTER/SLAVE INTERACTION— Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, The Master and The Slave.

SM AND LOVE?—Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

THE ART OF FISTING—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE—Its values and what it is about.

THE MASTER—Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

THE SLAVE—Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS



GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.



DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

D KID'S FIRST PART 1

C KID'S FIRST PART 2

THID VS DAD

THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out: slurping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops, you'll listen to this tape again and again.

BRANDING, PIERCING

INTERVIEW

☐ DADDY WAS BAD ☐ DADDY'S NEW BOY ☐ DADDIES' TRADE-OFF ☐ RITES AND RAUNCH ☐ HOT HUNG TRUCKER ☐ MUSCLE ORGY ☐ DELIVERY BOY COMES ☐ BIKE EXHBITIONIST ☐ AL PARKER REPAIRMAN ☐ COMMANDER SPEAKS ☐ MARINES OVERHEARD ☐ COP WORSHIP	☐ HIS MASTER'S VOICE (8.95) ☐ FATHER/SON ☐ MARINE BRIG ☐ PORN CALLS ☐ SAILING TO HELL ☐ THE CONFESSIONAL ☐ HIWAY PATROLMAN ☐ HITCHHIKER ☐ THE HUSTLER ☐ THE WARDEN ☐ TV REPAIRMAN ☐ WHIP FIRE	☐ SM AND LOVE? ☐ ART OF RSTING ☐ THE INFERNO ☐ THE MASTER ☐ THE SLAVE ☐ DRUMMERMAN (7.95) ☐ GREASE MONKEYS ☐ THE D.I. ☐ THE COP ☐ BREAKING IN RECRUIT ☐ TRAINING THE HARD WAY ☐ PUNISHMENT IS REWARD
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☐ INTERROGATION

I TRAINING BEGINS

DRUMAN VIDEO

BUTT BRUISERS

The world is in such a terrible state of chaos that a writer should feel compelled to discuss it. But given a choice, I'd rather write about butt plugs. Or butt bruisers. What can be said about spanking? It's not as simple as it looks. Mixing physical sensation with aspects of role playing, domination, servitude, humiliation and the idea that pain can be (or is) pleasure, spanking is not as innocent or obvious as a baby's buns.

For instance, do you like your spanking with or without cock? Some men lose interest in sex play without the tangible presence of a cock, and some spankers become so absorbed they don't mind the absence of cock. I watched "Daddy's the Boss," a spanking classic from Man's Hand Films, a company devoted solely to butt-bruising flicks, for eight minutes before even seeing a cock, and then it wasn't hard.

But just as a martini is sometimes best without olive, onion or even vermouth, you might like your spanking straight up-a lad over the rocks of his daddy's lap. If so, Man's Hand may do it for you. Despite a penchant for lengthy set-ups with much dialogue, when Man's Hand gets to the spanking they keep a tight focus. There's nary a penis in sight. The set-ups do make the actual spanking time relatively short, only several minutes as compared with the long sequences supplied by Sirco (reviewed in Drummer 94) or Control-T Studio.

I viewed a half-dozen Man's Hand shorts, each 12 to 15 minutes long and packaged several to a video. The shorts take place outside the psychological or environmental settings many Drummer readers may desire, and are almost refreshingly naive with their simple stories of Daddy's lazy son or lightly bickering friends played out in the brightly lucid southern California sunlight. True, there's a dab of humiliation, some wrestling and light bondage, but it's of an innocent kind; adolescent when 78 DRUMMER

compared to the complex, more sophisticated trips commonplace in these pages.

These films, though consistent in tone and believable enough within their stylization, succeed in making a fetish of their freshness. How novel to have a mild chuckle at their Hardy Boy approach and still get the goods delivered. And the fact that for once a studio has successfully presented its actors as straight will be an added plus for many viewers.

In an era when nearly everyone else is taping direct to video for the clarity and immediacy it offers, Man's Hand has reverted to somewhat primitive methods, shooting on 8mm film and transferring the film to video. The results look like American Model Guild shorts circa the late 1960s, with grainy texture and overly brilliant technicolor hues, reminiscent of home movies. The behavior of the actors, their sexual awareness and vocabulary, as well as the soundtrack, the corny orchestral music typically heard as "The Four O'Clock Movie" theme in 1957, add to the feeling that these really are artifacts only recently transferred to video.

Still, the focus is sharp, and the color is precise. Red welts and palm prints show up more than clearly. The 8mm filming has its bonus, too. It lends the films the aura of a time past and that makes their scenarios easier to believe and therefore more effective.

Of the number of Man's Hand shorts I previewed, "Daddy's the Boss" and "The Sailor and the Hunk" are typical enough to provide a general feel of the company's approach to spanking.

Starring in "Daddy's the Boss" is a physique star of the sixties who, I believe, was known as Joe Leitel. He's a mature man with an excellently well-kept physique. By recent Drummer standards, he'd make a respectable and muchdesired daddy today. He has both hands full in his 15-minute short; both his son and his employee are loafing on

the job. Discipline is in order. It's a good five minutes before the jobs, loafing and punishment can be set up, but when Joe finally winds up for the thwack, he delivers a good drubbing with a wide windup, a hefty swing and a resounding smack! His handsome, 18-year-old son yelps with each blow.

Daddy's employee is a hearty youth taller than his boss, and his muscular frame looks swell stretched across Daddy's knees. His reaction is perfunctory at first, but as his butt reddens his struggles and cries become real. He tries vainly to escape, and pleads with Daddy to stop. Of course, Daddy doesn't.

"The Sailor and the Hunk" finds the blond body builder hunk taunting his boyishly compact friend for enlisting. They pick a friendly fight, and the hunk easily overpowers him, administering a good spanking to the sailor's adorable buns while the sailor spews a nonstop flow of heartfelt swearing. These guys really go at it in their entertaining sequence. They are inventive and believable as well as attractive performers; I especially relished the conquering hunk forcing the sailor to admit that he likes the punishment. "I don't like it!" the sailor shouts, only to add, "But I do." Tables turn, and soon the sailor is giggling and wiggling with delight as he ties the hunk down to a massage table (where the hunk has fallen conveniently asleep) and then straddles him to paddle his down-covered ass.

These and many other similar shorts from Man's Hand may not be today's state of the art, but their amusingly plotted approach and the breath of naivete of their age can quicken the pulse. As far as spanking films go, these are the first swat.

("Daddy's the Boss" and "The Sailor and the Hunk" are available on a half-hour videotape, VHS or Beta for \$59.95 from Man's Hand Films, 633 Post St., Suite 500, San Francisco, CA 94109.)

-John F. Karr



TWO HANDFULS

Every other month or so, the cassette rental/sales outlets give a tremendous advertising to some new male video; the one gay VCR owners can't be without. The must-have offering this month is Two Handfuls from John Summers Productions. Like a lot of new sex videos, Two Handfuls is recorded on videotape with great technical skill; it's not just professional, it's slick. And like so many of the performers in the new sex videos, the actors are clean-cut, athletic and young. Mostly young. I don't think there's anyone over 22 in this picture; they're sure healthylooking and energetic enough. But as the hairless asscheeks and babyfaces float by, you begin to wonder, "Hey, where are the grown-ups?"

A cast this young has the energy, all right, but there's no imagination to their rote sexuality. They're too young to have explored their fantasies, much less to be enacting ours. Their more assertive sexual impulses are right in there, close to the surface. You can see them wanting to get slapped, spanked, raped, held down and roughed up. They fiddle with all of these ideas, but there's never anyone with the confidence to assume the role of aggressor. It's a film of near misses, and after a while, it suffers from a numbing lack of sexual ingenuity.

There are halting, firstperson voice-overs throughout the movie; the producers credit First Hand magazine for the "True Experiences I Have Had" format. The voices tell us what we're seeing or, more accurately, what we're supposed to be seeing. In one long, ap-

pealingly awkward rimming sequence, the voice-over describes how good his partner's tongue feels, "darting in and out of my ass, thrusting deeper and deeper." Unfortunately, his partner doesn't seem to be able to even find the orifice in question, much less tonguefuck it.

Early in the film, a number of straight guys get their first taste of dick at the hands of a sneering, well-built blond. (He's first seen trying to cop a feel off his girl in a parked convertible. Her one line, "I'm not that kind of girl!", almost single-handedly qualifies the movie as a comedy.) The timetested, straight-boy, forcedsex fantasy is hot, but it loses its intensity when these actors get camera shy and giggly.

The opening scene is the hottest in the film. In bed, a horny kid talks about getting caught jacking off by his father, whose clever "cure" was to give him a solid, over-theknee thrashing. Now the kid gets his rocks off each morning only by getting up on all fours, beating his prick and spanking his firm buttcheeks until they glow warm and red.

This kid is on the right track, though I'd sure like to have seen him with his slaphappy father. It's not that I have a particularly intense daddy fantasy, or that in my twenties I resent the actors for their youth. This movie needs a daddy. He could have given it

some discipline.

Whether you will enjoy the second half of the movie is a question of personal taste, as it single-mindedly begins to devote itself to close-up studies of round, hard butts tightly wrapped in Clorox-whitened jockey shorts. The performers in these sequences are usually alone, stomach down in bed, squirming like a can of live bait (the better to watch the tight briefs stretch against and into their hot, tight cracks). But even in this feast for the BVD fetishist (a club of which, I must admit, I'm an upstanding member), the movie's obsession with the clean-cut interferes. We watch a top-heavy, young stud pedal an exercise bike for five long minutes, until sweat ostensibly soaks his underwear, his sole piece of attire. Does he then attack the

buns of the punk waiting for him in the bedroom? Nope, not until he thoroughly showers, kicking the rank briefs aside. I groaned with disappointment. Do these guys think sweat is toxic?

These days, the sweatsoaked hunk icons of the seventies are hard to find outside of the sex films of that era. AIDS has done away with the hirsute, butch, blue-collar stud in our pornography. The construction workers, cops, bikers and truckers have all been replaced by the very types Two Handfuls inundates us with: basketball players, swimmers and cyclists-it's a regular Olympiad. (Some things never change, though. As always, they're still supposedly more appealing when they're straight.)

But in too many of today's movies, the nubile actors are looking more and more like fashion models and less like guys you might actually meet in rough-sex country; guys who actually enjoy sex. There are still some studios making videos featuring real, hot men whose main concern is the sex at hand and not whether their hair looks okay. If the action in Two Handfuls represents the next wave, I'd rather wait for the next old-fashioned, down and dirty, leather and Levi fuck film. Enough with the GQ cheekbones and hairless chests-bring on the grown-

(Available from Bijou Video Sales, \$73, postpaid. 1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610.)

-Mario Mondelli

DECLIFICATION BOOKS

Originally published pri- then the chief text in Christian vately in 1983, Terence Sellers's novel The Correct Sadist was reissued, to scant notice, last year by Grove Press. Part torture instruction manual, part psychobabble, The Correct Sadist, charts a professional dominatrix's obsession with, and ultimate rejection of, sadomasochism. With passages as bizarrely hot as any ever written, The Correct Sadist is well worth reading, though it took me several months to get through it all, considering how brief the book is. Every time I thought I had a handle on The Correct Sadist, it changed direction; as if, like its lead (and really only) character, it feared being approached, touched and penetrated.

The Correct Sadist begins with a short childhood memoir. "I styled myself a Lucifer to attract the attention of God," the narrator notes. "The stories of the lives of the saints never failed to seduce me. Morbidly was I attracted to those that recounted the most horrifying physical trials, the sacrificial punishments endured for the glory of God."

It's a memory that many SMers share, I think. In both its intensity and its reliance on ritual, sadomasochism is almost closer to a religion than to a mere sexual experience. If the central act in Western culture is the death of Christ,

religions and sadomasochistic rites is a meditation on this act.

But although SM is clearly more than it seems, the ontology of sadomasochism is not a subject that many people, not even many SMers, are likely to be too concerned about. "Why does sadomasochism turn me on?" is essentially as moot a question as "Why am I gay?" The existential reality of SM is appealing enough. The metaphysical aspects may make for entertaining brunch conversations among partisans, but such observations can't sustain a book.

Sellers's novel is the flip side of Geoff Mains's Urban Aboriginals. Just as Mains goes to incredibly convoluted lengths to attempt to prove that SM is good for you, The Correct Sadist goes to the same types of lengths to try to show that sadomasochism is evil, selfdestructive and a destroyer of the soul. The truth lies somewhere in the middle. You make SM what you want it to be. But as they explicate their widely-divergent theses, both Mains and Sellers give us food for thought and material for masturbation.

Whereas the sadomasochism in Urban Aboriginals is just too damned lovely (for example, all that rot about piss scenes as a new baptism when they're simply good, hot pig sex), the SM in The Correct

IN MEMORIAM

Roy F. Wood, short story writer, novelist and critic, died from complications of AIDS on April 11, 1986 in Athens, Georgia, his longtime home. His stories for Drummer included "The Perfect Man" (Drummer 68) and "The Conquering Strength" (Drummer 74). His tale "The Stranger at My Door" appeared in Drummer Daddies

Reviewing Wood's highly acclaimed collection of short stories, Restless Rednecks: Gay Tales of A Changing South, in Drummer 87, Aaron Travis wrote, "Roy F. Wood is the voice of the rural recluse, the gay loner, the Southern insider. The men in his stories

man and the moment that slipped away. And when are rugged, sharp, fiercely independent and sometimes fiercely lonely; strangers in a very strange land of spitfire preachers, redless rednecks and sweet, secret longings. Wood's most eccentric little tales are odd little gems of satire and wish fulfillment, apt to strike those who don't know the South as mighty peculiar, apt to strike those of us who've been there as only slightly larger than life.

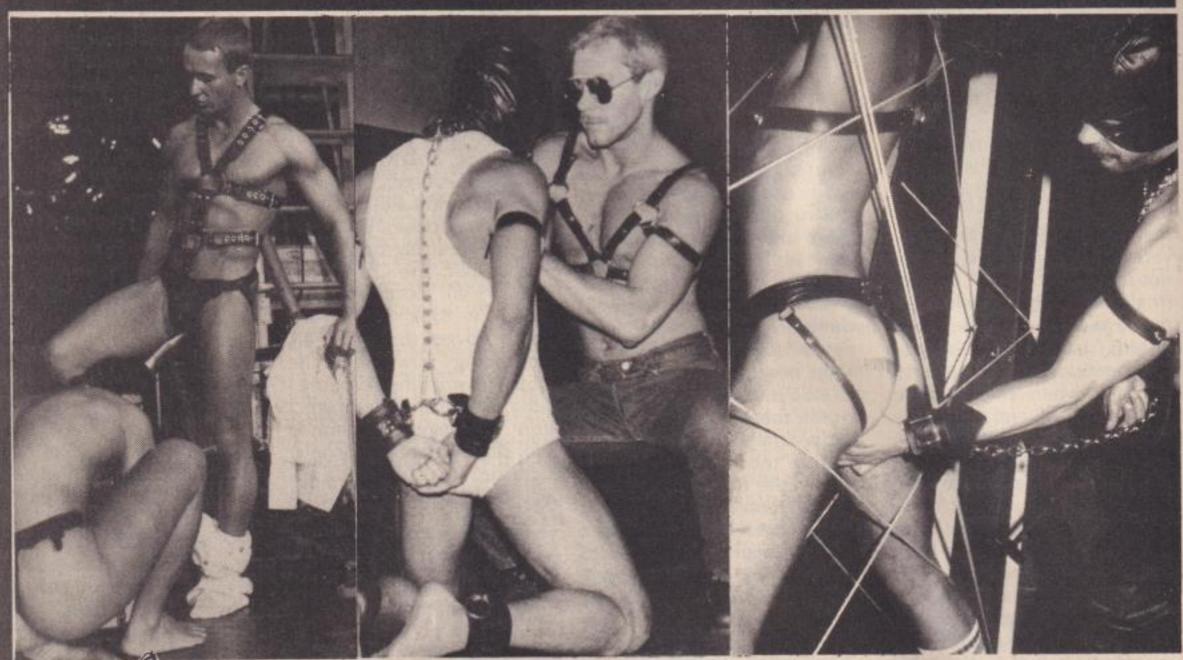
"When he turns his talent to a lower key, he can deliver classically crafted stories that come from the heart; the beautiful 'Next Time' captures to perfection the ache of unspoken desire for the

Wood's men do connect (usually against ferocious odds), sparks fly, heroes spring to life, and a Georgia boy's dreams come true."

Restless Rednecks is available from Grey Fox Press, Subco, PO Box 10233, Eugene, OR for \$8.95. Knights Press will publish Roy's science fiction novel The Long Exile later this year and his The Book of Seth in 1987.

Roy will be dearly missed by his friends, family and all readers who appreciate quality gay fiction. Contributions in his memory may be made to the Gay Men's Health Crisis, Box 274, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

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Sadist is frequently so unrelentingly heavy-duty, it's frightening; not excitingly scary, but disarmingly horrific:

For masochists are devourers, little vampires, voids-they cannot be sated. I am as vicious as possible, I am very understanding-it makes no difference. Both intents are sucked into the vortex of their selfish craving. At certain uninspired moments I have felt to be even peripherally involved with the begging demons is a draining torture like no other.

If that attitude were prevalent, why would anyone be intrigued by sadomasochism? If the sadist has such loathing for the masochist, why enter into SM in the first place?

The format of The Correct Sadist put me off: dreams, sample SM scripts, narration, how-to sections, think bits and nonsense randomly organized. It is, I fear, the author's way of signaling that the book is literature, not erotica. When will writers, critics and many readers realize that pornography and art are not mutually exclusive categories?) Following the memoir intro, the longish second section (rather stupidly called "The Leeching") details the various techniques (corporal punishment, verbal abuse, scat, etc.) that the sadist can use in the love war against the masochist. It's one of the best parts of the book, written in a dispassionate yet involving tone.

Most of the action in The Correct Sadist is heterosexual, but Sellers posits, rightly I believe, that straight SM is basically a variant of gay male SM. The mistress in the book routinely fucks her male slaves anally with dildoes or commands them to suck the cocks of other men. Many selfidentified straight men seek her out in order to enact strange transvestite ceremonies. In one of these, the TV, dressed as a whore, gets off on the idea of being turned out at the Anvil, a gay male sex club (now closed), where he'd suffer "the worst degradations":

Madame: Your grammar is despicable! You have no class! Whore: I want to get fucked on the stage...

Madame: They can get all the sex they want for free. They'd be in disgrace if they

even let their piss touch you. Whore: I'd do a striptease...

Madame: You'd be better off in one of the trucks parked outside. You'd be tied up, spread eagle like you are now, helpless on the floor of the meat truck, lying in the slime. You'd like to lie on a filthy floor and get raped like a carcass... Sic transit heterosexuality.

The Correct Sadist runs from being squarely on target to missing the bull's eyes by a mile. The mistress in the book maintains that the sadomasochist has a "revulsion towards intimate contact with a warm living body, one capable of a tumult of responses" (there's no penis-vagina intercourse in the book), but SMers, like anyone else, are indeed pleasure-directed. They are not revolted by traditional sex, but seek to augment it. SM doesn't close any doors of sexual expression, but opens new ones.

Yet there are passages in The Correct Sadist that are as good as anything ever written on SM. Sellers's domme (unnamed in the book, but identified on the cover as Angel Stern) sees that fetishes all have:

... extraordinary value in that they tap a memory. Recognize however that the memory your torn nylons evoke in the masochist are not only resonant of you and your recent violence, but are icons of a person and possibly an entire series of events whose memory disposes him to a satisfaction so profound we may not wonder that the fetishist cannot be dissuaded from his fixation. For he kisses not only your shoeby the medium of your shoe he kisses you and your cruelty towards him; he kisses all the shoes that ever dominated him; he kisses the shoe of distant memory that first dominated him and at last he may kiss the wearer of that first shoe: his first beloved. Perhaps this was a parent or parent figure, in which case the fetishist has anaesthetized the force of a taboo desire by swiveling before it a "ridiculous" (and so to the observer, diverting) desire: the worship of an inanimate object.

Discussing gay male SM, Angel Stern sees that "the pleasure is in the mirrorimage and the struggle within the duality." The sadist and the masochist are not search-

ing for their opposites. We search for ourselves in others like us. This realization causes Angel's disenchantment with SM in the densely written, deliberately cryptic and disasterously dissatisfying final section of the book, "Tourniquet." When the mistress realizes "I was but a witness to the selftorment of the masochist," she feels she's a failure; that she's just lending a mirror to the slave. She sees power as "capricious." But the capriciousness of SM power is what makes sadomasochism so appealing. SM turns power into theatre and lets us see how arbitrary that power is.

If, in the final analysis, The Correct Sadist does not succeed, it's due to Terence Sellers's distance from Angel Stern. Sellers is more interested, I think, in using SM to explore the failures of feminism than in studying SM for itself. In Sellers's post-feminist apocalyptic vision, "If to do evil, or good, garners one the same reward-death, and the worms...does not the distinction between good and evil lose its edge, and the choice between pain and pleasure prevail?" Not quite. There are pleasures in the pains of SM; and pains in its pleasures, too.

Sellers sees the professional dominatrix as a logical perversion of feminism. Angel becomes intrigued by SM because "I held the sexual act, particularly between man and woman, to be one of the more loathesome pastimes of humanity." Angel's just a sadistic version of the cliche of the man-hating feminist. She fails as a dominatrix because she recognizes that as a woman she must be content with her role as Other and can never successfully challenge the sex-

ual power structure.

Angel sees the error of her ways, retreats from feminism and sadomasochism, and gives The Correct Sadist the blow from which it can't recover. We get so caught up in her exploration of SM that her rejection of it is phony. SM isn't something that can be outgrown. There's nothing beyond sadomasochism. It's not a sign of maturity to bid adieu to SM, it's a sign of repression. Sellers wants SM to

be a metaphor for feminism, but the most involving parts of The Correct Sadist occur when Angel isn't speaking metaphorically about sadomasochism.

I recommend The Correct Sadist especially to those readers of Drummer who've been following, as I have, the ongoing debate in these pages about what is and what is not proper SM. Like the participants in this discussion, Angel Stern tries to codify SM behavior in The Correct Sadist (the title tells us as much). While many of her rules are interesting, Sellers's domme misses the central point of SM. Sadomasochism is anarchy; there can be no laws governing it. Sadomasochism is what results from the interactions between sadists and masochists, and no set of rules can govern the myriad types of possible relationships. To try and push all of SM into one set of pegs is to falsify

If SM is nothing else, it is a celebration of freedom. That is the first of its many paradoxes—we choose to act out the power exchanges of sadomasochism. To pigeonhole these ritual acts into pedantic rules ("The Master does..." and "The slave does...") betrays the SM idea and destroys sadomasochism's revolutionary potential. If Angel Stern wasn't so hot on trying to be correct, she wouldn't have had to flee from SM, and would have embraced SM's vagueness. She would have seen SM as a process of understanding the self, and maybe even of having a

Angel speaks against using SM as a game, but how we choose to play any game tells us a great deal about ourselves. It takes immense imagination and insight to play SM well, and imagination and insight can't be taught. People who think that there are SM commandments, carved in stone somewhere, are wrong. There can be no such thing as a correct sadist (or a correct masochist) because the phenomenology of sadomasochism, by its nature, rejects the idea that there is only one way to reach sexual nirvana.

-T.R. Witomski



I'll be good, Daddy. Really I will. I'll make you so proud of me. You'll be glad to call me your boy.

I saw you the second you walked in-saw the way you looked at me. I wanted you, too, Daddy, but you looked so mean. I was afraid of you. I thought you might hurt me. I mean...hurt me more than I want to be hurt.

Like my ass, Daddy? You're looking at it, checking it out. I can feel your eyes moving along the curve of it, that big callous hand of yours resting on my buns. I know you want it, Daddy. And I want it, too, Sir. Really I do.

Can I take off my clothes now, Daddy? I want to show you what you're getting. I've been working real hard at the gym, getting my body ready for you. See my back and shoulders, my arms, my legs? Yeah, and my ass. It's all yours, Sir.

Yes, Sir, I know what that means. I'll do whatever you say, Sir. Stand still while you shave me? Yes, Sir! I'll look just like a boy then, won't I, Sir! Your boy, Sir. The hair will be gone from my chest, crotch and armpits. My butthole, too, Daddy? Whatever you say, Sir.

My moustache, too? Well...all right, Sir. No, I wasn't arguing, Daddy? You're the daddy, Sir. I'm the boy. I obey you, Sir. I know the rules. If you want to shave my head, too, Sir. That's all right with me. But I just grew the moustache and I kind of liked it . . . Yes, Sir. Thank you for letting me keep the hair on my head, Sir.

I look so naked now, Daddy. No hair anywhere. All nice and smooth like a little boy. Why's my dick hard, Sir? Because I like being your boy, Daddy. Isn't that what you want, for me to be happy being your boy? No, Daddy, I won't touch my dick until you tell me to. That would be bad if I did, Sir. Yes, Sir, I understand.

Here, Daddy, let me bend over and show you. Yeah, right across your knees. See, I just spread my cheeks apart and you can see my smooth little bung hole. Is it pretty? Really? Really? No, I didn't know it looked like a little brown rosebud. I never looked at it. Well, no, that's a lie. I did look at it once in a mirror. Okay, it was more than once. This morning, Daddy, I looked at it this morning in the mirror while I was jerking off.

Oh, Daddy! I'm sorry I lied, Daddy. I won't ever lie again, Daddy. I promise I won't. I'll be good, Daddy.

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Yes, I'm bad, Daddy and I deserved to be spanked till my little boy butt is red. I need the spanking, Daddy. Oh, please, Daddy, spank me harder. More, Daddy, more!

I know I was bad, Daddy, jerking off this morning without your permission. But I hadn't even met you yet, how could I ask your permission? No, I'm not talking back, Sir, I just . . . Yes, Sir, you're right. There's no excuse. I should have known better than to jerk off at all. I was bad, Daddy and need more spankings. Please, Daddy, use the paddle. Thank you, Daddy.

Oh, yes, I like the spanking, Daddy. My dick's getting harder from it. No, I won't touch it until you say I can. Is your dick hard, Sir? I can feel it getting big underneath me while I'm bent over your knee like this. Yeah, I can feel it get swelled up in your pants. Can I see your daddy dick? Please, Daddy? I'll do whatever you say, Daddy. I've been bad, but now I'll be good, Daddy. Please, can I see your big, hard daddy dick? Please?

Here, Daddy, let me unbutton your fly for you. I'll pretend my hands are tied behind my back and use my teeth. I can feel that daddy meat through the denim where my cheek brushes against the bulge; feel the dickhead pulse as it fills with blood.

Hey, look at it fill out that jockstrap, Daddy. And one of your nuts has fallen through a tear in the pouch. Can I put it back, Daddy? Oh, yeah, with my tongue? Yes, Sir! Oh, Daddy, your skin tastes so good; salty with man sweat. Yeah, Daddy, I like the smell of your crotch.

Can I maybe chew on your jockstrap, Daddy? Can I Daddy? Oh, yeah, Daddy, I dig that smelly jock of yours. Smells so good. Smells just like a man. How many days have you been wearing it? Three days? Four? Five? Really? Oh, yes, Sir! I can't get enough of that man smell.

Does it feel good, Daddy? You like having your boy's mouth soaking your jockstrap with his spit; making love to that smelly old ball pouch for you? Looks good from up there-seeing me on my knees in front of you as you lie back and enjoy yourself in your big daddy chair. Oh, yeah, Daddy, maybe you want to lie back and read the newspaper while I make you feel good. Could you get off on that, Daddy?

Oh, Daddy, may 1? Oh, no, Daddy, I want to-more than anything. I'll be real careful, too. Don't you worry. I'll just pull your pants down to your knees. Now I'll pull down that raunchy

jockstrap and...



Oh, Daddy, it's beautiful. I've never seen such a pretty dick. It's like a porno star's dick. It's so big and thick. And I like the way it arches up to the ceiling. Most dicks that big don't stay real hard. How do I know? Uh... I read it in a magazine somewhere, Daddy. And that little drop of cum juice dripping from your piss slit. It's so pretty, Daddy. Can I have it? Can I lick it up with the end of my tongue...?

No? Why not, Daddy? Haven't I been a good boy? I have been a good boy? I have been a good boy? Then why can't I...? No, Daddy. I won't argue with you, Daddy. Yes, Sir. You know best, Sir. I guess I can't lick your asshole either, can I, Sir? What can we do then, Daddy? Tell me, Daddy, and I'll do it. I'll be a good boy, Sir. I'll do whatever you tell me.

Oh, yeah? Really? Okay. I mean...Yes, Sir!

I'll finish undressing you, Daddy. You just lie back and relax, while I pull off your boots and unbutton your shirt. When you're all naked, Daddy, do you think I could chew on your big, hard, hairy, daddy tits for a while? I can? Oh, thank you, Daddy!

Oh, Daddy. It feels so good when you pull on my tits like that. You're so good to your boy, Daddy. Oh, yes, Sir, Daddy. Chew

on 'em, yeah...

Your dick is bigger than ever, Daddy. Can I play with it now, spread all that precum over the head and make it feel good. Yeah? You like that, Daddy? You like the way I make you feel? Want more good feeling in your dick, Daddy? Do you? Okay, Daddy. Just tell me what to do.

Yeah, I have some lube. I mean, yes, Sir! I have the gooey kind, the stuff that's like precum. Sit back and let me cover that daddy dick with it. Yeah, Daddy, let me stroke it for you. Let me make that dickhead swell until it gets close to bursting spunk.

You have some, Sir? Can I put it on your dick for you, Daddy? Can I? Oh, Daddy, are you sure it's big enough to cover this big dick? It will stretch big enough? Oh, you're right, Daddy. And the rubber makes it look even bigger. Oh, yeah, Daddy. Can I suck on it now, take it down my throat and make it feel good for you? Can I, Sir? Can I? Thank you, Daddy!

Like the way I do it, Daddy? Do you like the way I use my throat like it was a hand, squeezing on that man shaft, sucking the load out of those big daddy bull balls? Like it Daddy? Want to see what I can do with my other hole, Daddy? Want to feel how tight I can make it for you, Daddy? Oh, Daddy, see how hard my dick is? Can I play with it now, Daddy? Please, Daddy? No, Sir, I won't touch it until you say I can. You know best. You're the daddy. You don't need to tie me up, Daddy. I promise to be good. No, Sir, I'm not telling you what to do. If you want me tied up, I'm not going to fight it. Yes, Sir, you give the orders around here.

No, I can't move, Daddy. You're going to do it now? You got it all greased up now? Yeah, Daddy, stick that man shaft inside of me. Fuck me good and hard, Sir. Fuck me so hard I'll remember it for days. Yeah, Daddy, I can take it. Give me that daddy dick. Yes, Sir! It's your butthole, Sir. It belongs to you, Daddy. No one but you can have my hole from now on, Daddy. I'm your boy now, Daddy, your personal fuckhole.

Oh, yeah, Daddy! That's it, Daddy. Fuck me just like that. Beat my butt while you're doing it, Daddy. Fill up the rubber with all that hot, white man cum! Yeah, Daddy! I can feel your dick getting bigger inside of me. Keep slapping that meat in me, Daddy. Oh, yeah, make it hurt me. I feel your dickhead swelling, Daddy! You're going to cum now! Pump it, Daddy! Pump that load inside me! Fill up that raunchy rubber with your man spunk! Oh, yeah!!

Yes, Sir!

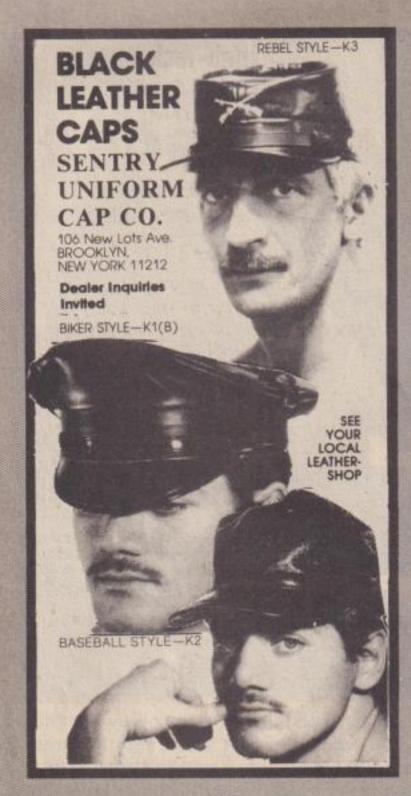
Oh, Daddy. Let me see the rubber. Oh, yeah, look at all that cream, all that hot daddy cum. All right, Daddy!

Hey, what are you doing now, Daddy? You are? Oh, yeah, Daddy, that feels so good having my butt played with. You're going to jerk me off, too? While I'm still tied up? Oh, Daddy, this is hot!

Oh, yeah, Daddy. You just found the button. Yeah. Oh, that feels good inside and out. Oh, Daddy, look at my dick swell. Oh, Daddy, I'm going to cum! I'm shooting my load of little boy spunk, Daddy! Ooooh...

Oh, Daddy! I came all over you. All that cum splattered across your hairy chest. Looks so hot. Yeah, just like a porno movie. Really hot, Daddy. Really fucking hot.

Yeah? I mean, yes, Sir! Oh, yes, Sir! I had a great time. Can we do it again? Real soon? What else can we do? Really? Is that okay, too? It is? No, I never tried it before. I mean, no, Sir! Oh, Daddy...



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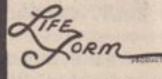
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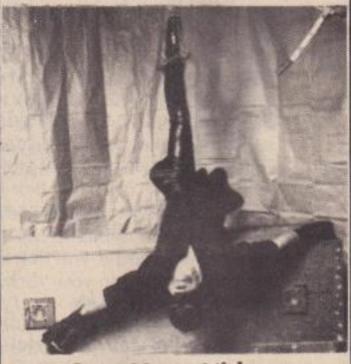
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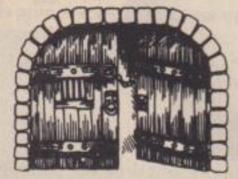
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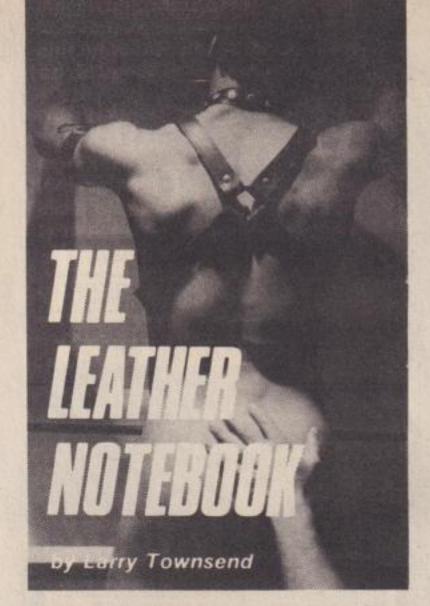
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Dear Larry,

Many years ago (and I'm not going to tell you how many years ago), but well before the AIDS crisis reared its ugly head, the wildest and most exciting sex always involved a big cock up my ass. Of course, my wildest fantasy involved being the guest of honor at a heavy SM session, culminating in a gang-bang. I, in fact, did take as many as eight guys at a party arranged by a friend. Not too long ago, I was talking to another friend whose tastes are similar to mine, and he claimed to have taken twenty-six guys. This brings me to my question. I doubt you'll find the answer in Guiness, but what's the most guys you've ever heard of getting into a single "fuckee" at a gang-bang? Then, too, I strongly suspect that my shop-worn friend was exaggerating. Aren't the tissues of the anus and rectum too fragile for this kind of abuse? Jim, San Francisco

Dear Jim.

Tender anal tissues seem to deter only the sane and sensible. Although twenty-six is certainly a respectable accomplishment, I doubt it is a record. Back in the pre-AIDS bathhouse days (and hopefully not continuing into present times) I knew, or knew of, many guys who loved to lie face down on their cots, allowing all and sundry to fuck them for hours on end. From these specialists I have heard estimates that went over forty. It is indeed unfortunate that Guiness refuses to maintain statistics on such socially significant events, since I'm sure the record would appall even you and me.

Dear Larry,

In these days of safe-sex practices, it is more than evident that a lot of gays are looking for good JO material. I am an experienced Master/topman and I know I can make just as hot a tape (audio) and just as hot a JO phone call as any "professional." I just don't know where to begin to set up a private business of my own. Since you have been successful in what you handle, I'd like to hear what kind of advice you might be able to offer me. The laws are so strict governing this kind of mail-order activity that I'm somewhat dubious, even though I'd be damn good at it. Any suggestions?

George, New Jersey

Dear George,

At the present time the problem is not really the law, since the authorities have not really been bothering anyone. This may change after the stacked Meese porn commission reports in June of this year, but who knows? I would say that the field is overcrowded in the dirty phone-call-service area, and there does appear to be some governmental and phone company effort to curtail their activities. As for talk tapes, why don't you just make one and submit it to one of the outfits that sells them? Either that or place an ad in Drummer, Advocate or some other gay publication and offer it for sale on your own. There are also a few places that offer gay mailing lists if you want to try the direct-mail approach. I don't want to discourage you, but this is also a fairly tight field, and I wouldn't count on much in the way of profits until you've been at it long enough to establish a following. (Read on, we have someone on the other side of all this.)

Dear Larry,

I used to buy quite a bit of stuff by mail order, but I am now in a (living) situation where it is awkward to have these promotional materials coming in to me. I've tried everything to get my name off the various mailing lists. I've written letters to a couple of places, and they've stopped sending things. But I still get mailings from places I've never bought from. Lately, I've been scratching off my name and address and sending this shit back marked "refused," but it still keeps arriving. Could you suggest some way I can stop this? I don't want to go to the post office and ask them to "protect me," but I don't know what else to do.

KC, Albuquerque

Dear KC,

None of us in mail order wants to waste our time or postage on people who are not interested in our materials. If a supplier knows someone wants off his list, he will generally take him off right away. Unfortunately, some places are not very efficient. The worst thing you can do, however, is to obliterate your name and send the stuff back. How are they supposed to know who is asking to have his name taken off the list? It sounds to me as if you have gotten onto a list—probably

from a larger outfit—which has been whored around until everybody's got it. The only way you're going to get off it is to send back each address label with a demand to be removed from the list. Eventually, you'll be scratched off. As for the post office "protecting" you, forget it. All they can do is send a letter to the company that sent you the flyers, after you've received them and complained.

Dear Larry,

I'm a real fan of yours, and I also read a lot of other male-male erotica. I find the written material much more interesting than pictures. But I find a number of writers like to describe a guy getting fucked, ending up with something like: "He could feel the hot rush of cum shooting into his bowels." In the first place, I don't think the word "bowel" is very sexy, and secondly I know damned well you can't feel the cum shooting into you. I've never read anything of yours where you say this, so I think I'm safe in asking you to comment on it.

JB, Chicago

Dear JB,

Obviously, those other writers never got fucked with anything less than a fire hose.

Dear Larry,

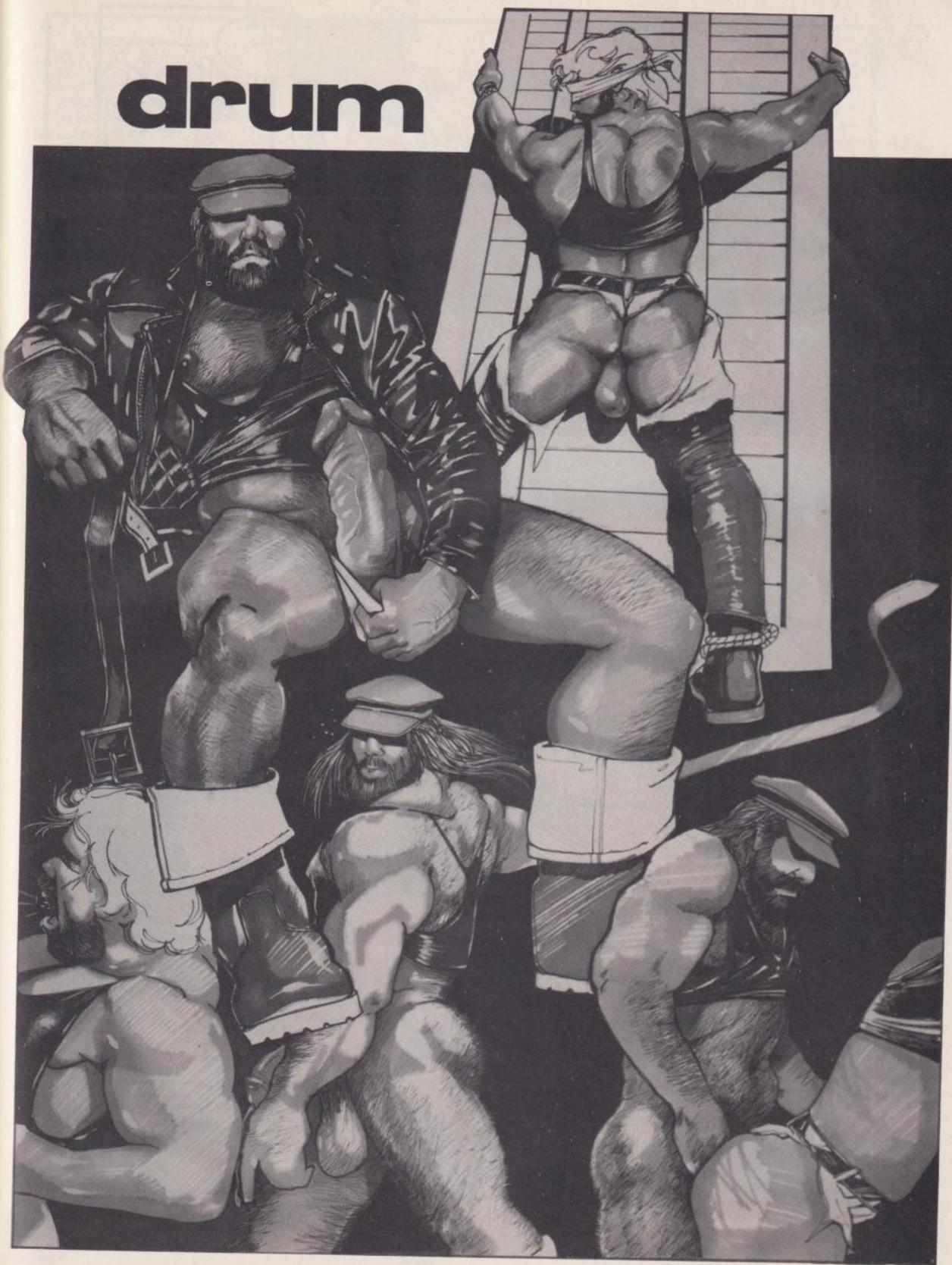
With all the current concern about Arab terrorists, there seems to be an increasing interest in these guys as sexual objects. I guess the syndrome is sort of similar to someone wanting to be whipped by an SS storm trooper. In a recent discussion, a friend of mine kept telling me I shouldn't be so turned on to them, because I like uncut dick and he says all Arabs are circumcised. I don't believe him. Will you please enlighten me—us?

Barry, Seattle

Dear Barry,

Unfortunately, your friend is right, at least 99% so. Moslem law requires circumcision, as does Jewish law. However, several Arab sects practice it in less severe forms than we normally see it. They may leave a portion of the foreskin, or may only take a nip out of it. And, of course, not all Arabs are Moslem, so the rite of circumcision may or may not be performed on these men. (The Christian sects in Beirut, for example.) With an Arab, you still have the same problem you'd have with an American. You've got to pull his pants down to find out.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009.)

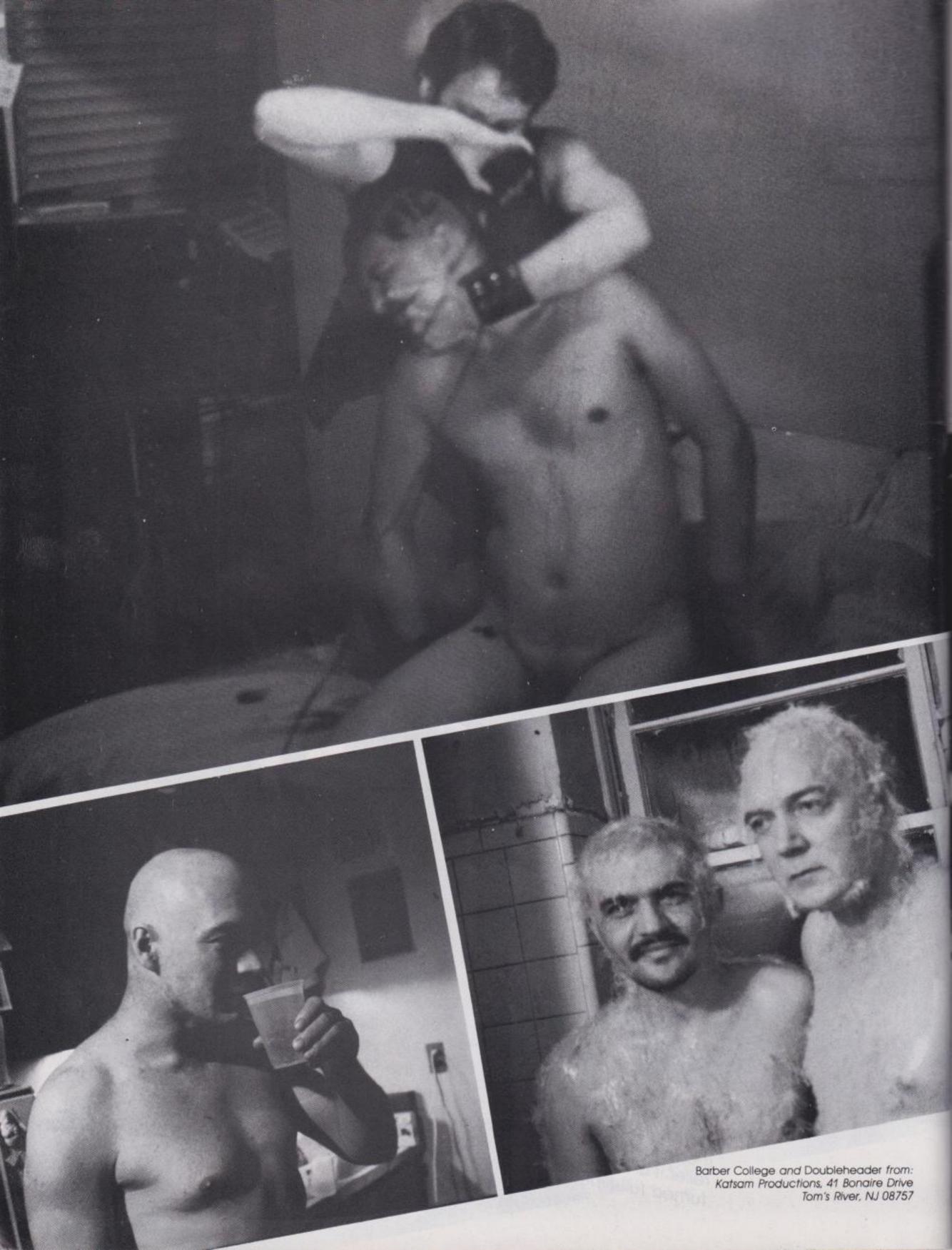














DADDIES AND DADDIES' SONS



Even those of us at *Drummer* who first talked and wrote about the daddy-boy relationship were surprised at the depth and the strength of the Daddy phenomenon. But we figured that pretty soon it would catch on across the country. Sure enough, a San Francisco son and his daddy started Daddies and Daddies' Sons (D.A.D.S.) and their national correspondence club, which has nearly completed its successful first year of operation.

D.A.D.S was started to provide a specific means for daddies and sons to contact one another and to create a medium of exchange that provides information and entertainment about the daddy/son relationship, says D.A.D.S publisher and editor Dan Marx. "D.A.D.S. celebrates older men...and the boys who love them," smiles Marx with a boyish twinkle in his eyes

that tells you he personally knows all about it.

Daddies and daddies' boys can get in touch with each other through the club's newsletter. A small, nicely-laid-out magazine, their second issue had over 60 ads, and while no competition for *Drummer*'s Dear Sir, they ranged from sweet, tender, cuddling to intense SM and raunch. How's this ad for an example:

This tattooed, pierced dad is into leather, verbal abuse, FFA, boots, gloves and boys with the right attitude of devotion and servitude.

Or this one:

Handsome Japanese daddy's boy likes to be tied up by hairy daddies and taken advantage of. Interests include 4-wheeling, camping and body building. Interested in developing caring relationship and friendship.

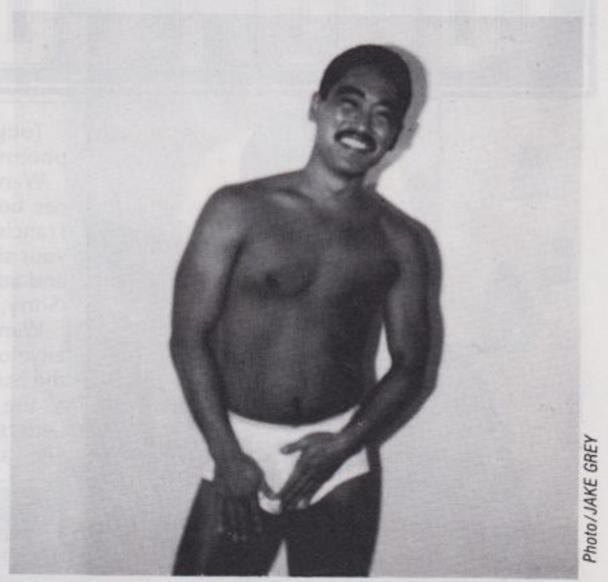
And we know this will spark special interest for some:

White boy, 27, versatile, into top, bottom, wrestling. Good body. Looking for daddies into imagination, bondage, creativity. Toilet boy. Especially looking for cigar men looking for an ashtray.

In addition to the ads, the magazine offers hot daddy/boy stories, an advice column from "Daddy Jake" and true stories that are meant to singe the pages while you are reading them. Though a little behind on their four-time-a-year schedule (Winter 1985 never appeared), the magazine seems to be growing and improving with each new issue. Issue 3, due out by the time you read this, will feature San Francisco's 1985 Daddy Boy Steve Kajikawa in photos and interview.

Unlike other clubs, mail forwarding is free when answering ads in D.A.D.S. and they have started a directory which contains the names of members who want to release their address or telephone numbers, so other sons and dads can contact them directly. Other upcoming items include a "convention" of daddies and daddies' boys, probably at a gay resort area.

With members across the United States, and England, and more requests for information being received daily, D.A.D.S. looks like a club worth keeping an eye on, not to mention other parts. For information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: D.A.D.S., 1800 Market St., #78, San Francisco, CA 94102.



DADDY'S BOY '85: Steve Kajikawa won the title "Leather Daddy's Boy '85" in a contest held annually in San Francisco.

A SON'S CONFESSION

When I started to discover the underworld of male sexuality that *Drummer* is so much a part of, it completely changed my life and my attitude toward men in leather. I have always admired them and watched them from afar, never realizing my own kinship with them.

Flipping through some old copies of *Drummer Daddies* I saw myself and my inner feelings more and more. I had always looked to older men for sex and felt much more at ease with them, never realizing it was really my father whom I admired. He was an athlete with a tremendous build.

In my youth, I could barely wait for summer where, with his ill-fitting tank tops, it always left a portion or entire nipple exposed. I could barely take my eyes off his chest and had to watch that I wouldn't be caught staring. How I wished I could have touched them. I tried to surpress my desire, only later to find out that admiration of the nipple is in more people than I.

As a boy I admired my father's feet and when he changed his socks, I would go to the hamper when nobody saw me and sneak his soiled socks into my pocket. I would go to bed very early and, under the covers, the heat of my breath and the bed brought the smell of his feet and the most wonderful fantasies imaginable to me. I made love to his socks, the smell of his feet and imagined him there. I always had an erection the entire time of this act.

I loved my father, but I could never really tell him or get close to him. He is gone now, but I am still searching for him in my bed companions and I have always looked for the older man.

To me there is something very sensual about the older man. His entire nude body is stimulating to me, even if he isn't well built.

As with wine, age has a beauty that can't be described and as a lover the older man is ten times ahead of someone younger, for it is true love and affection, not a passing fancy, as with the majority.

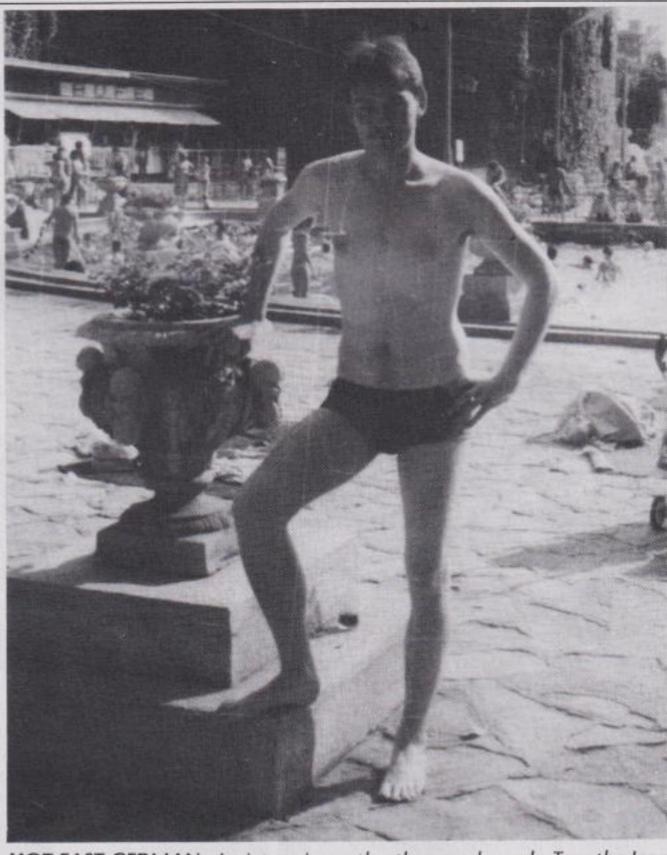
-Daddy's Son

TOUGH GUSTOMERS

Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

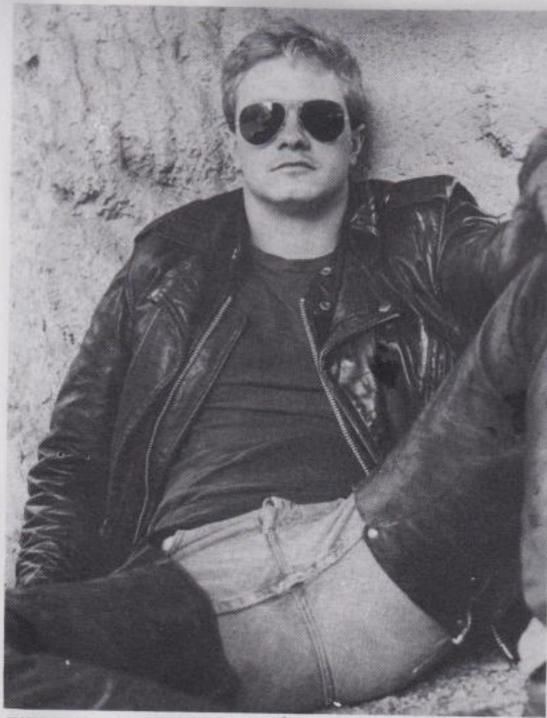
Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black and white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, *Drummer*, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, California 94142-2009. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Sorry, photos cannot be returned.)

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the back flap in pencil; put that inside another envelope and mail it to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. Letters to be mailed overseas must include international postage. See ya around!



HOT EAST GERMAN: A picture is worth a thousand words. Tear the Iron Curtain down, guys, if this is what they have to offer. If you're interested, write TC 1156

RULE BRITANNIA! Here's a slave to come home to on those foggy London nights. He's into B/D, WS, toys, ass play and travels to the U.S. often. Write to TC 1153



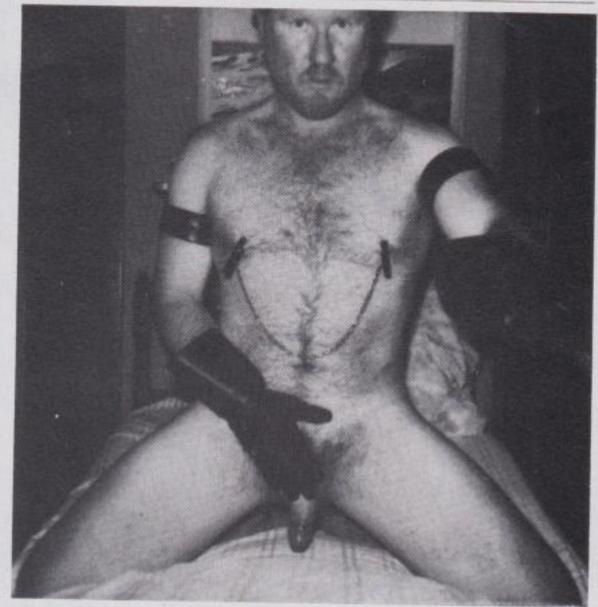
PIERCING-CRUCIFIXION: Strictly bottom, this TC from upstate New York is looking for a top who can take him into head trips, sleaze, and you name it. The asshole should have sent a picture without all those clothes and the sunglasses. Definitely needs training. TC 1157



101/2" NEED ACTION: A new arrival to San Francisco with big meat, TC 1151 is a top looking for slaves. All you bottoms note the big cock and what it can do to you.

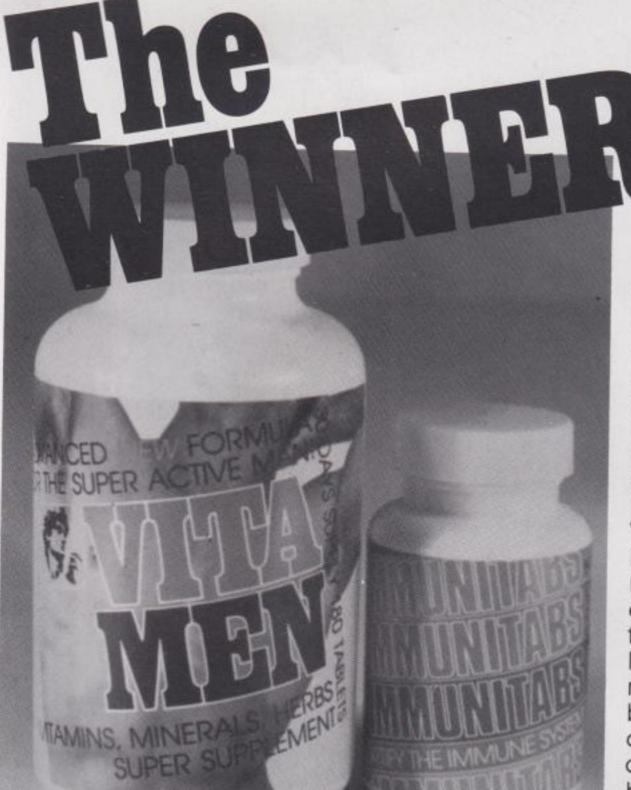


SLAVE MEAT: TC 1154 wants a Master 35-60, needs his body shaved and will service a Master into having his dirty ass rimmed. He'll handle that cock any way Master wants it. He's visiting the States this summer from Munich.



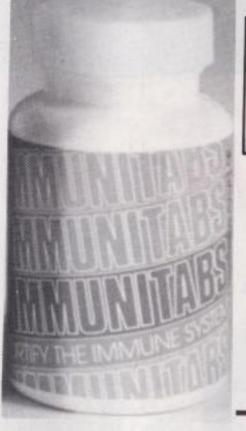
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